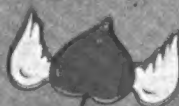
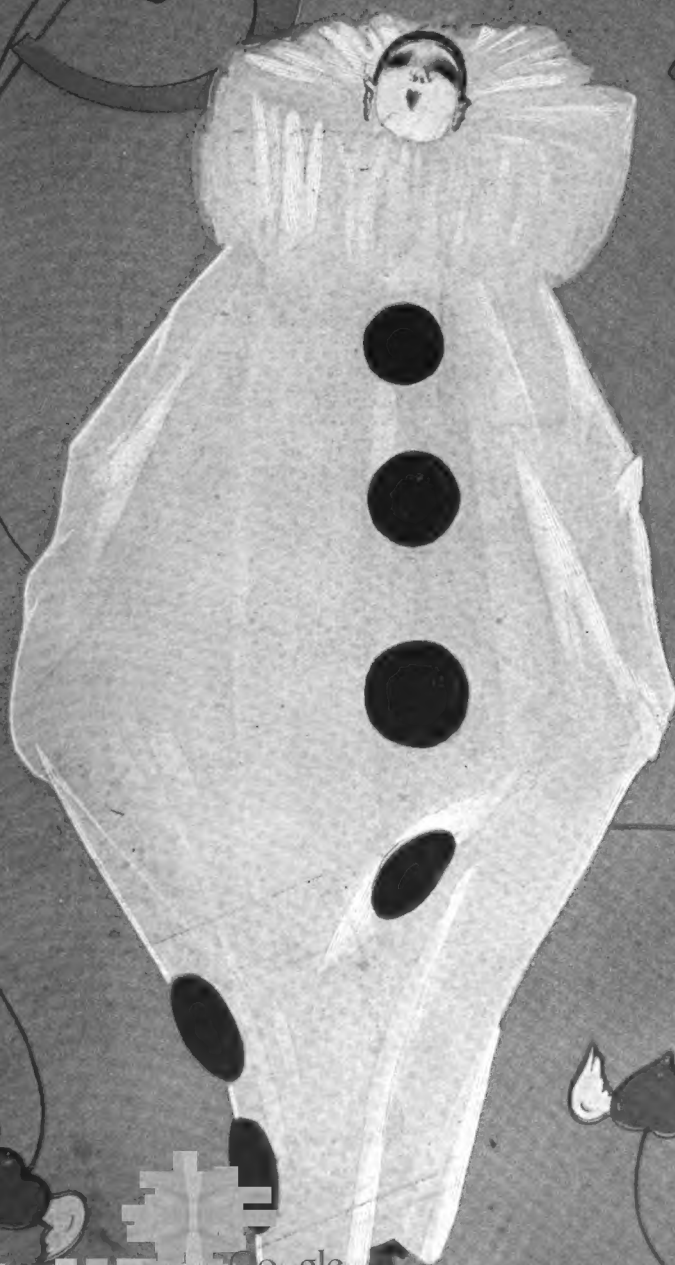


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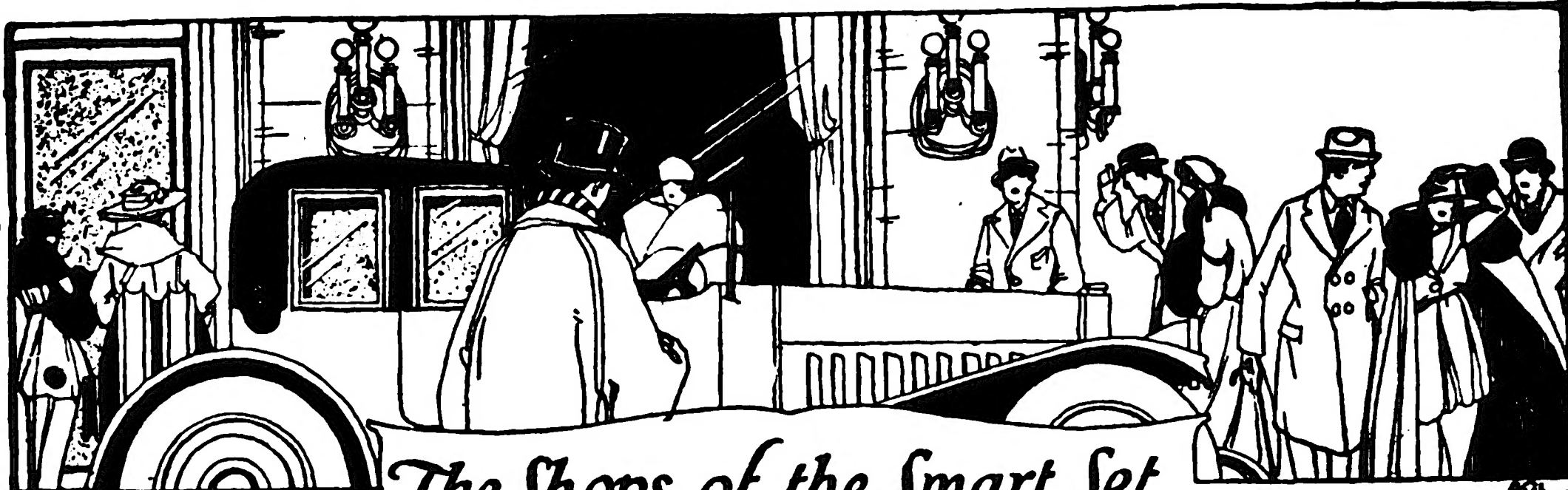
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Grapes

By Raine Bennett

I *F* it be true forbidden fruit
Hath magic leaf and mystic root—

Ergo, I know there doth entwine
Beneath my ribs an arbor vine

And shaded there a glowing shape
Doth hang my heart, which is a grape.

Each nerve and artery and vein
Like crimson creepers, bear the stain

Of vintage with a jocund flood
Among the taverns of my blood

In chalice'd Youth. Dark clusterings,
Hang ye above the mouths of kings

And let them plead, ay, let them see
Why purple tokens royalty.



On Hate

By Walter E. Sagmaster

AMID all the hectic clamor of imported Swamis, Brotherly-Love whoopers, Y.M.C.A. divines, and latter-day Johns-in-the-Wilderness, we hear a great deal about love, but little or nothing about hate. As a matter of fact, it takes a far more worth-while man to hate than to love. Anybody can love: all that's required is (1) an extra cocktail; (2) the sudden reversion of an evangelical revival, via the libido, to matters hardly to be termed evangelical; (3) the propitious demise of the proverbial wealthy granduncle in the equally proverbial Australia; (4) a poem containing ten golden peacocks, a blood-red sunset, and a liberal assortment of fairies, by William Butler Yeats; (5) a poem containing six hundred thousand words by Robert Browning; (6) a poem containing forty thousand people, eight hundred and ten broughams, cabriolets, hansom, and one-horse shays, one good-sized, durable suspension bridge, sixty-five brewery wagons, fifty-six milk wagons, three dozen prostitutes, a vendor of American flags and life-size chromos of Abraham Lincoln, a complete gazetteer of the several States in the North American union, including population (1880 census), detailed description of geographical and geological features, agricultural, mineral, livestock and manufacturing resources and products, a copy of the Declaration of Independence, a picture of the Liberty Bell, and a complete treatise on physiology, by Walt Whitman; (7) the curve of a throat, or a leg, or a shoulder, or an eyebrow; (8) the contingency of being born with some ten or twenty thousand years of the consciousness of

tribal, or family, unity sleeping in the marrow of one's bones—given any of these things, anyone can fall in love—with something or other—easily enough.

But not anyone can hate. It takes a man with an acute sense of justice, a first-class code of ethics, a healthy disgust for the unpardonable sins: ignorance, grossness, and provinciality, a robust, vigorous ego, and fine, delicately woven sensibilities, vulnerable to any and all deviations from the straight and narrow path of æstheticism—it takes such a man to be a consistent and whole-souled hater. To hate requires a certain expenditure of mental energy, whereas to love requires merely an expenditure of emotional energy. We never begin by hating: we hate only that which we first loved—or that which inhibits or limits the expression or manifestation of that which we first loved—hate always contains the elements of retrospection and reflection. Its incipency is largely instinctive, but its development is largely ratiocinative.

It is for this reason that less significant natures find it impossible to hate for any length of time: their mentality is not sturdy enough to enable them to stick to the process consistently. They begin by a flash of hatred, purely emotional, commendable enough in itself—but ere long their antipathy has reverted to its native nothingness (as our leader, Mrs. Eddy, would say) because their valuation of life is basically and intrinsically insipid, and liable to fluctuations, not of the occasional and reasonable sort visible in the instance of a civilized man, or even woman, but of the momentary and hectic sort visible in the case of a bourgeoisie woman or even man.

Other People's Ambitions

(A Complete Short Novel)

By Ruth Suckow

Author of "The Best of the Lot," Etc.

CHAPTER I

PEOPLE who knew Harold Swisher in the university at Irvington were so surprised when they learned that he was Orson Swisher's son. That he was one of *those* Swishers! Harold Swisher was a nice fellow, and everyone who knew him seemed to like him, but certainly no one would have thought that he was one of *those* Swishers. They would have expected him to be a little more . . . well, something. No one would have suspected from the way he acted that he had money. He was not even a frat man. His friends seemed to be fellows like Bones Williams and other halfway grinds and highbrows, most of whom were working their way through the L. A. and were not in things.

"That where that Harold Swisher lives?" they would say in astonishment when someone pointed out the Swisher house. "Oh, yes, I knew some Swishers lived there, but I didn't know that he was one of them. Swisher. Isn't he the one that owns the glove works?"

It was a very large frame house, painted a light green, with balconies, swells, porches, scroll work, windows of many sizes. It was set back in an immense lawn, with scarlet cannas in round flower beds, and with a fountain which was seldom turned on. It was known as the home of Orson Swisher, a prominent business man and owner of the Irvington Leather Glove Factory; of Mrs. Orson Swisher, an Irvington grande dame, and of the Misses

Swisher, whom none of the undergraduates could tell apart, and whose names were always in the paper as being hostesses at the University Club, the guild and on the receiving line at L. A. functions.

When people learned that Harold Swisher was one of these Swishers, they met him with a different kind of respect. Other undergraduates had always simply supposed that he was like that crowd he ran around with. The knowledge tinged their attitude toward him, giving him a number of hangers-on who hadn't made good in the university and who cultivated him for the sake of the family glory.

But one of the finest things about Harry, his friends said, was the way he took his wealth. He never tried to get anything because of it. One would never have learned from Harry that his people had money. He gave Bones Williams, and others of that set with whom he had somehow become more or less identified—for instance, a queer childish-looking little fellow named Herman Ebers, who almost wrecked himself to win the Rhodes Scholarship and get to Europe, and then was killed in his first vacation while climbing the Alps—invitations to dinner with as quiet and diffident an air as if he were simply returning one of their own invitations to fill an empty place at the boarding club.

Bones went there and he told the others how he was scared fairly stiff when he found himself, in his old blue serge suit and a shirt whose cuffs he

had trimmed before he came, in "the drawing room, mind you," full of "swell furniture" and "things from abroad." A maid dolled up in a cap and apron, like "the maid" in plays, coming to announce "Dinner is served"; and he having to take in one of the Miss Swishers, he never know which. And then the table, and poor Bones' wild-eyed difficulties with the forks and the butter spreaders. Bones had come from a little raw country town to the university, and never before had attended any function more exacting than the class banquet in the old Hotel Bronson, with the heavy hotel dishes. He said you could have knocked him down with a feather.

Perhaps the attitude even of Bones' set was a little different after they had been to Harry's home. They had always felt that while Harry had fine taste and a good mind, there was nothing original about him. He would never set the world on fire. But they were all poor, and they had an uneasy respect—which they would have denied—for what they conceived of as Harold's social and cultural advantages. It raised the dignity of their set to have Harold Swisher belong to it.

Harold was so different from his father. That was what Mrs. Swisher said, with an air and tone that were fretful, aggrieved, wondering and self-pitying—because no one knew the trouble that it had made in her life. She felt as if somehow it was supposed to be *her* fault, and she knew that *she* had nothing to do with it; it hurt her just as much as it did the rest of the family to have Harold so queer. She was a woman who looked majestic, with a large white body and a beautiful silver coiffure, but who was really at a loss to decide the simplest questions. The girls, Evelyn, Verna and Gertrude—all older than Harold and unmarried, all graduated from the university at dates now becoming very indefinite—ruled the house and always had. But she put up such a fine appearance that Orson Swisher forgave her all her infirmities. That was what he expected

first from a woman. She could understand neither why Harold was as he was, nor why then his father didn't simply settle down to being contented that he was as he was. Harold was a good boy. And then she couldn't understand either—and it was part of her general grievance against the universe—why it should be the girls who should take after their father, so that it did no good. Orson always said that Verna would have made a ten times better business man than Harold.

The usual family statement was: Well, I don't know just what's the matter with Harold. It was simply that he had never done anything that they expected him to do, that he just simply wasn't what they thought the only Swisher son ought to be. The mother took a tone of plaintiveness, and the girls one of half-resigned patience.

Even in appearance he was so totally different from all the rest as to be incomprehensible. What he looked like, and what he ought to be, Verna declared bitingly, was a professor of dead languages. A slender young man with dark hair that was already getting thin, a rather pale, thoughtful face that had, for some reason, a vaguely harassed look, gray eyes with an extraordinarily fine look of quiet appreciation. That was what Harry had, Bones always declared when some of the others contended that he was not remarkable except for his "advantages." Real appreciation.

All the other Swishers "made more appearance." The girls, even though they were all thin and rather homely, yet "knew how to dress," were often spoken of as "but awfully distinguished." They were the kind who know how to wear trailing and dangling things, striking large hats, who anger men, but whom women admire and follow.

Wily old Orson Swisher was so absolutely the self-made man as to look more like a cartoon of himself than real—big, burly, domineering, with a thick nose and small eyes glaring under beetle brows, the last man in Irvington to

wear side whiskers. His employees trembled when he went pounding into the factory rooms, chest out and arms hanging, his eyes glaring from under his fierce brows—so that a very little thing, a peanut shell in his path that might have made him trip, even the danger of a collision with a hurrying undersized youth whom he employed to carry boxes—would have turned their awe to laughter. If he ever over-reached himself he would be funny. His thunderous importance always verged on the ridiculous, saved only by his position and power. Harry's old man was simply too much to be true, Bones always said.

The university people, transients in Irvington, thinking little about the home complications of their small world anyway, simply let it go in wonder that Harold could belong to his own family. But Irvington people knew more about it. Slowly, out of all the stories and surmises, prejudices first against one side and then the other, they had evolved a tale that was surprisingly keen and close to the truth, making one feel a tinge of respect for the collective judgment.

They knew that the Swishers were disappointed in Harold—some did not blame them; others were indignant and did. That there had always been antagonism between Harold and his father—which would never come to a quarrel because Harold was “not the quarreling kind.” That old Orson Swisher had tried from the day the boy was born, almost, to force him into his own mould. They remembered how he had tried to make Harold rough it, to throw him on his own resources—forcing him to sell papers like the other boys when he was a little chap, making him get a job in the summer wherever he could, and to work in the factory after school hours. It was the girls who had all the easy times in that family. Orson Swisher believed in teaching a boy to stand on his own feet.

He had always driven the boy too hard, most people thought; although there was still disagreement as to

whether Harold was really not strong or whether, as the old man contended, he simply didn't want to do things. They spoke of how Orson had offered Harold fifty dollars if he would make the high school football team, and of how he had thundered around and talked of going to the school board when Dick Webster, the coach, said that Harold couldn't try out because of his eyes. He stuck to his belief that things had always been too easy for Harold, that if he could have a few of the things to contend with that his father had had, he would amount to something yet. Trying to “make a man” out of him.

Harold would be all right, many people said, if his family would only let him alone. It was no crime that he was different from the rest of them. Perhaps it was not all theory that drove his father on to keep twisting him out of his own mould; perhaps there was something of the vicious desire of one kind to grind out what it perceives to be different from it and therefore vaguely threatening to its feeling of pride and supremacy. There was something of the pack in the Swisher family when they all turned upon Harold, demanding: “Well, why on earth don't you try to be interested in a few of the things other boys are? Why don't you. . . ?” And so on.

They had hoped that he would take a new start in the university, after he had once got over that silly notion of going somewhere else to school, or of taking a year abroad instead of a college course. The girls schemed, worked, laid plans for him. With his backing, he could have had anything in the university if he had really gone after it. They hoped that when he got with other boys—got into some good fraternity—he would be different. They would not at all have minded his being a little wild. Anything but what he was. But when he did not even make a fraternity—except a little new one which had not yet been admitted, and which they afterwards learned that he had refused—the girls gave him up in disgust. They themselves were stronger

sorority workers now than in their undergraduate days, opening their home for rushing parties and for teas, taking bulletins, getting elected as delegates to Pan-Hellenic and chapter conventions.

After Freshman year the family let him go his own gait. They tried to pretend that they were pleased with Professor Quarton's praise of his English work, which was all they could find of Harold's having made a stir in the university, as a Swisher was expected to. And that was a very mild stir. The best that they could do was to pretend to ignore their disappointment in such a career—never running for office, joining no organizations but the Alliance Française and a literary society, never taking a girl anywhere but to concerts and lectures, and then just that little Ruth Quigley who was working for her Master's degree. They tried to welcome such friends as Bones Williams and little Herman Ebers on the ground of brains.

Harold got only a very faint and dreary enjoyment, most of the time, out of his four years in the Liberal Arts. The family claim and tradition were too strong upon him for him to ever really be himself; while at the same time he was unable to make himself over to their demand. He had had visions of somewhere far and remote, where he would be able to live as he wanted to, exploring some chosen scholarly path, perhaps working toward some profession, such as architecture—free from that hideous necessity to get into things. His father had plenty of money to send him wherever he wanted to go—to Paris, even, as he had once dared to ask. When there was no chance for this, he tried to slip through the university as unnoticeably as possible.

He never found his own niche. He was aware that Bones and Herman and the rest of them were not just his kind. But he had only a kind of dim idea of what his kind was. He found more companionship with Professor Quarton, and with a young science instructor

lately returned from Oxford, than with any of his classmates—or would have found it, if faculty and undergraduate friendships had not been very much frowned upon.

He was not original, had no special talent. But he did have the faculty of following a path of his own, drawing from it quiet and subtle satisfactions and never worrying about its obscurity. His taste was unfailing and fastidious, far above the undergraduate level. He had a slight quiet smile for his family's ambitions; but there were other ambitions of his own. Leisure and beauty—those were two things that he wanted; time and freedom for the cultivation of what he had no other term for than "other things."

He began to think that perhaps his father would let him escape the business after all. He could see no reason in life for, as his father strenuously phrased it, "straining every sinew" in the production of leather gloves. He had no sentimental yearning to carry on the manufacture of the Irvington glove, a very clumsy article. His last year at the university was really spent in trying to think of a way to escape the factory.

He had had work, energy, drive, dinned into his ears since he could remember. By comparison, the life of Professor Quarton, who lived in an old-fashioned house close to the river, and who could pause without apology for a pleasant desultory talk that had no reason for being but its own charm, had beauty. Professor Quarton had himself suggested that Harold stay on for another year and take his master's degree, gradually working into the English department. Harold had thought that perhaps the social eclat of being numbered among the faculty—nearly all the life of Irvington centered in some way around the university—would act as compensation for not adding to the family fortune.

But old Orson Swisher hated to give up anything that he had started. He had started to make Harold into a business man. He let him take a

month's vacation with his mother and the girls at Lake Okoboji after his graduation, and then started him in.

He had always gone on the theory that "Harold could do a lot more than he thought he could if he only wanted to"; and up until now he had always seemed to be right. Now, it took him a long while to really believe that that cold of Harold's that hung on was what Dr. Ray said it was. He said first that Harold didn't like the factory; that was the chief trouble with him. He wanted to monkey around with degrees and things like that. Then that Ray was an old alarmist. Then Mrs. Swisher wept, and he himself had inward qualms of fright that he wouldn't admit; and he packed off Harold, with his mother and two of the girls, to the best sanatorium in Colorado.

People who had never been quite decided about Harold Swisher now all agreed in being suddenly indignant, declaring that it was the old man's driving him to work since he was knee-high that had broken him down, that he should never have gone into that factory, that the old man would have his son's death on his own hands. Now everyone seemed to know that Harold had had the chance to stay in the university. They demanded: Why could he not have done it? The Swishers had money enough, heaven knew. It was a good deal that, or the general atmosphere of suspicion that arose from it, that defeated Orson Swisher when he ran for mayor that year.

CHAPTER II

ALTHOUGH he had fought bravely against it all the year before and had taken it silently and courageously, now there was a relief to Harold in being ill. Such relief that, as he grew better, there was even a faint enjoyment in being in the sanatorium. As long as he was there, he was safe from certain things. Safe from his father, of whom, his fancy getting morbid from his physical state, he made a kind of frightful bugaboo. At any rate, it was better

than the factory had been during that hideous year.

The horror of the year, which he shuddered away from now as one sickening nightmare stretch of torture, had been partly physical too. Harold had probably not been very strong to begin with. Eyes, nose, throat, were all weak. His digestion was not very good. He might have got along as well as the average, however, if he had not always been on the very edge of endurance by that constant sense of being driven. It was not so much that his father had neglected him—his ailments had always been carefully and expensively looked after—as that Orson had constantly expected Harold to be what he was not cut out to be. There was an unrelenting sense of pressure upon him, a degrading hint of inferiority, a sense of future dread that sapped his resistance.

During his university days the pressure had been lightened. There had been some appreciation from Professor Quarton, from good old Bones and poor little Ebers. There had been the hope that somehow or other he could manage to escape the business when he was through. He was not of the type to resist. It was torture to him to be at enmity with people. Although he did not know that he was ill, he did not feel within himself the urge of energy that would have given him confidence to strike out. Confidence was just what he had never been permitted to have. It would have taken a stubborn and vicious fighter to have successfully resisted the lifelong determination of Orson Swisher that his son should go into the business.

Even then, he might have got along well, have even come to fit into the place in time, if he could have done it in his own way. But he had had to do everything in his father's way, which was completely opposed to his own, requiring of him the exact characteristics that he did not have and not taking the slightest note of his own abilities. If he had been given, as a start, some of the large correspondence work which

would have utilized his accuracy, his gift of speech and languages, he would have had a far less difficult time and could have kept his self-respect. He was not particularly unpractical, not badly fitted for certain departments of business. His judgment, in some respects, was finer than his father's. But the executive was all that mattered to old Orson Swisher. A good man, in his mind, was a swashbuckler, a heavy hitter, an up and comer, a man with a big stick. If Harold didn't fit the place he was to take he should be pounded into shape.

All at once even the little companionship and sense of fitness that he had had in the university were gone. The reality was upon him, worse than he had ever dreamed. His vague plans of escape were shattered in his father's heavy grasp. His sensitiveness was under constant torture. He could not stand it, and he broke.

At first, he would have been glad to die. He had no pride, no confidence, in himself or life. But the change, the relief, worked upon him imperceptibly. The disease had not taken a deep hold. He began to get better.

His mother, and Gertrude and Evelyn—Verna had been left to look after things at home—had taken rooms in another part of Denver. Both the girls visited him assiduously, and his mother plaintively, urged on by an inner sense of remorse which all would have hotly denied. But his mother, who was uneasy and useless where there was suffering or difficulty, complained that the high altitude affected her heart. She had heard before she came of the effects of altitude, and had at once been convinced that she was to be one of the victims. She could not see that Harold was very ill. He was just resting.

Gertrude had an impressive talk with Harold's doctor, an exceedingly attractive, youngish man with dark eyes and a pleasant voice, but whom the girls had unfortunately discovered to be married. He assured Gertrude, listening with an anxiously lifted face and a flatteringly earnest gaze to his

words of wisdom, that the disease had not progressed far and that there was no reason why it should not now be arrested. Mother was so lonesome, so anxious, away from father and her own home, Gertrude told him. Of course they wouldn't think of leaving Denver if they thought that Harold needed them in the very least. But they could only see him for such a short time every day—and she wondered if that was really good for him. And if he would be up and about soon, as Dr. Winterstein said. . . .

She went back with the assurance that there was no real need for their all staying much longer. It was, as she had thoughtfully declared to Dr. Winterstein, a dreadful expense to poor dear dad. Evelyn said rather peevishly that she didn't know why Gertrude should have taken it upon herself to go alone to the doctor. Although he was married, both of them had found a kind of flattering emotional pleasure in these heart-to-heart talks with him about their brother. But Evelyn was glad to go too. They knew no one in Denver. They had done all the shopping they cared to do. And since they had come to be with a sick brother, it did not look well for them to go about too gaily. They did not want to be too long away from home, to lose their grip upon sorority and church and club politics.

Harold was relieved when they were gone, although they had been very dutiful to him, and he knew that he could always depend upon Gertrude if there were need—that, "when it came right down to it," she would do anything for him. With the expense—although that had always been the last thing to worry the girls—it had made still more of a debt to his father. He had never been away from his family before. It was astonishing how he picked up after they had gone.

"Well! You're getting on! You're fine!" Dr. Winterstein would say, in a pleased flattering astonishment.

This getting well was pleasant. It had not yet progressed to the stage of

worry and having to take things up again. It was still his chief duty to rest. But he had never, even in his little circle in the university who were "not the kind his family would have thought he would choose," met with such liking and approval as he did in the sanatorium. He was young. A wealthy father had ordered that he be given the best of everything. That made him interesting. The nurses raved over his "wonderful manners." After querulous and complaining patients, he was a relief to the doctors. He felt the atmosphere of interest and approval in which he now lived and realized it with a modest and restrained gratitude, made the more pleasing by his natural reserve and the touch of mysterious loneliness that hung about him. Some of the nurses did not forget that others of their calling had married wealthy and prepossessing patients. That added a zest to their care of him.

He liked the wide lawn with its western vividness of green grass and bright flowers. Liked his occasional glimpses of blue and silver mountains. There were pleasant and interesting patients in the sanatorium with whom he talked as he grew better.

A middle-aged single woman from New England, slender, immaculate and intellectual, having at the same time the most amazing narrowness and an astonishing knowledge of all sorts of cultural bypaths seldom explored. For years she had made her life in going from one sanatorium to another, taking her books with her. She was seldom very ill; and although she could never be well, she might live in this way, "with fair satisfaction," as she said in her neat and tepid voice, for a long while.

A boy who had been a crack sprinter in an Eastern college, who had been going to marry what the nurses called in awe "a great society girl." The boy—a beautiful pink-and-white youth, "the picture of health" as people said pityingly—had thought the world a dazzlingly joyful place. Everything had crashed at once. His mind was in

a tragic chaos of wild, childish grasping for comfort. He came to Harold for long piteous talks. He had a most touching belief in Harold's ultimate wisdom. Disappointment, loneliness, had driven Harold long ago to solitary brooding over things which had never entered this boy's beautiful head.

"You could find human interest here," Harold shyly wrote to Professor Quarton.

Four different nurses told him in confidence the story of Miss Schley, a dark, heavy-browed girl in the late twenties, singularly unromantic-looking, who went sullenly about the sanatorium, seldom speaking to her patients. She was said to be "violently" in love with a patient who had left the sanatorium only a month or so ago, worn out by her affection. He was once pointed out to Harold—a commonplace young business man from Chicago, in rimless glasses, whose mother was now supporting him although doctors had once or twice suggested that he was now ready for "light work." Miss Schley left the sanatorium. All at once the Denver papers carried great headlines about "Theresa Schley, young Denver nurse" who had shot herself over an unhappy love affair, after visiting her lover and begging him to take her, no matter how. Harold read it, slightly thrilled as they all were to think that he had been that close to recognized and melodramatic tragedy, but disappointingly unable to connect anything of the kind with the black-browed Miss Schley, who was too "grouchy," as all the patients said, to bring him his meals on time.

He began to feel, faintly but with intimations, the fascination of the West—something open, light, vivid, restless. The thin clear burning atmosphere was grateful after that last winter in Irvington, which had been an open winter, consisting entirely, as he remembered it, of thick, dark, cloudy days under a low, gray sky, damp air clogged with soft coal smoke. Now he could occasionally take little excursions down into the city. He liked the clean wide streets, the unsettled vistas, the

hilly lots of hard, yellow, Western earth that he passed, the constant, compelling nearness of the mountains, characteristically light and pale, a ragged bank of faint blue in the clear distance.

He began to think of staying—not anxiously, rather with a slowly rising interest. He had a talk with Dr. Winterstein, who seemed to realize, as Harold did, that the time had come when his patient must be thinking of the future. Harold had found the little doctor's sympathetically glowing dark-brown eyes and pleasant voice as appealing as the girls had found them. It was not hard to talk to Dr. Winterstein. Harold told him about Irvington, about the business, keeping with his usual quiet reserve from more than a hint of his own horror of it all. He was reassured by the doctor's manner and response. He was not too sympathetic—seemed to take no special notice of the morbid features of Harold's story and talked with his usual brightness—but he said very decidedly that the West was the place for Harold.

"Wouldn't consider going back there. Wouldn't consider it," he said.

A load was suddenly gone from Harold, leaving him so light that he was almost dizzy. He could stay, and for a reason that even his father would have to respect. He did not feel much dread of an impending visit from the old gentleman "to see how he was getting along and plan for the future."

Old Orson Swisher came out. He was on good behavior, very affable to all the attractive nurses at the sanatorium, pleased and impressed with Dr. Winterstein. Orson Swisher could always spot and appreciate success, within certain set limits. He had won his own success by bulldozing and "putting things across" regardless of everything and everybody; the young doctor was well trained, cultured, and gained many of his own ends by his delightful courtesy and consideration. But he was successful, and in a material, tangible kind of way. That made the old man willing to listen to him when Dr. Winterstein told him his

opinion of Harold's condition, flattering Orson as he had the girls by his quiet, sincere and intimate way of talking the thing over, keeping all the time a touch of dignity and professional authority. Orson was convinced that Irvington was not the place for Harold. He was as pleased as if he himself had conceived it with the idea of getting his son first some light, congenial work in Denver, and then "seeing later on." That phrase left possibilities for the future.

The Irvington Glove was known in Denver. Before the old man had left he had made a connection for Harold with a large wholesale seed house. They would find something for the boy whenever he was ready for it. They would be glad to have someone with Harold's training, and Orson Swisher's son.

When old Orson left, he was really through with Harold. Verna had been helping him in the business lately, very expertly if unofficially. He would see Harold through this thing magnificently. Then if the boy decided to stay and take up that little job in the seed house, instead of returning to "fight it out" at home, he was through.

CHAPTER III

AFTER about five months Harold left the sanatorium. He was glad to leave. The routine was getting tiresome. He was feeling a faint return of courage and energy, so that there was an interest in going out and finding new quarters.

There was no hurry in leaving, as Dr. Winterstein said. But he realized that it might have been very easy not to have taken that first hard step, to have settled down into the invalid habit as a way of solving his difficulties, to have become what was termed among the patients with grim humor a "sanatorium hound." He had met some of these—the young Chicagoan for whom the black-browed Miss Schley had killed herself, and a long, lank pseudo-artistic person from the East. They sat out on the wide veranda together, and

their conversations went round and round a tiny circle, like those of bridge fiends and automobile enthusiasts—the advantages of the different sanatoriums, the characteristics of the doctors, varieties of treatment, variations in weight, nurses, other habitués. Harold had something in him which would not permit him to sink effortless into this, even if his leaving had involved his going back to the Irvington Leather Glove Factory.

Dr. Winterstein had told him of a rooming place on Capitol Hill only a few blocks beyond the Capitol building. The houses on these streets had just reached the stage of deterioration from the best homes into high class boarding houses. Most of them had been built in the red and yellow sandstone and brick ages, and they were adorned with turrets, steeples, stained-glass windows and Norman towers. Some of them still had beautiful grounds that in the late sunny Colorado autumn had a kind of interesting somberness—the dark stone house, the shrubbery massed about the old stone stable, unused now, brown withered leaves scattered lightly over the wide lawn. Harold liked to stroll along these streets, in the clear, bright, silent November days, to note the freaks of architecture so grotesque as to give a certain pleasure, to watch old ladies in black taffeta emerging from these dwellings of lost splendor. He walked through the sloping Capitol grounds, looked at the name boards of the trees set out there in a land of so few trees, sat out on one of the green-painted iron benches where there were always tourists, always some old man in a dark blue army suit, solitary and mysterious people, where every day a Greek priest with a square-cut beard passed slowly through the light thin sunshine. Down below him, on the opposite corner, boys and girls in bright-colored sport hats and sweaters waited for University cars.

His boarding house, *The Carolinian*, was a corner house, of yellow-painted brick with a gray wooden veranda. Nothing was Southern now except the

name, although there had once been a negro cook who served hot biscuits for luncheon. Harold had a south room, large and old-fashioned, with long windows that gave a view of a smart new Georgian brick apartment house across the street from which much-dressed idle women were always going to and from appointments at beauty parlors. He could sit in the living-room, an old-fashioned long room with a grayish-black marble fireplace and a sprinkling of new wicker chairs, or out in one of the slatted wooden rocking chairs on the veranda. The meals were good until one became too well acquainted with the schedule. Harold varied them with excursions to the hotels that were thick in this part of the city.

There were "nice people" at *The Carolinian*.

A Southern family, lured by the name and constantly complaining that they could get none of the food that they had in "the South." They were all delicate, slender, dusky-haired—the thin, pretty tubercular mother, the patient, careful, anxious father, a little girl with black curls and ruffled dresses and a spoiled appealing manner. The worried young husband had left his business in Birmingham and brought his wife "up No'th"; but, as he sometimes confided to Harold, "Lillie" would not try to get well here, she spent her whole time being homesick for "the South." The little girl, Dorothy Jane, played imperiously with a lordly and immaculate boy in Eton collars from the Georgian apartment house.

A civil engineer, an Englishman, came soon after Harold, bringing a Spanish wife whom he had married in Mexico. She was not pretty, but there was a touch of the exotic in her slightly broken speech, her grave, careful manner, in the simple fact of her being Spanish, so that the other boarders regarded her either with wary distrust or with the gratified pleasure in evidences of her intelligence which they would have given to a pet animal.

There was a young woman who had

studied at a dramatic school in New York and who was now working as a stenographer at the U. S. Geological Survey, and another woman who was teaching at a large private school for girls and taking care of her mother. The mistress of the establishment, Mrs. Riley, was large, bland, affable and mysterious. Her front hair, parted and heavily crimped, was thick and of a dubious, dry, glossless brown. Harold was astonished to have her tell him that she had come from a small town in Iowa not far from Irvington. She seemed so completely a part of the heavy, respectable gloom of *The Carolinian*.

Harold did nothing for a while, with a free conscience, as Dr. Winterstein had commanded. He had hardly gathered enough interest yet in life to try. It was enough to drift quietly along in the low-voiced atmosphere of *The Carolinian*—talking with Mr. Le Baron, the Southerner, or with the girl from the Geological Survey, learning a few words of Spanish from Mrs. Jameson, trying to encourage Mrs. Le Baron, answering Dorothy Jane's questions. This was what the old-timers called with satisfaction "a real Colorado autumn." Day after day of light, bright, cool, sunshiny weather with a dry thin atmosphere and a heady tingle of amber sun. Exhilarating and dreamy. He joined with Mr. Le Baron in trying to persuade Mrs. Le Baron to say that she liked it. He spent Thanksgiving Day in a trip with the civil engineer and his wife in a hired car to Lookout Mountain. He sent the girls a postal card telling them how warm it was.

Then he began to feel restless because he knew that he was strong enough to "do something." The old shame at living on his father's money, dulled by the necessities of illness, gnawed at him. He still had so little strength that he shrank from finding something of his own. He surrendered to the place in the wholesale seed house that his father had found for him—after well-meant and optimistic urgings from Mrs. Riley to try tutoring or to hire a room in

Wolfe Hall and give private lessons in English and French. But he did not dislike his work. He handled correspondence, something that fit in with his own abilities. He could earn enough so that he would not be dependent on his father. He was alone, free. He could find his real life outside.

He was finding it, getting a glimpse of it that was putting into him more hope, more interest, than he had ever dared to have. He was coming out from under the shadow of his father at last. No one demanded of him things that he could not give. No one seemed to disparage him. He could indulge his own tastes openly. The firm—two pink-faced, corpulent gentlemen, rather simple and boyish in their personal dealings—approved him and found no apparent lack in him. His father, he knew, had given him up since Dr. Winterstein had said emphatically that he could never stand the factory.

He was free for beauty again. He found it in the mountains that always lay, an irregular chain of lilac-blue, against the turquoise of the sky. It came with a sense of breathless discovery in that Thanksgiving Day drive with the Jamesons. He had known nothing but the indoors before, except for summer excursions to the lakes made boresome by the girls' constant inveigling for his attention to this girl and that.

He loved the Colorado landscape, the dim mountains, the plains bordering the city. His growing sense of vitality spent itself in a quiet, deep passion for these things. In the spring—a light, dry, colorless Western spring, with little springlike about it except a sense of urge and freshness—he put on an old gray sweater and corduroys and went out upon the plains. There were few green things, no richness of growing life, but there was a fine, bright exhilaration in the clear, dry air and the yellowish stretches of plain, broken roughly by quarries or gullies, by small brick houses set dustily among cottonwoods. Blue, white and yellow were the spring colors here—blue sky and white clouds,

pale yellow earth, wild white primroses and lemon-yellow blossoms of the cactus. Pheasants flecked with yellow, black, brown and ruddy colors whirled up suddenly from the long desert grass. There was a tremendous urge of beautiful unseen vitality that had its own charm—a charm of lightness and purity.

Out on the yellow road stood a monastery, treeless, set down stark on the desert barrenness of the plain, where a blue-frocked lay brother stood hoeing out under the burning blue sky. A half-mile down the road was a great convent, whose windows, in the late afternoon, flashed back the ruddy-gold light of the sun. Two sisters in heavy black passed Harold on this road. One was elderly—small, high-colored, with spectacles and little raw, chapped features. The other gave him a straight, startled look from a clear pale face with childlike gray eyes set in black lashes. The convent bell rang high notes that sounded alien and beautiful over the pale rough desert.

He was entering into life again—and with a new feeling, a certain, shy, uncertain, but exciting freedom and release. He took his old satisfaction in following his individual quiet way, but it was free now, without the old sense of disapproval. At *The Carolinian*, as at the sanatorium, he found himself surrounded with liking. He was quiet, courteous, intelligent, pleasant and thoughtful. He could do his work well and it did not exhaust him. He found other things beside the plains—a miscellaneous night class of the *Alliance Française*, where strange and varied humanity met; music. He was slowly gathering a few congenial friends—a teacher at the university, a friend of the civil engineer's, who was trying, a little mildly, but with comprehension and devotion, to paint the pale, clear, neutral charm of the plains. Her book-lined studio was an excellent place for a cold or rainy Sunday afternoon. Vague plans of work of his own—and if he could not find such work, at least of a life of his own—were forming.

He was getting well. Everyone commented spontaneously on his looks, his improvement. His worried, harassed look was gone. There was a kind of pleasant, quiet tranquillity about him which one felt belonged to him—his old sensitiveness, his old appreciativeness, but no longer so shy, so defensively concealed.

He came back from a long Sunday afternoon walk early in June. He had just time to go to his room, to bathe and hurry into fresh clothes. He came down fresh, sunburned, more eager and alive than he usually felt.

Late afternoon sunlight fell through the long windows into the old-fashioned dining-room of *The Carolinian*. Most of the boarders had eaten and gone out to the veranda to look at papers in the last light. Two were there—new people, a small, fragile, elderly woman with a frightened face and foolish frizzed hair, and her daughter, a thin girl with a high color and marcelled brown hair.

Mrs. Riley, with more than her usual bland, impressive mysteriousness, introduced Harold to them. He felt that they had been lingering purposely at the table, that Mrs. Riley had been talking to them about him. He was given to know the reason for this when Mrs. Riley told him that Mrs. and Miss Ross were from Castle Rock, which was near Irvington. Mrs. Ross had once been through his father's factory. Miss Ross had been wanting to ask him if he had known some girls from Castle Rock at the university. One of the girls was the Ruth Quigley whom Harold had sometimes taken to concerts, and the sight of whose mouselike coat and large, unbecoming velvet hat had always aroused the derision of his sisters.

CHAPTER IV

THE Rosses seemed to fit at once into *The Carolinian*. Somehow they were always visible there, always accessible to bored and lonely boarders dropping into the living-room and wanting to talk to someone. Miss Ross was eternally doing knitting or fancy work, rocking

hard as she worked and talking eagerly; her mother sitting small and frail in a large chair, querulously afraid of being left out of the conversation. It could not be said that they were really well liked, but by their talkativeness and constant availability they achieved a kind of popularity.

People were not quite sure of them. They dressed well, they talked impressively of their friends and their apartment at home—and yet there was a feeling of their poverty, of their clinging to the edges that made feminine boarders say wisely, "I don't believe they've got as much as they pretend to have." They had the smallest room in the house—the only one that Mrs. Riley could give them when they came, but their protests at the lack of space and the poor light were somehow overdone.

Not that they did not seem to be "very nice people." The husband and father they described in vague terms as having been a leading merchant of Castle Rock. May had taken drawing and china painting and other courses at the Lutheran college in Castle Rock, and had even taught those arts. It was supposed that she had given up her classes to bring her mother, who suffered from a very genuine chronic bronchitis, to Colorado. No one had a feeling of anything really wrong, actually off color. It was merely that the tales of classes, of the jealousy and enmity of other girls, of not wanting the trouble of a car now that Mr. Ross was not there to take care of it, of having tried so many other places for the bronchitis, were just a trifle overcolored. So that women were instantly sure that May herself made all those pretty sweaters and things that she wore.

May had a certain liveliness that made her valuable in *The Carolinian*. Always ready to play a game of five hundred, to go to the drug store for sundaes, to go down town and window shop. The other boarders shrewdly guessed her to be older than Miss George of the Geological Survey—twenty-seven or eight was what Mrs.

Riley insisted upon. She was thin, high-colored, and there was something tense, eager, restless in her eyes. Her brown hair, tightly marcelled and netted, had a slightly brittle look. She was always wearing little new collars and vestees with the very latest touches of embroidery. These collars, and her thin silk-clad ankles and rather elaborate Spanish-heeled slippers, gave her always an immaculateness and touch of femininity that had their attraction.

At first she conversed with Harold only on the subject of Ruth Quigley. Did he know that Ruth Quigley's mother had died, that she had gone to teach in a college in Illinois? She told him of how opposed Ruth's father had been to her college course. Harold's interest in Ruth Quigley had been very mild—a small, plain person she was, with stringy hair and a rather furtive manner. His real reason for taking her to the concerts, never divulged to anyone, had been a perception of the fact that the little thing couldn't afford a ticket. And he liked her, he appreciated her special qualities of mind and of dogged courage. Certainly she could never have had much in common with May Ross. But he was grateful to May for seeming to appropriate Ruth, who with her homely little face and bad clothes and unprepossessing manner, was struggling and brave and intelligent. May seemed eagerly to insist upon the friendship of both of them for Ruth.

Then they talked about the university. May's interest in it, which he could not quite fathom, seemed endless. She wanted to hear about everything. There were many things of which she seemed to have a minute, eager knowledge and which Harold had only vaguely observed—fraternity affairs, functions, traditions.

He found himself having a kind of intimacy with her. She was someone whom he had at first instinctively associated with his mother and the girls. He was a little wary of her pretty clothes and slippers and fancy work. He had supposed that she would want nothing

of him. But, astonishingly, she seemed to like him. She became conscious, a little quieter and softer, when he was there. She listened to him with a kind of respect, wistful and intense and wanting something. It worried and yet obscurely flattered him, so long wounded by the girls' nagging complaint that he was not like anyone else. Perhaps it was that she "brought him out," as Mrs. Riley said, that she forced him out of his habitual withdrawal. Something in her manner removed that old sense of deficiency.

The engineer and his wife and the Le Barons were gone from The Carolinian now. There seemed to be an influx of the old—two old sisters, widows, from Ohio, an elderly couple. They sat about the living-room in the evenings and talked over their ailments with never-ending relish. That drove the young people—Harold and May Ross and Miss George—together. They escaped from the clinic in the living-room to the little corner drug-store, where they ate ice cream in small oaken compartments with rose-shaded lights.

Miss George was a friendly soul, a large girl with fat white arms and a great nest of silky, fuzzy black hair. But somehow she was always pushed a little to one side; it was always May who had the center.

Mrs. Riley seemed to be abetting all this, in her suave, large, mysterious way. The Rosses were very intimate with Mrs. Riley, seemingly. They talked endlessly together, consulted over stores and movies and fancy work. The fact that they had all come from Iowa seemed to constitute a solemn bond, and gave them leave to discuss Harold Swisher at the greatest length. Nothing could please Mrs. Riley better than to dilate upon his perfect gentlemanliness, his wealthy and imposing family, the lack of need for him to "do anything at all," his prospects of fortune. According to Mrs. Riley, Harold "had all that he wanted" and was working in the seed house only to give himself something to do.

"Well, I suppose he wants to do

something. He don't want to just sit around all day, like some of these. But he don't any more need to be doing that—don't you tell me!"

She spoke with the utmost scorn of his present position. He wouldn't work there long. If he decided he liked the West, the old man would set him up in something that amounted to something!

It was to May that she told these things, not paying much attention to old Mrs. Ross' sharp, peevish questions largely off the point. These conversations were of absorbing interest to May Ross, held in Mrs. Riley's own apartment—a large, dark, solemn room on the first floor, furnished with portières and an immense walnut bedroom set—or in low half-whispers in a corner of the living-room.

Mrs. Riley, in spite of her monumental affability, had divined a good deal about the Rosses. She had put this and that together. She was aware that they "didn't have anything," but at present she chose to ignore the knowledge except for occasional little contemptuous sniffs to Miss George or one of the elderly widows. She knew that they lived much more meagerly at home than they now pretended—perhaps she even had a conception of the three small rooms in an old-fashioned house which actually constituted their "apartment" and where they did light housekeeping. But at present this did not affect her intimacy with them.

She knew that May Ross was restless and dissatisfied in spite of her high, frequent laugh. She had a shrewd perception that May did not intend to go back to Iowa if she could help it. If her contemptuous remarks to the elderly widows meant anything, she did not like May, even felt hostility toward her. Just why she tried to help along the affair with Harold Swisher, whom she did approve of quite volubly, no one could say.

May was in fact determined not to go back to Castle Rock. Most of her set, whom she called "the girls," were either married or working now. She had nothing to do except give a very few

lessons in china painting, go downtown and see what was in the stores, go to the movies, which changed their bill three times a week, do fancy work, and take care of "mamma." Night after night she lay tense, longing with a terrible, hot, devouring ache for a home of her own. A home where she could entertain her fancy-work club, which she could fill with the things she had embroidered and with which her "hope chest" was crammed, where she could put little built-in cupboards and floor lamps and dainty china. Things that the other girls had. She was certain that she could make a better home than any of them. She burned to put *Mrs.* before her name, to sign it May Ross Something—else, to talk about a husband. For a number of years she, like various other maidens, had kept up hope by the thought of the popular and unmarried superintendent of schools. But this year he had brought back a wife from his home town. Now there was no hope in Castle Rock.

May Ross had an ambition for everything of the best. She could care for, understand, nothing except through competition. Harold Swisher was not common, she could see that. She could appreciate something fine in him, something out of the ordinary. His manner, quiet and withdrawn and courteous, daunted her a little, but urged her on, until all her yearning, all her determination, was concentrated on him.

Like other women, she responded almost unconsciously to what she sensed as his tastes. He found her quieter than he had thought, gentler, her voice subdued. She tried to read the books that he was reading, begging him to tell her what to get at the public library. She went with him to concerts, to see an exhibition of the art of the Southwest in the library building, and she actually persuaded herself that she cared for these things. She told him of her dissatisfaction with the life at home, the pettiness and sameness, of how she had wanted to attend the Lutheran college and had had to give it up because "mamma" wanted her to be at

home all the time. He conceived her dissatisfactions to be akin to his own. She could feel that Harold's tastes, his way of life, were above her own. Almost desperately she grasped for them.

He began to think that she was not as she had seemed at first. There were things about her that he had always liked. Her unfailing care of her feeble and silly and exacting old mother was admirable. There was a kind of bravery about her. Her tenseness, her alert nervous activity, her ambition, gave a spur to his own diffidence. Perhaps she supplied something that he needed. There was the constant appeal of her personal daintiness.

Somehow they were thrown very much together. He found her depending upon him in her difficulties, and he responded. Sometimes he wondered, with a sense of panic, just where this was leading. But the differences between them seemed to be erased and forgotten. In the new feeling of health, strength and freedom, the sense of sex was strong. Perhaps it was this more than anything else—this and his sympathies—that led him on.

Old Mrs. Ross began to fail in the late winter. There was one sharp crisis of illness after another. The whole boarding house united in sympathy for May. She seemed to grow softer instead of more tense under the emotional strain. Her eyes, that were too bright, were often misted over. No one could doubt her affection for "mamma," and the unreasonableness of its object made her all the more lovable.

Through all this time Harold was unfailing in his steady, unobtrusive helpfulness. May was proud. Before the other boarders she kept up a brave front. But she had confided things to him and he had sensed others. He felt that she depended upon him, and his attitude became insensibly a kind of promise.

The old lady died that spring, suddenly, after an attack that had seemed less severe than many preceding ones.

After the intimacy and familiarities of the little town where she had lived so

long, there was sorrow in the bleakness of old Mrs. Ross' burial. At home the funeral would have been the topic of the day. Here, in this city of many lonely burials, it was unnoticed. It gave them all at *The Carolinian* the cold knowledge of being strangers far from home. The Rosses were people to whom the ceremonies of weddings, funerals, births, meant much. But the only people who could be summoned for this funeral were Harold, Mrs. Riley, one or two other dutiful ones from *The Carolinian*, an old spinster acquaintance from Iowa whom they had discovered living out in North Denver and practising chiropody, and a preoccupied and businesslike minister of the Gospel who was often summoned for strangers.

The ceremony was held in one of the "home mortuaries" with which that part of the city was sprinkled. A very respectable place that "got out a nice funeral," but not one of the most expensive. Mrs. Riley had suggested it. Other boarders of hers, she said, had made use of it, and it was surmised by a sardonic young Carolinian from New York that the bland and mysterious landlady was allowed a compensation for turning her trade there.

It was an old brownstone dwelling house with heavily colored stained glass windows. A portly man, with a significant handclasp and a chastened geniality, ushered them swiftly into the drawing-room; a bare room with lofty walls, a cold dark polished floor and a chilly odor. In this room the body of Mrs. Ross, half covered with the flowers bought by subscription at *The Carolinian* and by telegraph from her church and club at home, was very tiny, heart-rendingly pitiful with the fussily crimped hair and foolish elaborateness of garments that had stood for her claims to consideration and personality.

The chiropodist, in a mangy brown fur and a little old hat, was sitting hushed and scared in a corner. Mrs. Riley, large and suave and solemn in heavy dark silks and an amazing hat with plumes, filled another part of the room. The Carolinians who had come

stood about in uneasy attitudes. The minister, a severe young man in a compromise ministerial coat which he had ordered for these occasions, stood near the casket, an open manual bound in sleek black leather in his hand. The mortuary singer, a fat, sleepy-eyed contralto in beaded black silk, sang with professional pathos "There is a la-and mi'ine eye hath seen," and frowned at the accompanist. The proprietor went here and there in noiseless shining shoes.

Harold could hardly bear to look at May Ross, slender, tense, upright in her blue serge suit and little veiled hat, a handkerchief crushed fiercely in her hand. The bleak, chilly feeling of this terrible day seemed afterward to hang about her in his mind.

Two days after the funeral he found her packing her own and her mother's things. Mrs. Riley had "all the same as told her" to leave *The Carolinian*. The landlady's dismissal had come with the amazing and mysterious suddenness of all her edicts. Why, no one could say. Probably she had realized that May's money was very nearly gone and that she could not expect much more from her; and another elderly couple had been looking for rooms.

Harold was hotly indignant. He was at once May's champion, along with Miss Pingree, the silent, thin and shadowy teacher in the school for girls. He took an afternoon off from the office and helped May to find another room, getting out of her the acknowledgment of the state of her finances. She took a room very small and bleak, in which it seemed to him that he could not bear to leave her. The next day she was going to hunt work for herself.

The thought of her courage and poverty haunted him. She was much more lovable now than in the old pretentious days at *The Carolinian*, when she had pretended that she and her mother were ladies of leisure. She was subdued and gentle with him, tired and a little frightened by her work of clerking. She was softer and sweeter, more womanly, in shabby clothes. She clung to him in a

way that touched him and strengthened his pride.

Well . . . if she wanted what *he* had to offer . . . heaven knew it was little enough. He told her about it when they were walking up the hill into the pearly blue evening, diffidently. About his health, his work, what he was doing and what he wanted some day to do, his own ideas of life—how he would probably have very little money unless he might some day inherit some. His father allowed him nothing now. In fact, he said very little about his father. If there was anything in a life such as he could offer that could appeal to her. . . .

He felt the clinging of her tense little hands. . . .

CHAPTER V

THEIR married life started out with a new, surprising happiness for both of them.

They took a little house out in North Denver. A red brick house of a familiar Denver type, plain and square, with an inadequate second story and a small wooden porch. There was a little lawn, with a cherry tree and a silver maple, a garden and a frame garage. In spite of the square, sizable-looking build of the house, the rooms were small, with dark stained woodwork and a fireplace with shiny, mottled, brownish tiles.

The house in itself was nothing. It was the location that gave it its special charm. A high sunny place, with tall cottonwoods all down the long street. The country seemed very close. A nearby street car line went out past a little lake to a long country road lined with farms where unexpected things were sold—dahlias, sweet cider, goats' milk and apples. Through that first long sunshiny autumn Harold and May drove out along this road in the Dodge touring car which old Orson Swisher had recommended that they buy with his substantial wedding check—a good make of car for a young couple just starting out, he called it—on bright

Sundays. There was a tangy smell of apples, a glitter of cottonwood trees, a small and fleecy daytime moon up in a turquoise sky. The mountains were a long bank of heliotrope and blue and faint silver along the sky. Harold stayed out in the car, dreamily watching them, while May knocked at farmhouse doors to dicker for apples. Whenever Harold thought of his home, he thought of golden Sunday mornings when the sun was an amber intoxication out in that small yard where birds whirled suddenly up from the leafless cherry tree.

It was surprising and beautiful for him to have his home. A place of his own, where he could live and be himself. In the large frame house in Irvington, although he had a kind of jealous affection for his own room with its bookshelves and desk, he had been an essential stranger. Always on sufferance, never satisfying the rest of the household, never able to have his own friends and meet his own tastes. That house belonged to the girls. It was they who managed it. This little house was his. Its very homeliness and plainness he loved, after the solemn elaborateness of family ritual that the girls had demanded.

He loved to work about the little yard and garden, to sit in the big chair in the living-room in the dim leisure half-hour between getting back from work and dinner. He dreamed silently of what they would make of life in this little house—something leisurely and beautiful and quiet. They could gather friends slowly, make this a meeting place. If they were careful there was no need to lead the straining, foolish, grubbing existence that he had grown up loathing—nothing but money, money, money. He would rouse with a half smile when May called him to dinner.

May was as happy as he. There was the glory of writing back to the girls in Castle Rock that she was married, that she was wild about her husband, that he was the most wonderful thing in the world, that his father owned the Irvington Glove Factory, that she was mad

over her little house and her car. There was the joy of shopping for her own house, as a married woman, of hunting out little new things, of trying all sorts of dainty dishes. She was a scrupulous and exquisite housekeeper, an ability that she had never been really able to exercise before.

After that brief, bitter experience in a working girl's room, May was intoxicated with the possession of her own home. Beside those three old rooms in Castle Rock, with their exasperations, this little house seemed roomy and modern. She threw herself feverishly into work for it, doing all the things that she had burned to do—taking the doilies and pillow slips out of her hope chest, sewing, embroidering, hunting bargains, keeping eagerly up to date on cushions and lunch cloths and curtains. In the relief from the old tension of unwilling spinsterhood, of gnawing fear for the future, in the feeling that she had found her place and was provided for, she darted about the house, eager, quick, bright-eyed, trilling little high bursts of songs.

She was in love with Harold. She still felt that fineness in him, and she tried eagerly to come up to what she conceived as his standard. She was marrying a Swisher, one of the best families in Irvington! She tried to hide certain little ignorances, to be what he would expect his wife to be. She had great ambitions for him. He had brains, more brains than most men. What might he not do!

She had her dreams, as well as he. Somehow they were all concerned with that idea of family glory, all hovered about future plans of a beautiful house and clothes and money . . . a gorgeous and glorified existence that they were to lead some day through the help of old Orson Swisher. She had taken no stock whatever in Harold's statement that he could expect nothing more from his father. She expected everything.

Then, as she grew used to having the house, to being Mrs. Swisher, the first gnawings of discontent began again. There was a kind of flatness. Nothing

was what she had expected. Harold seemed to demand so little of her, and she had expected that he would demand so much. It was the quiet simplicity of many of his tastes, his detachment and curious lack of what she called ambition that she could not understand. His quiet, courteous tolerance and sympathy. She did not know what she had thought she would have—but not this. Wasn't Harold going to do anything? Wasn't he going to get them anywhere? Was he going to be satisfied with just this forever?

Harold had first regarded May's feverish activities in the house with a smiling indulgence. This had changed slowly to a somewhat worried patience, and then to a silent perception of their essential difference which he had instinctively sensed when he first knew her. But he still felt that tenderness which the pathos of her lonely and helpless situation had awakened in him. He still had patience and comprehension to give her. He still believed that she would change, see things in a different way, take the world more quietly. There was no great strain about things yet—only a kind of sporadic hectoring fretfulness on her part, a slightly weary defensiveness and tolerance on his, along with much happiness.

The next spring, Orson Swisher and his wife and Evelyn came out to see Harold. All winter they had been expected, and May had fastened vague but grandiose hopes upon her father-in-law's coming. They were going on to Long Beach, where Mrs. Swisher and Evelyn were to spend the winter, and they had the effect of splendidly sweeping through. They made an excuse of too much work for May, and did not stay at the little house, but at a hotel in the city.

May was as much impressed by them as she had fearfully and yet eagerly expected to be—Mrs. Swisher's indolent, elaborate handsomeness, Evelyn's air and clothes, and most of all old Orson Swisher's impression of large domineering importance. They had all the hauteur of the wealthy family of a small

town. May had thought that they would be grand in some way, both from her own imaginings and from Mrs. Riley's tales, but the concrete presence of their splendor was a revelation to her. This was Harold's family!

It was evident that the family had decided to approve of Harold's wife. Evelyn rather graciously and condescendingly, but old Orson with the pleased observation that Harold had chosen a wife more like other people than he had ever expected the boy to do. This girl had some ambition. She would be a good wife for him, might wake him up. He showed his pleasure by taking May to shop with his wife and Evelyn, buying her a very splendid new gown, telling her that she was a worker and a fine little housekeeper.

"Don't she look fine, hey?" he demanded when May appeared in the gown. "That's the way a man ought to want to see his wife look. Women all want nice clothes to wear—don't they, hey?" He patted her approvingly on the shoulder.

He came in one day when she was dusting in the living-room, fluttering her by his sudden appearance.

"Keep right on, keep right on," he commanded. "Thought I'd come in and have a little talk with you."

He looked at her quizzically from under his big, beetling brows. She had a flustered feeling that he could "see right through her," that he knew what she was thinking of, but she told herself defiantly that she did not care. She reddened and tossed her head a little, frightened but pleased. She could not help playing up to a man like Orson Swisher.

"Well—how are you and the boy getting along?"

She hardly knew how to answer the abrupt question. She could feel her heart pounding. It was her chance. She was wary. . . .

"All right. . . ." Her voice trailed off and left implications.

"All right, eh? Boy doing pretty well down at the office?"

"Yes. Only. . . ." She said against

a feeling of breathlessness—"Well, I think Harold could do more than he does. With his abilities."

"Think he could do a little more than he does—hey? Pretty well now, is he?"

"Oh, yes," she assured him hastily. "Perfectly well."

She could hardly believe in the actual coming to pass of this talk, of which she had dreamed so eagerly—of having the chance to speak at last of all Harold's lacks, her own ambitions. She spoke eagerly, but carefully, not daring to disparage too much, to go too far. But the old man more than agreed with her.

There was nothing wrong with Harold, he said, but that he hated to make an effort. So far as he could learn, the boy had been doing very well at his job—but now that he had his health again, and was a married man, he ought to be getting out of a job like that into something where he could make a little real money. May was an ambitious girl. She could see what was the trouble. He wanted her to jack Harold up a little, to put some get-up into him. Not let him moon along forever and a day. Make him get somewhere.

May began eagerly to agree. He cut short her assurances with an abrupt:

"All right. You know what I mean."

Got up and went heavily out of the house.

That interview was ended. She was rather hurt at his curt dismissal of her, as if she had been one of his employees. She had wanted to say more now that she was started. And yet she was thrilled, certain that she had said the right things and that something would come of it. She did not know what—whether she expected some gorgeous gift or that her father-in-law would do what she thought of as "getting Harold into something better." But she was sure of something, so that she had actual dreams of a fur coat and a new enameled bedroom suite.

But after all he left the city without doing anything for them. Evidently he considered the Dodge car enough. In-

deed, if May had known it, he had told the seed house firm that he thought it would be good for the boy to hoe his own row. He had always done too much for Harold. That was the trouble. Let Harold look after himself. Might teach him something. He had done nothing at all for the help of the household, although May had been at pains to let him see some of her economies.

It was inevitable that May should take out her bitter disappointment upon Harold. Somehow it must be his fault that the old man had done nothing for them. Why hadn't Harold asked him for something? Why hadn't he got his father to see the firm and try to get him a promotion? His father had been willing—she knew he had. With all that he had, and they to have none of it . . . that was her refrain.

The family attitude toward Harold had confirmed her own dissatisfaction and non-comprehension. Evelyn's weary arrogance, his mother's petulance, and then that talk with old Orson showing what *he* thought. Her old secret awe of Harold was gone.

The visit had left her momentarily elated, but long and deeply dissatisfied. The "things" that Mrs. Swisher and Evelyn had set a new standard for her of what she wanted for herself. They were Harold's own people, and they had these things. If they could spend winters in Colorado and have platinum wrist watches and everything they wanted, why should *she* have to slave and go without everything? Wasn't Harold the only son? Wasn't he entitled to something as well as the girls? Well, he ought to *have* it, he ought to *demand* it.

Harold spent night hours in weary explanations of the family notions and idiosyncrasies. It made no impression whatever. She kept on with her reproaches and her complaints, so that he was at a loss to know which she blamed, himself or his father.

If Evelyn could have such things, then she ought to have them. Now her vague fretfulness and restlessness be-

came a positive and incessant irritation, an ambition that devoured her as the old madness for a home and a wedding ring had done. Now she could not rest until she had Harold "doing something."

CHAPTER VI

Now that they were living in this part of the city, they seemed to know even fewer people than when they had been mere transients at The Carolinian. These first acquaintances had seemed to drop away from them. Miss George had come out occasionally to take Sunday supper with them. But a youngish doctor of osteopathy was now interested in Miss George, and had drawn her into a set of other youngish and unmarried people who played bridge and danced together. Miss George, when May called her up, was always effusively sorry that she was dated. "But we *must* arrange a time to see each other, May, we simply *must*. . . ." The Carolinian was filled with a new personnel now, except for Miss Pingree and her mother. Mrs. Riley, May always mentioned with an air of bitter dignity and obscure triumph.

Harold had had friends, or at least the beginnings of pleasant and interesting acquaintanceships. There was the engineer's artist friend, with her cosy studio where he used to sit before the fire on chilly Sundays. But May had been so obviously out of place there. It was as if he himself had never fully realized her difference until he took her there. And the friendship was hardly engrossing enough to persist in spite of May's hurt and sneering attitude. There had been a man at the office—he was working now for some other company—a remote and original soul . . . but somehow that acquaintanceship had gone the way of the other. May could not fit into these friendships of Harold's, and they had had to go.

The two found themselves actually more lonely than they had ever been in the city before. The boarding house, even the sanatorium, had given them

contact. Now they were alone. Their neighbors were an old German couple from the Middle West, with whom May was at constant enmity over chickens. After a night when May had wept hysterically over her loneliness, Harold had quietly given up his precious Sunday mornings and gone with her to a Second or Third Presbyterian Church which was near them and where she vaguely hoped to "get into things." But they had found the church people a chilly set with too stern an eye to increasing the paying and working membership of the church. May had consented to take a Sunday-School class in the rather pathetic hope that she would be rewarded by "getting into it." But she had progressed no farther than handshakes from the pastor and a woman with a large and beaded bosom delegated to stand near the door, and a dutiful call from two members of the calling committee. She was reduced, at times, to sending for the chiropodist, with her mangy fur and ridiculous hat and shy lack of feminine chatter.

They fell back upon the office force for their entire acquaintanceship. At first this did not yield them much beside youths who were interested only in their girls and their dates, and one or two ex-preachers who were trying salesmanship. Until they grew to know Carleton and Dorothy Dunn.

Carleton Dunn came to the seed house several months later than Harold. He was in the sales department, so that for some time he and Harold came into very little contact with each other. But at an informal get-together of the employees and their families, the Dunns and Swishers had found themselves together and had struck up an immediate friendship, and one that, in Carleton's terminology, was to produce some results. The Dunns were lately come from Wyoming; and ever since they had been in Denver they had been longing to find another couple with whom they could play bridge.

There was at this time a pleasant likeness in the circumstances of the

two families. Carleton Dunn and Harold were both somewhat new at the seed house. They were drawing the same salary. May was a newer bride than Dorothy, but both were new enough to be intensely interested in talking about their husbands. Both had come from smaller towns where they had had their clubs and crowd of "girls," for whom they were lonesome now. The Dunns, too, were living in a red brick rented house—the third house of a "terrace," with a turreted top, and with tiny rooms to which Dorothy had somehow been able to give an air that May observed with a kind of admiring, baffled envy. Dorothy had "been used to more than she had now." She let fall easily that this "little place" was very temporary. They were going to move into a "darling apartment" up on the hill. But it was the Swishers who owned a car.

Carleton and Dorothy were briskly expert at bridge. May, who had never played before, plunged feverishly into the game, playing surprisingly well and trying not to show that she was angry when she did not win. Harold, who had occasionally lent a rather bored hand when the girls had needed some one to fill up a table, played in the same way now. He had enjoyed these evenings at first, but they soon grew tiresome. Only his appreciation of May's loneliness kept him from protesting. They met first at one house and then at the other; and the two girls, having no other chance to show their powers as hostesses, spent anxious hours planning "what to have this time"—each eager to use her wedding dishes and to do the thing just a little more perfectly than the other.

The Dunns were pleasant enough young people. Harold's class at the university had been filled with their likenesses. Carleton was a graduate of the University of Wyoming, and Dorothy had gone there for a year, until she had become engaged to Carleton.

"Well, aren't you both university graduates? I should think you'd find

plenty in common," May often said accusingly.

But it was plain that the two men's university careers had laid far apart. Carleton had been a professional good fellow, an organizer of committees and leader of pep meetings. It had been no effort for him, after college, to step at once into the brisk, alert, wide-awake, hearty and genial manner of the up-and-coming young business man. He was still a little over-confident, a little cocky—a short, stocky, light-haired young man with a very large head and a very small pugnacious button nose. And yet by no means objectionable in manner.

Dorothy, with her wide face, dark skin, straight wiry black hair and shading of black upon her upper lip, was not pretty. But she had the knack of looking well in her clothes, an air that May with all her fussy daintiness could not copy. She was a nice girl, Dorothy. Courteous, light-hearted, alert, and yet having very "serious principles." Life, for her, was laid down in neat and obvious lines, which her only care need be to follow just as expertly as possible. She played life much as she played bridge—the rules were all as easily recognizable as that.

Both the Dunns liked Harold, cared more for him than for May although it was May with whom they were really congenial. Carleton had a kind of boyish appreciation of Harold's personality and mental equipment, and at the same time a mature tolerant contempt for his lack of business "push." The likeness in situation of the two men created a temporary and rather superficial bond, helped to get Harold through all those evenings which seemed more and more useless to him. After all, he told himself, he must do it for May. He could see her side.

But the acquaintanceship, while soothing her spells of homesick crying, did not otherwise make May more contented. She felt constantly a little rasping sense of superiority in Dorothy. Dorothy's game, her things, her

clothes, her meals, were always a little better than the best of May's; and always with an effect of ease. Dorothy had a serene and happy past, full of comfort and of girlish successes. Dorothy looked confidently forward to the same kind of future. She raised new standards for May, just as Harold had once done; but these were standard that May could grasp. Again May had to try frantically to reach them. Everything that Dorothy had seemed touched with that baffling superiority. She could not rest until she had exactly the same; and when she had it it did not seem the same.

Dorothy was going to have an apartment. Therefore May must have an apartment. Apartment, apartment, apartment—every conceivable subject was brought around to that, in ways ingenious and ruthless, until Harold's ears rang with it. It was useless for him to tell her that his lease on this house was not up, that they would be cramped in any apartment that they could hope to rent, that the expense—with no garden, and separate garage bill—would be more; even that he would not get the little touch of outdoors that he absolutely needed, and that so far he had more or less succeeded in having. Nothing made any difference, not even that. Things May could not answer, she simply ignored. It seemed incredible that a human being could harp so everlastingly upon a subject without wearing out both it and herself. But May was never worn out.

Another of her greatest grievances was that Dorothy's people "had money," and that they "did things" for her and Carleton, while Harold's family did nothing for him. Dorothy's father was going to give her a baby grand piano when she moved into the apartment, she whispered to May that he had promised her a coupé when she presented him with his first grandson. "Dad" was always doing things—sending a check when Carleton and Dorothy thought that they couldn't afford to go home for Christmas, sending Doro-

thy a draft with the command to buy herself a new suit. Why didn't Harold's people do some of these things? May and Harold ought to be having things, just as well as Carleton and Dorothy. She blamed Harold for it.

She remained friends with Dorothy, but that gnawing feeling of inferiority must come out somewhere. From it was evolved the theory, growing into a conviction, that Dorothy's superiority came from the fact that her husband was superior. She had the kind of man who could *do* things. Carleton was going to get ahead. And gradually there grew in her a devouring jealousy of Carleton, a sensitiveness—a fiercely acute observation of him, of his stocky physical strength, the decisiveness of his movements, that promising look of pugnacity about his rather ugly face, his patter of business terms, even his conceit.

She was at the same time jealous of him on Harold's account, and blaming Harold for not being like Carleton. She could do nothing but compare him with Harold when they were all together. If he won over Harold in bridge, even though she was his partner, she was miserable. She took it as an omen, a sign of his virility. Sometimes she was simply snappy and irritable with Harold afterward. Sometimes she berated him for some obscure cause long into the night. Sometimes she wildly, and for no known reason, wept.

Harold was doing nothing to get ahead. Carleton would "put in all over" Harold, anyone could see that. Harold met all this with patience at first. He knew that he had made a quiet place for himself in the office, although he realized that there were other things which he might be able to do better. He had gradually come to see what kind of work he had real talent for doing, and he could rise along those lines when the opportunity came. Yes . . . if he were let alone. If he could, at last and for once in his life, take his own way, follow his own plans, use his own capabilities. Of course he

could never be a Carleton Dunn. The Lord knew he had no desire to be. But now the old nagging, the old contempt, the old determination to make him what he was not, was at him again.

He tried to "reason" with her. He asked:

"Well, just what is it that you want that you haven't got, May? Just what does Dorothy have that you haven't? That seems to be at the back of all this."

She couldn't say, of course, more than "lots of things, *every*-thing," and then a wild tirade about their not advancing, what his father had said, why his father didn't do anything—

"Well, if it's that that's causing all this, I told you plainly when I married you that I couldn't expect anything else from my father. He might send you a few of the nice things he gives the girls—I grant you that—but you don't want me to write and ask for them, do you? That simply happens to be the way he's made. He doesn't see it—that's all."

That reduced her to sobbing silence for a moment, until she was off on another tack. "You don't seem to be *trying*, you don't seem to be—"

"Look here, May, you knew perfectly well—I told you—oh well, what's the use. . . ."

How could he make her see that he couldn't take Carleton's place any more than Carleton could take his? That what he was after was entirely different. But he did not take all this calmly. He resisted, with a sternness that May had not expected. May had spread no darkness of fear over his childhood, as his father had done. She could not bully him into things. He knew his superiority to her. He had offered her, would offer her still, infinitely more than she had had any chance of having before. But he would not, and could not, turn himself into a money-grabber for her. He refused, coldly and absolutely, to force himself into a place where he did not belong. He would not change from his own department into Carleton's, he would not break his lease and take an apartment. He set

his teeth and endured her reproaches—breaking out once or twice into sudden bitter speech that astounded, and for the moment, subdued her.

She brooded over it all, over what Harold's father had said of him. Harold's fineness, his consideration—Carleton was more than once abrupt and ungracious with Dorothy, Dorothy had complained that he did not tell her things—counted for nothing. Or it merely spurred her on to agonize over the fact that he, who *could* do so much, should do so little. Just what he failed to do, she hardly knew. She felt that his whole outlook was in the deepest sense antagonistic to hers. She did not, could not, despise him. She felt still his superiority—and that was what irked her, that it produced nothing tangible, nothing that she could understand. It made it all the more galling that he should be "getting nowhere."

But, although he resisted, he was sickened. What kind of life was this? Sometimes he thought cynically that his first view of May had been right. Then she had deliberately misled him to think her what she was not. He remembered the books she had said that she read, the concerts. She never opened a book now, unless it was some silly thing from a branch library near them. What he had thought her tastes and ideals. Her soft bright-eyed begging him to tell her things, her clinging to him. He could not realize that the deception had not been really deliberate, that for the time being she had passively become what he wanted her to be. And that now that the impetus was gone, she had reverted to herself again.

The situation became at times almost unendurable. They could scarcely keep up a pretence before the Dunns. May was "started." She could not stop, even though she was sometimes frightened at herself.

But just when things seemed at the breaking-point, the whole thing was temporarily shelved. For a time at least it seemed to have been solved by the birth of Mary Janet.

CHAPTER VII

THERE was the delight in the baby herself. She was a most adorable small creature. Everyone said so, everyone "went into raptures" over her—when they saw her in her gray enameled carriage, her little round rosy faced tied into an exquisite organdy bonnet; when she lay kicking and cooing in her little crib, contentedly nibbling her rosy toes; when they caught a glimpse of her tiny sleeping face, with the brown lashes upon her cheek, as she lay wrapped in a pink blanket in May's lap in the car.

"Such a good baby!" old ladies exclaimed, amazed.

"Such a cunning little thing, such an angel!" young ladies gasped, delightedly. They would sigh out her name—"Mary Janet!"

A round face, fine brown hair, shining brown eyes under the faintest prettiest foreshadowing of arched brown eyebrows, a little naughty soft smiling rosy mouth, tiny pink-tipped hands and pink-tipped feet—and more than that, a lovely cuddling charm, the very essence of babyhood.

May and Harold were united in pride for their baby. To have the kind of child whom no one saw without a backward glance and smile, to meet admiring, glowing looks and appreciative murmurs wherever they went. They could start again, take new stock of each other as "mother" and "daddy." Now they were the parents of Mary Janet, not just the two people who had been almost at the edge of endurance with each other. They could appreciate and care for each other in that rôle.

May's terrible hunger for success was appeased for a time by the loveliness of Mary Janet. She had always dreamed of some vague wonder child with golden curls and celestial eyes, whom she could "keep in white" and for whom she could make things. Mary Janet, the reality, was straight-haired, plump, round and deliciously giggly—but she was a child whom it was a delight to dress and fuss with, who pre-eminently

rewarded her mother's work and irritated tears over the organdy bonnet which May had copied from one in the baby shop at the best department store. May could rejoice in doing all the things for her that she had yearned to do for a baby—bathe her and pat clean sweet powder into rosy creases, make endless clothes and endless embroidery for her, dainty pillows with pink and blue French knots for the white-enameled crib. Take constant pride in her. Dorothy Dunn's rapturous admiration of Mary Janet, her outspoken envy and tearful declaration that she had given Carleton her ultimatum that she would wait only one more year for one of her own—expenses could go hang—soothed May's old jealousies into a pleased new complacency. She had something better than anything that Dorothy had. She was a mother and Dorothy was not.

This even took away much of the sting when Carleton and Dorothy did go into an apartment, in a pseudo-Tudor building with a courtyard that implied a style of living far above that of the terrace.

There was the general pride and complacency of being a mother. The new interest that she aroused, the stir over the event, the congratulatory letters, the presents from "the girls" in Castle Rock, the consideration for her health. A whole lifetime of new plans and dreams and schemes of which Mary Janet was the center. Her love for the baby, which was like all her loves—devouring, jealous, exacting, irritable, devoted. She showed herself "a good mother" as she had been "a good daughter," taking scrupulous and painstaking care of her child, devoting every thought and energy to her, transferring to her the bulk of her pride and ambition.

Mary Janet was the first Swisher grandchild. She might even be the only one, as May rather acidly observed, if the girls didn't hurry up. It was inconceivable that old Orson would not "do something" for her. Of course, if

Janet had been a boy there would

have been more hope. The old man was over-supplied with girls of his own. But still he *must* do something. May had a claim upon him that she had not had before. He rose to the occasion, if not grandly enough to satisfy May, at least with enough munificence to silence her complaints. If it was not as much as he could easily have done, it was something. He sent five hundred dollars by telegram to be put into the bank to the account of Mary Janet Swisher; and his wife and the girls sent various lovelinesses in the way of little lawn and satin things that made other young mothers sigh despairingly.

The old man sent nothing, however, to Harold and May directly. He did not ease the financial strain of the event as May had hoped, and even counted upon when she made some of her purchases, nor reward her personally for her great gift to the house of Swisher.

Harold was desperately in love with his daughter. He was the kind of man who would make a most lovable father of daughters—tender, considerate, dependable, a little shy, with a fine sympathy for the feminine. It was natural that his love, which could not expend itself upon May, should turn with relief to the child. He had the desperate love for her of a man who finds no happiness in his wife. He could never get over the simple fact that this exquisite Mary Janet was his. Harold was one of those rather tragic ones who has more appreciation and understanding than concrete ability, one who would put his hope in his children. His pride in Mary Janet was actually greater than May's. It seemed to him that he understood now why he had made this marriage, why everything had happened. . . .

The baby's "first things" were of a splendor that must be lived up to, and that without further help from his grandmother and aunts. All the more so because, when Mary Janet was a few months old, Dorothy confided with great satisfaction that *at last* . . . Mary Janet's career had started in such glory. It must continue so. Dorothy's baby must have nothing that May's

baby did not have. Mary Janet must still be first.

The constant work and sewing, and the flaring up of the old jealous ambition quickly undid the effect of the first few happy months after the baby's birth when everyone had commented that May looked plumper and better than ever in her life. Now it was evident that she had not come through it as beautifully as they had thought. She was "in a run-down condition," on the edge of a breakdown. She was thin, haggard, colorless, cried easily, even lost courage at times and let the struggle to keep up go. She was taken from her own doctor to a specialist. The traditional rest was prescribed—to take things easy for a while, forget her worries—let her husband do the worrying; all spoken with a cajoling smile, with a flattering and almost affectionate pat on the arm, by a big, well-groomed, shining-haired and imposing physician in fashionable tweeds.

Harold's need of care was now for the first time tacitly forgotten between them. May, before, had at least scolded about it: "What did you go off in that coat for? You knew it had turned cold." It was May's turn now. Both of them could not have attention at the same time. May could not, of course, forget her worries. Worry was ground into her, was in her blood, even from her childhood when she and her mother had half killed themselves so that she could have what the other girls had. She could not let alone her work for the baby, as Harold urged her to do, telling her that they could buy what they needed, that the baby would look just as sweet in plainer things, that there was no sense to all this stewing and slaving. Mary Janet must have things.

May still sewed and embroidered, shivering and weeping as she made the exquisite stitches, getting out of temper with the baby for whom she was working. But she let her other work go. Harold got the breakfast, came home and helped with the dinner, washed all the dishes before he went to bed at night. He spent his Sundays dusting,

running the vacuum cleaner, putting wet cloths on May's head. He had recovered his patience and was endlessly considerate with her until constantly growing fatigue broke down his defences. She accepted his ministrations with a righteous air that hinted that down in her subconsciousness she had begrudged the fact that it was he who had had the attention before. She made a virtue of her breakdown.

But May had always had courage. She drove herself into a kind of health again. Her vitality was not seriously drained. In spite of her restlessness, of her constant worry and tension and dissatisfaction, in denial of all the laws of health seemingly, she had a mysterious something in her that "kept her going." Perhaps it was pride.

But her illness had changed things. She was never again so considerate of Harold's health.

She said, "Well, I'm not able to do what I'm doing, either"; that she *knew* now that it was largely a matter of thinking one was able to do things. His delicacy did not deter her now. It was an inconvenient thing and, like his family, she developed the viewpoint of its being an unnecessary thing. If Harold had *her* ambition. . . .

The same old thing went on again. One gave a little here, the other there. Just about this time Harold had an offer of some work that he really wanted. But it was a venture, it might come to nothing financially. May wept and would not have it. If he left the office she thought that he would be out of business forever, and they would get nowhere. Harold did not dare to cross her in her present state. He gave in, stayed in his old work. He gave in to the idea of moving, too. May declared that she could no longer stand this house and neighborhood. Dorothy herself had ended the apartment idea by saying that she would never want an apartment with a child. But everyone, May said, was moving. She wanted a bungalow. They took one, that was like all other bungalows, with a display of built-in things and woodwork—although

flimsily done—that gave it a flashing modernity.

Harold worked hard at the moving, the prospect of which had seemed to restore May's strength. He had found expenses crowding down upon him of late—good solid expenses, such as the baby's birth and doctors' and nurses' bills. He got a day off from the office and tried to do the settling himself. May was indefatigable at this sort of thing. He kept doggedly up to her pace, determined not to bring down upon himself the scorn and reproaches that would follow if he stopped before she did. He was a slow, quiet worker; she a fierce, swift, nervous one. Both were exhausted when they finished. May relieved herself by a fit of crying; and Harold had to soothe and wait upon her.

The very first night after the new house was settled they had the worst battle they had known. They were in ripe condition for it. Harold was tired out beyond the point of resting; and besides that, the very notion of living in this house, like all the other houses on the street, with its implications of all the regulation things of existence, rasped him unbearably. He would have to keep up payments upon the place until he owned it, and this would take years. It was another giving-in to all that he did not want to do or be in life. He was homesick for the freedom of the old, plain, red brick house with the cottonwoods across the street, the long road stretching to the country, and the old German couple, with their chickens and their posies, next door. These houses were occupied by young business men and their wives—presumably rising young business men in offices and wholesale houses, all alert and ready to get ahead, who read of standardized reproductions of themselves and their problems in popular magazine stories of business success, and who spent Sundays in tinkering with their Fords. Every one of them May could hold up as an example of what she was determined Harold should be. She could not perceive that the distinction which had

first drawn her to him, and which still nagged at her mind, came from the precise fact that he was not like them.

It took him longer to go to and from the office. The Dodge was out of commission half the time now, and his other expenses had been so heavy that he had to let it go. He had to transfer and wait on a windy corner for the street car. There was no time for the little half-hour before dinner when he could be alone and "get his bearings." The evenings were filled with doing things for the house. May left more things for him now. There was no time for what to him were the values of existence—quiet, beautiful hours in the open, books, a little good talk, holding Mary Janet in his arms. He was living as "everybody" lived.

This was emphasized by a sudden visit from old Bones Williams.

Bones and his wife came driving into Denver in a disreputable Ford which they had picked up at heaven knew what hand. The grunting and clattering thing had just made a trip through Yellowstone Park, bearing in its wide, shabby, kindly interior Bones, his wife, his two youngsters, suitcases, cooking paraphernalia and two camp beds. It always got through somehow, as Bones said. The Williams family regarded it with the trusting affection that they would have given an ancient, reliable family horse, which balked and had to be cajoled and driven, but always got there in the end.

Bones had gone his own way, as he had always done. He was teaching in an agricultural college in Idaho. The infinitesimal nature of his salary had not deterred him from marrying, raising a family with all speed possible, and having a good time. He looked like the same old Bones—like a gaunt country school teacher. His wife was large and plain and straight-haired. May disapproved of them all immediately, of the two little boys in their khaki unionalls which they wore like uniforms, and of Mrs. Bones in her middy blouse and divided khaki skirt. Of the combined air of practicality and happy-go-lucki-

ness with which they took their holiday in that dreadful Ford!

But when Harold talked with Bones after dinner he was astonished and a little envious to see how Bones had developed. He was still a character, still going his own gait, but it was evident that he knew what he was doing. He was making an intensive study of Western mining conditions. In the summer he had gone to other places to study the same thing—presumably in the same Ford—and next year he was going to Europe. He would be an authority some day. His present obscurity and poverty did not worry him in the least. The Williams family managed to have a good time as they went along.

His visit made Harold restless and dissatisfied, as the Swishers had left May. The happy, practical freedom of the whole Williams tribe was in such contrast to his own neat, regulation little house and way of living.

It gave him bitter amusement to hear May's version of this visit to Carleton and Dorothy Dunn. While the Williams family were there she had spent half her time in hoping that they would keep that terrible Ford out of sight, in trying to conceal it and them from the neighbors. Now she spoke of Bones as "Harold's university friend," told how the family were "driving through" on a pleasure trip in "the car," how they expected to go abroad next year—not mentioning Bones' cheerful announcement that he would go steerage. The tale sounded actually impressive.

Harold had thirsted for the talk with Bones. It stimulated him for a while, then, as it left him with nothing changed, the stimulation sank to depression. He had been "the same Harry" to Bones, but only as Bones had been "the same old Bones" to him. He did not know that Bones had carried away a picture of a twisted and changed Harry, worn, harassed, out of drawing, that he had seen in Harry the promise of disintegration just as Harold had seen in Bones the promise of success. His pride in Mary Janet had seemed to Bones unutterably pathetic—"poor old

Harry, the only thing that damned woman lets him have to himself, and she don't let him have her!"

CHAPTER VIII

THEY did not see so much of Carleton and Dorothy Dunn these days.

May's jealous perception of Carleton's business ability had been sound. Carleton was "going right ahead." He had been made first, sales manager, and then general manager. He had got over some of that cockiness which had at first made him none too popular with the firm, and was now "right in with them." May brooded and worried and agonized over the figures of his salary. Her attitude toward him combined complete admiration of him, in contrast to Harold, and jealous hatred and depreciation of him, on Harold's account.

The baby was born now. A little boy—Carleton Junior. He was a fat, healthy, normal child, although without the irresistible baby charm of Mary Janet. But May felt that Dorothy had scored in having a boy. And then Carleton Junior had more than Mary Janet could ever hope to have, it seemed. The baby's Grandfather Reeve, as Dorothy said, was simply too pleased for words. He was always finding some excuse to come to Denver since Junior was born. She had to keep mama and daddy both from giving too much to Junior. . . . Well, May wasn't troubled that way with Mary Janet's grandparents, she said with dry bitterness. It looked like a reflection on Mary Janet—as if she wasn't as good as Junior. May blamed Harold for it, as she did everything else.

Carleton and Dorothy had moved into a bungalow, too, but a very superior bungalow in the park district. So superior that it simply silenced May when she was led through the sun parlor and the pretty rooms. She and Harold had gone to dinner there. All through the meal her eyes were busy noting the appointments of the house—the new tapestry davenport and easy chair, the amber-shaded floor lamp, the

brown and gold draperies, all the little things for Junior.

She tried to put on an air of her own, to talk of trading off the Dodge and getting a new car, of not finding their own house at all satisfactory—all rather pathetically useless, since Carleton knew very well what Harold's salary was and what he could and couldn't afford. Her bright, hungry eyes had more than their usual feverish intensity of observation.

They couldn't have done it themselves, on their own salary, May said excitedly as she and Harold drove home. Dorothy's father must be helping them. She shot that out like an accusation.

"Well, don't hold me responsible for what Dorothy's relatives do," Harold retorted cynically. "I have enough to do being responsible for Carleton's salary."

But this let loose a torrent upon him. It was mighty queer that *his* family didn't do something for *him*. It must be that they didn't want to throw money away, she said pointedly. . . . That must be it, Harold answered.

All the time she was berating him, neither of them realized the truth of the impression that they had made—how Harold's quietness and kindness with Junior and Mary Janet, his silent refusal to reply to May's insinuations, had seemed pathetic and fine to Dorothy and even Carleton; while both had united in a hot disgust at the patent envy in the eyes of May, the accuser.

Harold did not reply now, except by a concentrated attention to the wheel and by quick, jerky movements at the turns. His lips, in the darkness, were weary rather than cynical. It was this everlasting hideousness that wore him down—living like this, without beauty, without dignity . . . everlastingly bound and committed to it by the exquisite beloved existence of Mary Janet. He could see the little bundled sleeping form, one tiny lax hand. . . . Perhaps he was as bad as May said. She only agreed with his father, after all. He felt a great weight upon him, a loathing of himself.

They reached their own bungalow—looking cheap, small, inferior in the sharp Colorado moonlight. May went out at once to the sleeping porch, but Harold stayed trying to read in the living-room, sunk into a sick stupor of disgust, before he could conquer his distaste for joining her. He often did this now, trying to get a hold on himself, but actually feeling nothing but a savage enjoyment of her reiterated commands to come to bed. The late hours were bad for him, as May always pointed out with triumph the next morning. She lay sick and thwarted, too, aching for what she did not have, suffering over Carleton's success.

Then the worst blow fell. Carleton was taken into the firm.

Harold tried to take this as he felt it. Glad for Carleton's sake, knowing how he had worked, how he had put every thought and energy into the business. He was not in the least jealous. He had never thought of having any ambition for a place in the firm. He tried to keep this attitude, even at home. But of course, with May, that was impossible.

May, at first, was indignant. She declared that Carleton had always bamboozled the firm, had always been able to get what he wanted out of them. Just see how they had given him more salary when he had wanted it! Harold patiently combatted this attitude. . . . Then she fell into reproaches again. Carleton had got more because he had demanded it. He hadn't the brains that Harold had—just a little conceited, hard-headed. . . . Then why didn't Harold demand something for *himself*? Always perfectly willing to take the little end of everything, so afraid he might ask the firm for something—! She had always known that there was no chance except in the selling department. She was determined that Harold should ask for Carleton's old place—*ask* for it, that was the only way to get things, tell them he would leave if they didn't give it to him. Make a little demand for himself for once.

As always, when her whole being was

set upon getting something, May had no scruples. She would go to all ends to get what she wanted. She tormented Harold in every conceivable way, with a bright, hard air of resolution which nothing could pierce. She was reckless in her determination to move him. She ran up bills defiantly, declaring that she couldn't live on what they had—especially when they could just as well have more. At other times she deliberately wore her oldest clothes, saying that a poor man's wife must expect to go shabby. The worst that she did was to dress Mary Janet in her oldest things, to say significantly: "I guess daddy doesn't care for his little girl or he'd get her something to wear."

The confidence that Harold had gained from health and happiness was dissipated now by fatigue and the nervous strain of living with May and her reproaches. Now, under everything that he did there was that loathing of himself to fight. He began to feel that he did not care what he did do. His whole self cringed at the thought of the work—at the hopeless picturing of himself in the place of Carleton Dunn, self-confident, dogmatic, ruthless under his air of glittering heartiness. Trying to pretend that selling seeds was worth all that furore. . . . But then, what had he himself done? He hadn't taken work that he would have liked when he had had the chance, had given in to May then, so why shouldn't he now? He thought with bitter mirth of his own incapacity. His pride had gone under her constant air of depreciation. He began to believe that he was as worthless as she seemed to think.

He asked for the place—driven into a kind of hardness by his torture at May's nagging. The firm were dubious, as his sensitiveness could see. He was valuable to them where he was, in his own line of work, but whether he was suited to the selling end. . . . Of course, as they were forced to admit, there was not much chance of further advancement where he was.

But, to his despairing astonishment, they gave him the place. May thought

it was because he had at last shown them that he had courage enough to demand it. In reality it was personal liking more than anything else. The two portly members of the firm were human. Harold had said that he would leave if they didn't give it to him, and they liked Harold, they hated to do the same thing as dismiss him. Maybe he could make good. Let him try.

May was exultant. Now, you see!—was what she said. We might just as well have been having all this long ago. If I hadn't pushed you, kept right after you, we'd still have been poking around. . . . But here Harold broke in, fiercely silencing her. Well, she *had* kept after him. He'd done what she wanted him to. Now she had what she wanted—for God's sake keep still and let him alone. . . . Even this outburst May took affably, with the conscious virtue of achievement.

Harold went into the new work with the first desperate rush of one who has no deep confidence. He put things through fiercely. But he could not keep it up. It was not in him. He was putting in every ounce of energy, leaving himself nothing to fall back upon. At the end of each day he was on edge with exhaustion. Feeling his own uncertainty, he was sensitive over every little slip, magnified it, would not believe the firm when they told him that he was doing well. He worried over his work at night, not sleeping and going over and over feverishly the events of the day.

He hated the manner that he had to assume, what he had to be. A feeling of incongruity tortured him. He could feel his health giving way, but desperately tried to keep on, loathing his weakness, believing that it proved him all that May had called him. The old dark, exhausted feeling he had had in his father's factory came over him, terribly intensified. Sometimes, for horrible moments, he seemed to slip and to be in the factory. Was he here or there, or was it all the same. . . . for moments he did not know. . . .

He was losing flesh, his hair was get-

ting thin, there were lines around his eyes, his color was bad. Everyone noticed it.

Carleton told Dorothy: "Harry's going to pieces. He oughtn't to be doing that work. Why doesn't he stick to what he's fitted for?"

Dorothy tried to talk to May about it. But May was brightly impervious. She would admit nothing. She seemed to believe that by ignoring the signs of Harold's breaking, they would not be there.

Of course it could not last. He fainted one day and was brought home by one of the young salesmen in the Dodge.

CHAPTER IX

MAY called this collapse of Harold's, even in writing to his parents, a "nervous breakdown." That was what the doctor called it, what it at first appeared to be. That was what she wanted to think it, impatient with it. That he had overworked a little in the new position and would be all right soon—just as soon as he thought that he was.

But the doctor—a general practitioner, a neighbor of the Swishers—although for some time unwilling to make an admission, yet kept Harold in bed. The doctor did not exactly tell May what he feared, but the uncertainty under his non-committal air would have told her if she had wanted to know. He began to talk cautiously of a specialist, even to hint that "the old trouble" might be "rearing up a little" again. Although he still thought it was mostly "nerves."

May would not believe this. Harold had been completely cured, she told him almost angrily. Tuberculosis was something that she could understand and fear. But he persisted: "Well . . . better have Ballantyne just to make sure." When Dr. Ballantyne came—a severe, well-groomed man with cold, disdainful eyes—she kept an air of dignified defiance, having some obscure notion that Dr. Ballantyne would be to blame for whatever he told them.

But Dr. Ballantyne's cold pronounce-

ment silenced her. He was the kind of man who mercilessly probes for the scientific facts, reducing a biased witness, like May, to inaccurate answers and a kind of useless defiance. The other doctor became very meek and immediately tacked around to Dr. Ballantyne's side.

What kind of work had the patient been doing? Was this difficult for him, did it involve great nervous strain? When May said tearfully that she did not see why it should, he looked very coolly at her, with evident unbelief.

"Yes—yes, I think it did, doctor," the other doctor said hastily.

Dr. Ballantyne got out the facts of Harold's first breakdown. Oh, yes, to be sure the nervous system was affected. But hadn't the doctor observed that there was activity in the left lung? This temperature had evidently been going on for some time. Any present return to work was out of the question. When—impossible to say.

He was the kind of doctor who pays no attention to anything in the household but the needs of his patient. But to Harold his firm, cool touch was reassuring and conveyed a subtle kindness.

May was quite subdued. Although she did not make confession in words, yet her worried attentiveness to Harold made it. After Dr. Ballantyne's decree she had suddenly seemed to forget all about the office, her ambitions.

The crisis, the sharp illness, helped Harold. He seemed to accept the relief of the situation. That last terrible day at the office had brought his suffering to a head. Now it was in abeyance. He lay quiet, smiling faintly at Mary Janet. She could talk now, could make little confidences to him of "Daddy, I know where I can get you a kitty." But there was no possession in that smile. This lovely little person did not belong to him. He had failed her.

For the time May called up the same bravery that she had drawn upon while caring for her mother. They got along somehow financially. The firm gave her Harold's last month's salary, although

he had been there only a few days of the month. She was actually indignant for Harold's sake more than her own that his father, who could so easily spare it, sent them no money. Harold had a nervous dislike of appealing to his people. He got wrought up and excited about it if she mentioned it. She soothed him, consented to read to him her letter telling that he was ill—but she felt perfectly justified in sending another in its place that stated things a little more truly.

They were sorry that Harold was ill, called it "flu," said they didn't wonder, if he and May were having the same kind of weather that they were having back in Iowa. Gertrude had gone to take a course in social settlement work in New York, and Evelyn was spending the winter with her. Verna was at home, doing a good deal of business.

May was always at her best when a situation was desperate. Now she was the same May that she had been when her mother was dying at The Carolinian. As long as Harold was actually ill, and she could see that he was ill, as long as she was frightened, she was exemplary. She submitted without a word to Dr. Ballantyne's statement that Harold must have very easy work, must do nothing to tax him.

He seemed to recover to a certain extent. He got a place as accountant with another firm, at his old chief's solicitation. He seemed to go to work quietly, even with cheerfulness. . . . Old thoughts began to stir in May. She forbore to urge him in any way, but she had a martyred look. She kept Mary Janet to herself. It was very little—she believed that she was acting excellently. But Harold was sensitive to the slightest thing now.

One evening she mentioned that she had seen Miss George on the street.

"Did you speak to her?" Harold asked with interest. "No, I didn't care to meet her in these old duds."

To her amazement—it had become so natural to her to say these things—Harold broke down hysterically. He

cried, told May that she had better put him out of the way if he was a nuisance, that he would like to be out of his own way!

May was terrified at this from quiet, reserved Harold. It showed a greater crumbling of his defences than she had dreamed of. She tried frantically to soothe him—why, she had meant nothing, she wasn't thinking of him, she had only put on her old suit because it was such a bad day, this had nothing to do with him. . . .

He seemed to be himself the next day. But it was soon apparent that his reserve of physical and nervous energy was gone. The slightest thing—of which May was really innocent now—could cause another breakdown. He looked broken. The effect of rest was quickly dissipated. He sank into apathy, cared for nothing. He distrusted himself. He believed that his work was not satisfactory, although it was—his manager's urging him to "lay off" for a day had been from pure sympathy. He was in a settled melancholy.

May's attitude was now completely changed. She was roused at last. She tried everything—wept, begged, scolded, praised. She tried to soothe him through Mary Janet. But he only looked aside, seemed to feel Mary Janet as a reproach. May's complaints had sunk in at last. He believed himself useless. She was even fearful that he would take his life. She followed him when he went into the bedroom, was terrified when he locked the bathroom door. She begged and pleaded with him—

"Why, Harry! I don't feel so—you know I don't. Well, if I did say that I shouldn't have, and I didn't mean it. I was only trying to help you."

She begged him to give up his work, to go out to the country. Her one thought was to rouse him, to bring him back to interest in life. She was as determined in that as she had been in everything else. She seemed to recognize her part in this, although she made no confession of it. What Harold could not understand was that she had actually loved him under all this. His

love for her was dead; it could not live through such conditions.

She was proud. She hid their tragedy from everyone, declared that she thought Harold was getting better. She kept away from everyone that she had known. No one seemed to hear of the Swishers these days.

It was too late. Harold took pneumonia in March and died after a few days.

CHAPTER X

PEOPLE who had not thought of Harold Swisher for two years remembered him now. His death brought back old acquaintances as the birth of Mary Janet had done. Mrs. Riley "saw it in the paper" and came, in heavy brown silk and the plumed hat, with a still more suave and wrinkled face, to call on May. She had never had a boarder in *The Carolinian* who had been such a gentleman as Harold, she declared. Miss Pingree telephoned, very ill at ease, trying with stiff sincerity to convey her condolences. The members of the old firm sent a letter and flowers; one of them came to the house. Carleton and Dorothy came.

All this sense of importance helped May.

Old Orson Swisher came out from Iowa. His wife had tried to come, and had then been prostrated, and Verna had had to stay and care for her. The old man did not seem to realize until he reached Denver, met May and her tears, that Harry, his boy, was really gone. Then no one could doubt that he was severely shocked.

So much so that he could not help repeating to the courteous but professional undertaker: "Didn't dream the boy was so ill. Why, from his letters . . . why on earth . . . why, it was the biggest shock on earth to us. . . . Well, of course, it was pneumonia that got him."

He found immense consolation in this. As if to make amends, he ordered a very fine funeral.

May found her consolation in unex-

pressed indignation at her father-in-law. Think of what he could have done for them, what he could have saved Harry—yes, it did a lot of good to all of them, doing all this now! She had written him. He could have understood if he had wanted to.

Everyone seemed to feel the old man's lavish presence as an irony. A magnificent funeral was so unspeakably the last thing that Harold Swisher would have wanted. . . . And yet there was a reluctant perception of pathos in that big bewildered figure, in the very knowledge of all that he might have done and hadn't. He had made the boy hoe his own row. He couldn't understand why it should have turned out like this.

The ceremony seemed to have nothing to do with Harold Swisher. It was held in the finest mortuary in the city. Everything was of the best. The best rooms in the mortuary, a fine casket, the most fashionable clergyman in the city asked personally by old Orson. He even picked out a fine stone before he left and bought a lot in the best cemetery.

"Big funeral here today. Some big bug or other," employees of the mortuary said.

Old Orson had told May to get together as many of the boy's friends as she could. The two members of the seed firm came, Carleton and Dorothy Dunn looking very well dressed, various neighbors. It was rather an imposing-looking contingent that got off the 2:10 car in front of the mortuary.

The ceremony was imposing, too—the clergyman with his Vandyke beard and New England accent, the pearl-gray casket and the flowers which the girls had ordered by telegram from New York in great profusion. The Mortuary Quartette—the best male quartette in the city, in demand at all chief social functions—sang two selections, correctly garbed for the afternoon.

"Something suitable," the old man had said; the boy had liked music.

He was pleased with the choice—"One Sweetly Solemn Thought" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

The contingent dispersed afterward. Only old Orson and May and the clergyman and one family of neighbors drove out to the cemetery—a high western place, beautiful and fresh in early spring. Across the road from it stood the home of the owner of the mortuary—of the same sort of material of which the mortuary was built, the same flowers about it, statues. . . .

The smooth "going off" of this ceremony, "without a hitch," as he proudly said, eased up old Orson Swisher's conscience. His remorse was soothed into the feeling that no one could have helped the boy's having pneumonia, and that if Harold had chosen to come back to Iowa all this might not have happened.

May was again disappointed. His only interest in her had been as Harold's wife. Business was tight now. The girls didn't seem to get married, and it cost him a lot to run such an establishment as his. He had munificently "given her the funeral." He added a hundred dollars to Mary Janet's bank account. But he left without doing more. There was only the vague hope that Mary Janet might inherit something some day—very far away evidently, from old Orson's unabated vigor and bellicosity. He didn't even pay the last doctor's bills.

May was on her own at last. Her own restlessness—like that of the fisherman's wife in the fairy tale—had done her out of the home which she had ached so to have. Now she was left to face the world alone, to do herself the things that she had urged Harold to do. She did not find it easy.

CHAPTER XI

WHAT'S become of that Mrs. Swisher? What's she doing since her husband died—was what people were asking every once in a while of May.

After Harold's death she had simply dropped out of sight, as people can do in even a smaller city than Denver. No one ever seemed to see her any more. They wondered if she had gone away.

The house, of course, had been disposed of. It brought in nothing, since the payments had not been completed. But it was "off her hands," as Orson Swisher had advised. She had either sold, or stored, the furniture.

May was proud. She hid her misfortunes as she had done when she was at *The Carolinian*. She did not want to see any of the people whom she had known. She would have walked six blocks to have avoided meeting Dorothy Dunn's coupé.

But finally, through the man who had taken her house, a woman who had met her in a department store, it became known where she was. Gradually all who had known her were more or less aware of her circumstances. It was said that she was working in a doctor's office. She couldn't be making much—could she? People didn't pay anything for work like that. She looked thin and older—but nicely dressed, as always. They didn't know what to think. Perhaps her husband's father helped her. Perhaps Harold had left a little something after all. She had sold the car, of course. She and little Mary Janet were living in a boarding house somewhere.

May's old ambition, turned now into the determination to keep Mary Janet prettily dressed on nothing, kept her as alive as ever—even gave her a kind of happiness. Those last terrible months of Harold's life had been simply the result of the disease, something for which no one was to blame. She had put them out of her mind. She had regained enough of a grievance against Harold, because he had "left her with nothing," to reinstate her in her own mind.

There were a few who felt deeply Harold's death. Bones Williams, Ruth Quigley, when she saw notice of it in the *Alumni Bulletin*. His sister Gertrude, who now exalted him into a kind of saint, too good for this world. His mother, in her way. . . . The wife of the president of the seed house, a discerning woman, made thoughtful by ill health which had forced her out of so-

cial life, had only touched his life at the outskirts. But she thought of it, wondered about it. It was one more note in her bewilderment concerning the world—why it should have been. The whole story, as she had had it from her husband and had made it out for herself,

was one of those things whose existence she simply could not understand. One of the things that made her suddenly look at her husband, with his pink, kindly face and neat little optimistic definitions of life, with sudden, wondering, alien eyes.

(The End)



The Loss

By William Seagle

WHEN Woodrow Wilson entered politics and finally became President, the world lost irretrievably a master of the art of car-cards, posters, and billboards. What an advertising copy man he would have made! "To make the world safe for democracy" . . . "We are too proud to fight" . . . "The heart of the world will break" . . . "Open covenants openly arrived at" . . . "Right makes might." . . . What magnificent slogans he might have written for Aunt Jemima's Pancakes, Sloan's Liniment, Wrigley's Chewing Gum, Forhan's Toothpaste, O'Sullivan's Heels. . . .



What God Have I Slighted?

By A. Newberry Choyce

STARS are understandable,
The gold moon is a thing
That cannot even hinder
The smallest song I sing.

Cities and high places,
Trees are common too;
I am free of every
Wonderment save you.

What god have I slighted
Then that you should come
Out of rule and reason
And drive my spirit dumb?



The Brightest Spot in Town

By Victor Thaddeus

I

THE Burgess of Kensington Park sat by a window of his living-room waiting for his wife. She was dressing for the Improvement card party; when she was ready he would take her round to the Club, then drive over to Social Hall, where it was club night for the men also. From the window where he was sitting he could cover almost at a glance most of the lights of the suburb.

He smiled. Lights, everywhere lights. Not a street corner without powerful illumination, the Lake Drive-way brighter than day. Only one dark spot in town, that small, hollow of woodland opposite at the creek inlet, and he intended to have lights put there shortly. Then the municipal lighting system of the Park would be without a peer among the suburbs along the line.

The Burgess, lighting a cigar, became the willing prey of pleasant retrospection. He had set himself tasks in life, these tasks he had mastered one by one. Now he was proprietor of the Chester Pike Knitting Mills, and had been re-elected Burgess of the Park, his third consecutive term. He had achieved because he possessed vision. He knew other men, equally capable along executive lines, who had not reached, and never would reach, the position occupied by him today, simply because they lacked this higher sense of the things that were really worth while in life.

They had failed because they lacked vision. Nowadays, in order to become a success, a man must be able to see beyond the immediate needs of his own little life. He must have faith enough

to hitch his wagon to a star, as the saying went, and let that star pull him along. He must understand the true values of things.

His wife came downstairs, he went out to the garage for the car. He drove around to the forecourt, left the car standing there, and entered the house again. His wife was cautioning the new cook about emptying grease down the kitchen sink; her voice came to him, high-pitched, authoritative—"then Mr. Keaton would have to send for the plumber!"

Now she left the kitchen, went upstairs to make certain that all the lights were out, and was ready to leave. He helped her on with a wrap. She was a tall, positive woman, heavy in her bodily movements, but with a way of turning her head sharply when spoken to. The Burgess himself was stout, though he exercised regularly at the Hall. They made a couple of about the same size as they walked out to the car.

Mrs. Keaton wore no hat. She had been losing her hair for several years past, and used a transformation that rose abruptly from her high forehead like a crest, and was arranged to conceal her rather large ears. The Burgess was bald, and wore a tight-fitting derby.

As it was still early for the card party, not scheduled to commence until nine, before taking his wife to the Club, he drove her about the town, as he generally did of an evening.

He drove very slowly, one hand on the wheel, the other holding his cigar poised, which he raised now and again to remark, "There's something that

ought to be fixed!"—or—"I'm glad to see Thompson is getting his place in shape again!"—or—"There's a shack that I'd like to see go!"

He ran a short distance up the Pike, commented favorably upon the newly painted interurban trolleys and upon the fine condition of the road, lately re-surfaced. In the business section again he rebuked a small boy, scattering trash over the pavement from the rubbish can, remarking as he drove on, "That Farley boy will be giving his parents trouble yet if they don't watch him more closely!"

Mrs. Keaton was more severe. She had been hearing about young Farley setting something in the nature of a snare on the James' front porch, in a dark corner, into which Mr. James' mother, a rheumatic cripple, had placed her crutch, narrowly escaping injury—she believed the boy would be a penitentiary case in the future.

"Illustrates how important it is to have good lighting in private dwellings, as well as along the municipal thoroughfares," commented the Burgess, and mused on the incident a while.

He was crossing the bridge now. Here the station straddled the tracks. Underneath, the powerful headlights of passing trains, a Florida Express, and the Local Accommodation, swept eight steel rails in both directions. At either extremity were street lights to obviate collision among vehicles, danger to pedestrians. Smaller lights marked the station itself, once a loafing place for tramps in cold weather, now bright as day within, so that Constable Edwards had only to glance through a window to see immediately who was inside. There were lights at the head of the stairways leading down to the tracks, lights along the embankment paths.

A flood of light from the fire-house, not a dark corner around; the chemical engine gleaming there ready to be run out instantly on emergency. Next door, the interior of the post-office equally luminous—driving slowly by, Burgess Keaton could almost read the numbers on boxes, the inscriptions

heading civil service notices. The barber-shop ablaze, as usual, he called Mrs. Keaton's attention to the new interior, now dazzlingly white. Two barbers busy, white-jacketed, flashes of bright metal. Then the drug store, blinding coruscations from bottles, the new white-marble soda fountain, upon the purchase of which Burgess Keaton had congratulated Gus Schwinel—"certainly notable as a fine piece of sculpture!" Further on, the Chinese laundry contributing its share to the general illumination; Wong Hop inside operating the steam presser in full view of the public—it was quite a while since Burgess Keaton had gone to Wong, and said:

"There's talk around town of your spraying the clothes with water through your nose and mouth, Wong, or using the suds in some such manner, and our ladies don't like it. So, what you want to do is bring your wash out in front here when you feel that you're ready to press, and get Mr. Meyers, the electrician, to fix you up with a couple of strong tungstens. The ladies don't know what goes on behind that curtain, and they don't like the idea. Savee?—no like! Otherwise, American folks get mad—run you out of town, maybe!"

Lights from the Social Hall, upstairs and down, from pool-room, shuffle-board and bowling alleys, get-together lobby, physical culture department—lights from the Women's Improvement Club, the library, the three churches. A ring of lights at the Circle, lights diverging toward the Pike, Concord Heights, the Lake Driveway. Lights—everywhere lights.

Again, as he took the Lake turn, that smile played over Burgess Keaton's lips. This was his work. And he found it good.

II

GLEAMING water appeared ahead of the car.

The Burgess changed his smile. He was thinking of Burgess Croker, of

Concord Heights, sandbagged on a poorly lit street in that community a few weeks ago, and robbed of a roll of bills—in the hospital a while, also, with minor injuries. The Burgess smiled now because there was some rivalry between the two suburbs. He smiled because such an outrage was unthinkable here in the Park, where a hold-up by night would be equivalent to one perpetrated in broad daylight.

Now he was serious again. For, in a higher sense, he reflected, these lights were symbolical of his reaction to life, embodied his vision.

He had lived in the Park twenty years, was forty-five now. He had come to the Park when it was small, shabby, and inconvenient—poor train service, streets unimproved, no sidewalks. Year by year, improving his position at the Mills, saving money, he had held in mind his vision to become a personage in the Park municipal affairs, some day to put Kensington on the map as the show suburb of the Line. Mrs. Keaton, a shrewd business woman, had aided him materially. At last the people elected him Burgess, he had functioned in this capacity ever since. He had made the Park what it was today.

Yes, he had brought light, spiritual as well as physical. The lake, Keaton Lake, was a visible tribute of the people's gratitude. He had boosted for it, insisting that the creek should be dammed, visualizing the piece of water as a beauty feature to the Park long before other folks got the idea. He was directly responsible for both library and Social Club, the latter to keep the boys off street corners, and the men from more unsavory environment. He programmed heart-to-heart talks by prominent business men, and the ministers; once he had even brought Bishop Bugle down to say a few words on get-together night. He supervised new reading matter for the library shelves, stimulated interest in the new fiction by slip covers posted in conspicuous places underneath, *Have you read THIS?* or *Here's a good book*

for *YOU!* to attract attention. He had backed up the ladies in the matter of the Women's Improvement. In a word, he had scattered the darkness.

And vision had done it. Again, swinging into the brilliant driveway, the Burgess realized this. Vision—a clear-sighted estimate of the things in life worth striving for—get that as a lad, and the battle was half won. Then you kept your eye on these things as a mariner keeps his eye on the Pole Star, and steered straight for the goal.

After all it was very simple.

Yet how many failed to get this idea aright, went through life amid squalid, unimproved surroundings, died paupers, derelicts, etc. Especially in China where conditions were bad, very bad indeed.

Running beside the Lake now, on the smooth gleaming Driveway. You couldn't miss the Lake illumination going by on the train at night, thought the Burgess. It hit you between the eyes. His dream to have it tiled so that you could not only see every inch of the surface but right down to the bottom too. There lay the Lake, bright and clean as though just run over with a vacuum cleaner. A huge mirror for the city lights. Suddenly he laughed, attracted his wife's attention. That pale business in the middle, barely visible, must be the moon.

He leaned out of the car and looked up. Yes, the moon was shining. He would never have known it.

But suddenly Mrs. Keaton raised her hand and pointed.

What was that speck of red over there?

Could it be the Farley boy up to another of his tricks? Surely he knew fires were not permitted along the Lake. They had better go see.

Burgess Keaton stared in the direction indicated. At last he made out the light. It was not like any of the others. It was small and red, scarcely luminous, clinging to the black ground—way off by itself in that one dark hollow of woodland he intended to have taken care of next month.

What kind of business was this, he asked himself, as he drove to the nearest point on the Driveway. If it proved to be the Farley boy his father should be notified.

He left the car standing under the corner light; they got out and walked. Shadows of trees began to darken the Lake ahead of them. Now, glancing back once, the Burgess noticed that the brilliant Driveway was shut from their view. Mrs. Keaton stumbled; he took her elbow to guide her. Certainly a bad piece of ground, he hadn't really realized how bad it was. It was very black here, no sign of any fire at all. Probably imagination.

But no, here it was suddenly, almost at their feet. The shape of the hollow had held it hidden. A small fire that had burned to embers, a tongue of black water in which the moon was shining. Mrs. Keaton gave an exclamation. Yes, he had seen that also. Something moving—looked like a large goat—no, it was a small horse. And a dilapidated wagon drawn up close to the fire, with flaps let down behind, constructing a sort of tent on the ground.

Evidently a peddler's outfit. But such nuisances were strictly prohibited in the Park. There was a town ordinance against them. There had been no previous occurrence of this misdemeanor during Burgess Keaton's administrations. He looked around for the peddler to instruct him accordingly. He cleared his throat; called once or twice.

But there seemed to be no one around. Hiding inside the tent probably. With Mrs. Keaton close beside him he strode forward, together they bent down, drew open the flap, looked inside.

The tent was empty.

But, all at once, as they stooped there, a low rustling noise commenced behind them. A sinister sound. Involuntarily, Mrs. Keaton tightened her hold on to the Burgess' arm. And, quite suddenly also, the Burgess found himself rigid, afraid to look around, afraid to move, almost afraid to breathe. He

was remembering what had happened up Concord Heights way. Though he reasoned with himself that a peddler was not a highwayman in any sense of the word, he expected momentarily to feel a crashing blow upon his derby, to hear a man's voice snarling to him to surrender his valuables.

But neither of these occurred. Yet the noise continued. He forced himself to straighten up, to turn around. He relaxed with immense relief. Nothing to worry about, nothing at all—

Only a gypsy woman in colored clothes dancing by the fire.

III

AGAIN the Burgess sat in his house, at the same window, staring across the Lake.

The house was quite still, his wife at the card-party, the cook gone to Chester Town. Queer the way he felt—the scare must have done it, the suspense of looking into that tent, finding nothing inside, hearing that rustling noise behind. He began to pace up and down. In a few moments, when his nerves were settled, he would drive over, get Constable Edwards and run the gypsy woman out of town.

Strange eyes that woman had. Strange, too, this life of hers, wandering over the country, no ties, no responsibilities. The Burgess found himself wondering where she had come from, where she was going. He found himself remembering the way she had danced.

Barefooted, bracelets jingling on her arms, perfumed body. Once she had danced right up to him, and then away again, looking back at him over her shoulder. Once she had touched him lightly on the face with the tips of her fingers. That had made him shiver. He shivered now at the recollection.

Then she had danced over to the wagon. She was holding something in her hands. A crystal. She wished to read their fortunes. She pleaded. The Burgess found himself remembering the sound of her voice—low, guttural,

foreign—now and again rising to higher tremulous notes—rising and falling in soft sinuous curves like the movements of her white arms in the dance.

He had instructed her to hitch up, drive on, that no such a thing as this was permitted in the Park. She had stared at him with her large eyes, pretending not to understand. He had threatened her with the law; fine, imprisonment, perhaps both. Still she had pretended. The Burgess drew a deep breath. Now for what had followed.

Mrs. Keaton, in his ear, "I'll speak to her. A woman can always understand another woman better than she can a man." His wife, explaining the matter in clear business English, the gypsy woman moving closer, as though comprehending—then, suddenly, hands on hips, her head thrown back slightly, *laughing in Mrs. Keaton's face.*

Burgess Keaton took out his handkerchief and wiped his face. But he could not wipe that scene from his eyes. It seemed to be imbedded inside somewhere. There the two women were, face to face, his wife straight and severe, the gypsy woman lithe as a cat, white teeth agleam, long black hair streaming down her shoulders, her body in tight-fitting scarlet bodice and flowing skirt writhing slightly from head to foot in a careless provocative manner as though flaunting some strange power before his wife. Mrs. Keaton, a woman of keen, vigorous mind, who could more than hold her own in any argument, apparently tongue-tied, impotent. And the gypsy woman, turning her face slowly toward his again, languidly extending a naked arm, and shaking her bracelets under his nose.

Then Mrs. Keaton, taking him aside, "Quite plain what kind of woman she really is. She must be run out of town right away before she gets a chance at the men—the Mills men, I mean, of course." Himself, "I'll have her attended to by Constable Edwards right away."

And here he was, not with Constable Edwards, nor at the Hall with the boys, but just about decided to go back alone and speak to that woman, to make her understand, so that she would go peaceably without it being necessary for him to obtain the assistance of the arm of the law. Yes, that would be a triumph, decided Burgess Keaton.

And easier to do with his wife away.

He would just talk to her quietly, point toward the road, perhaps, let her know he meant every word he said. He put on his hat and coat again, and left the house.

He felt himself conspicuous on the Driveway, wished there were a strip of shadow for him to walk in, began to hasten his steps, looked around several times. He took another good look around when he was ready to leave the Driveway, then passed quickly out of the zone of illumination. An automobile, sweeping around the curve, held him an instant in the tight white fist of the headlight—now who the hell was that? Burgess Keaton stood rigid, afraid to crouch down, lest he should be mistaken for a footpad. He was very grateful for the darkness again.

He stumbled several times, but he did not mind this.

Quite suddenly, like the time before, he found himself close to the fire. The gypsy woman sat beside it. She moved an arm, her hand undulated at the wrist, he could see the motion of her fingers. And, all at once, through the distance separating them, he seemed to feel their touch, gentle, soft as flower-petals, electric in contact.

At the noise of his approach she turned her body slowly from the hips, smiled—an enigmatical smile—as though she had been waiting for him to return. Burgess Keaton raised both hands to his derby, a nervous gesture characteristic of him during tense business moments, and stepped forward.

"I have come back," he said, "to bring this matter to your attention once more before taking the necessary eviction measures."

Her eyes. He tried not to notice

them. Enormous pupils, into which the warm light of the fire, soft and sanguineous, seemed to creep and spin. Upturned toward him. Now the long, dark lashes lying flat on her cheekbones. Her hand beckoning. A very dangerous woman, thought Burgess Keaton suddenly. He called to mind some men who, standing here in his place, might be strangely affected.

All at once she ran to the tent, threw aside the flap, motioned to him to follow her inside.

The Burgess began to breathe heavily. Queer chills were scurrying up and down along his spinal column—a peculiar horror gripped him. He backed away. He tripped over something, found himself sprawling on his back. He rose to his feet, mouth open, fists clenched, staring at the tent. Then a furtive sound escaped his lips, like a trapped sigh, suddenly released, and, recovering his derby, he clapped it on his head and walked over.

She was holding the crystal in her lap. She only wanted to tell his fortune.

Burgess Keaton found himself suddenly very curious to have this gypsy woman tell his fortune, peer into his past, look far ahead into his future. Nevertheless, before he reached the tent, he brought himself to a halt. Suppose someone came along and found him sitting inside there with the gypsy woman. *Suppose his wife came along?* He gasped. Then he smiled. He felt secure. She was in Social Hall playing five hundred with the other ladies. She was attended to. He moved his neck in his collar, threw back his shoulders a trifle, and, crawling inside the tent, sat down beside the gypsy woman, facing the fire.

He sat watching her face. Staring at the white teeth in her mouth, the throbbing of life in her throat. Then her voice began to fade, the words grew indistinct, the tones deepened, murmured their way into his senses like wine, until they had become a part of his own breathing—a queer choking confusion. He began to feel as though

stumbling through scented gloom to a rich glow ahead.

His eyes left her face, crept down her neck, over her shoulders, her arms. Suddenly an extraordinary groan broke from his lips. He found himself putting out his hands. He jerked them up to his derby, seized hold of it by crown and rim, pressed it ardently against his burning head. For now at last he understood what he wanted, had wanted ever since this gypsy woman first danced around him, up to him, away again. He wanted to take her in his arms, press kisses on her face and neck, hold her to him. But, on the verge of clasping her in embrace, Burgess Keaton shrank back. Yellow lights had appeared in the darkness before him.

Lights of a sign. That sign he had recently had placed over Gus Schwinel's drugstore as a warning to Park pedestrians:

Safety First! Do YOU take chances?

The vision gave Burgess Keaton pause. Mrs. Keaton was being attended to at the card-party, still. After all, this spot was but a tiny oasis of darkness amid the desert glare of the Park. All around him were lights, everywhere light, drawn tight like the cordon of a hostile camp. On the hill, just across the Lake, his own house.

Not here, no, not here. Somewhere in this black wilderness of countryside on whose tenebrous surface the Park scintillated like a brilliant jewel. Up Concord Heights way, perhaps. Way out. He would go back for the car. He rushed from the tent.

IV

IN his house again, padding about the living-room carpet. The room dark, he had turned on no light. The whole house dark. But all around him light. The Burgess crept to the window, stood there looking out.

Lights everywhere. Staring at him from all directions like white inquisitive eyes. Inside of him, too, it seemed, a dazzling pyrotechnic display; rockets

blazing over his eyeballs, wheels spinning in his head. He shrank deeper into his coat, and away from the embrasure. Turning abruptly, he groped his way upstairs to his wife's room, closing the door quietly behind him.

Not a sound here but his own breathing, his own heart. He had come up to fight against himself, that was why he had not gone straight to the garage. To fight against himself by evoking old associations. He went to Mrs. Keaton's closet, fumbled among her clothes. There they were, suits and dresses neatly arranged on hangers, shoes on the shelf above. He moved about the room, picking up other things, stood by the bed a moment, took the pillow in his arms. But he felt queerly anæsthetic to these appeals, felt more like a thief, tense and furtive, wary of sudden attack. At this idea his mood changed abruptly. A thief in his own house? Nonsense. He strode to the windows, pulled down the shades, turned on the light.

He felt confident now, drew a cigar from his pocket—Mrs. Keaton did not care to have him smoke in her room—he *smoked anyway*. He sat down on the bed. If she were to return suddenly he would not be alarmed—nor would it interfere with his plans. He would confront her in his most dignified manner, thumbs in vest pockets, eyebrows knit, chewing his cigar.

"The people must work in more with the town on this matter of garbage disposal, Edith. Take a look at this council report, while I go out for a short conference with Rev. Spinner." Patting her shoulder, perhaps, "So Mrs. Punley won the booby prize? Well, I'm sure glad all you ladies had a good time!"

Then, if she asked him:

"Certainly—Constable Edwards attended to the matter right away."

Burgess Keaton smiled. He could fix up Mrs. Keaton without trouble. He could always *buffalo* her.

And why not? What was he making all this fuss about? It was not as though he were establishing a prece-

dent, doing something really dangerous. How often had he not read of this sort of thing? Prominent business men involved, even the clergy. Men who had done big things, were still doing them for that matter. There was the case of J. J. Houtts, dental supply magnate, crazy over a show-girl at seventy. Burgess Keaton walked over to the mirror, approached himself from various angles, took off his hat, held it in his hand, glanced back over his shoulder, smiled, frowned, brooded in an executive manner, blinked his eyes wistfully.

A satisfactory inspection. The Burgess put on his hat again. Yes, a fine-looking man in his way. The clean-cut, wholesome type. Not too young, not too old. Blond and boyish—the kind that a dark woman might well go crazy about. The Burgess went out for the car, and drove over to the Lake. This time he did not leave it standing right under the corner light. He drove a little farther on to where the illumination was not quite so severe.

Now he stepped into the shadow and affixed a badge to his chest. He groped his way toward the fire. It was burning very low now, but there was a lamp on the wagon. He walked straight up to the gypsy woman, flashed the badge in her face, told her curtly she must go with him. She shrank back from the gleaming disk of metal, eyed him in a frightened way. It gave Burgess Keaton strength to see her like this. All at once he had a clear conception of their relative status—he, Burgess of Kensington Park, owner of the Pike Knitting Mills, accustomed to handling men, to wielding authority, with an established position in the life of the state—she, a gypsy woman, no standing anywhere, flitting from place to place, accustomed to this sort of thing, making her living by it, craving it probably. He took her arm, led her toward the car—silenced her pleadings and protestations with notice that she could tell all this to the judge.

"Yes, to the judge," said Burgess Keaton, roughly. "That's what he's

there for. But you come with me now!"

They reached the road. Suddenly Burgess Keaton was stricken with fear again. He was hearing gossip:

"Yes, Burgess Keaton of Kensington Park, out in the country with a gypsy woman. No doubt about it, at all, the car was stopped on a dark bit of road, he had his arm about her and was kissing her as they went by. Yes, Mrs. Keaton is suing for divorce!"

But then another bit of it that stirred his blood:

"The gypsy woman had her arms around his neck, and was kissing him passionately."

He tightened the hold on the arm he held. A recklessness possessed him as the firm flesh yielded to his grip. Let them talk, let them talk!

But they would never talk, that was the point. He would be cautious. No one in either direction now. The men all at the Social Hall, the ladies all at the Improvement Club. Everyone in the Park attended to. Quickly the Burgess stepped out upon the gleaming road, pushed the gypsy woman into the car, climbed in himself, started the car. It was his intention to drive way out. But something changed his plans.

Not an accident, or anything he saw, or heard, but only the gypsy woman herself. She was close to him, their faces almost touching. He could feel the warmth of her body, he breathed in its perfume, her hair touched his cheek. Suddenly a madness overcame him. He ran the car to one side of the road, took his hands from the wheel, leaned toward her breathless with insane desire. And, as he did so, a sudden change transformed the gypsy woman.

She had been sitting there, huddled together, her eyes bright and anxious, her face sharp and nervous, like a frightened animal. But now as the Burgess leaned toward her with that light in his eyes, that quivering about his lips, she seemed all at once to lose her fear. The jauntiness returned to her body, the mocking smile to her mouth. She leaned back her head, revealing the

full curve of her throat, raised her sinuous arms, parted her lips slightly, approached her face to his—Burgess Keaton closed his eyes in a swoon—and, with a cat-like agility, slipped from the car and, running a little way ahead, began to dance in the headlights.

The Burgess stared at her. That maddening dance of furious motion and slow undulating rhythm, of quick little runs and dangerous stretchings, of defiance and entreaty. She danced up to the car, touched his face with her fingers, flitted back to the lights again. Suddenly another car swept around the corner from the opposite direction, and now she was dancing between the headlights of the two machines. Her bracelets flashed, beads and ornaments sparkled, the scarlet bodice spun like a gorgeous top, her flowing colored skirt rose and fell, her naked arms and legs gleamed and glowed. The Burgess stared, spellbound, his mouth open, his hands clutching his throat. Then, as though the night had opened to take her, she danced from the road, began to run—was gone.

Still the Burgess stared. It seemed to him this had all been a dream, a beautiful terrible dream, that he was still dreaming, confronted by an abyss of light in which spun dancing things—moths, flies, dust—nothing else.

The abyss moved abruptly forward. He heard Mrs. Keaton's voice, knew he was not dreaming then. She was in the other car with several ladies of the Club; the card-party was over, they were driving about town a moment before going home. She was entering his car—the door slammed, she pressed into the seat beside him. He heard his own voice.

Yes, it was as she surmised; the gypsy woman had run out into the street and had stopped his car. Yes, she had done that.

Burgess Keaton bit into his cigar. Further explanations driving on. His voice brisk and business-like, but something inside of him gnawing away. He had been to confer with Reverend Spinner on the Friday church social. The

expected interrogation—why hadn't he spoken to Constable Edwards right away? Well—he had wanted to give the woman another chance, to let her have the night to move on—to be lenient.

Mrs. Keaton, severely:

"It don't pay to be lenient with women of that sort, Henry. So that's her trick, stopping cars on the road that she sees just have men in them—good-looking cars! Well, we must go for Constable Edwards right away!"

His own voice again, "Yes, we must do that right away, Edith!"

The lights of the fire-house corner. Constable Edwards sitting there, climbing into the back seat. The drive back—slowly, as slowly as he could make it—trying to think—feeling—*trapped*. Mrs. Keaton's voice, "I'll sit here and wait for you. I don't want to look at her. Better have your club ready, Constable, there's no telling what a woman like that might do!" The constable's flashlight bruising the darkness, this warm darkness for which he felt so grateful. Then the constable's voice once more, "Must have moved on, Mr. Keaton! Here's where the fire was, and I don't see no wagon nor anything."

Burgess Keaton stared down at the little heap of ashes that had been the fire. He put a cigar in his mouth, chewed on it savagely. Then, all at once, he heard Mrs. Keaton's voice, brisk, impatient:

"What's the matter, Henry? Why are you waiting here? Don't you intend to run her out of town?"

He swung toward her furiously, "No need to run her out; she's gone!"

Then the Burgess strained his ears to listen. For a moment it seemed to him he heard distant hoof-beats on the road, dying to silence. He stared at the ground again, pictured the warm glow of the fire, the gypsy woman in her colored clothes dancing toward him. He looked up and almost shrank back before the lights of the Park shining across the lake. Lights, everywhere lights. Cold ghostly things that seemed to be pressing closer. Only this one patch of shadow in the whole park. And now Mrs. Keaton saying, as she slipped her arm through his:

"Yes, that's what we must do right away so that this kind of thing will never happen again—put tall lights here and make it the brightest spot in town!"



WHEN God created man, the devil said, "Here's a job for me." When He created woman, the devil said, "Thanks for the assistance."



A SCIENTIST digs up fossils and calls them discoveries. A woman calls them husbands.



IN lieu of something else to do, a girl gets hungry.



On Consistency

By Samuel Estey Waters

THE greatest of all asses is the ass who claims as the prime value of his philosophy the fact that he has not materially altered his convictions from the age of twenty to that of fifty. A man who does not modify, and even change, his views of life, of the cosmos, and of Almighty God Himself, on the acquisition, say, of a pile of money, a pretty girl, a case of hay-fever, a case of Scotch whiskey, a reputation, or a poor relation, is a man who never has any views worth speaking of, and is twenty-thousand leagues below the man who never has any views at all.

Who, no matter how prosaic he may be, has not his poetic moments, his mystical intervals; who, no matter how cynical he may be, has not his flashes of altruistic impulse, his ephemeral but none the less real momentary convictions of fundamental demotic unity? If even a rock is not entirely consistent, but must give way to the incessant play of wind and rain, why should a man, of infinitely softer material, be expected to withstand without modification or change the incessant play of that far more devastating force, Fate? Consistency should be made of sterner stuff. . . .

This God (or whatever you want to call It) is a fellow of infinite possibilities, ever ready to spring a surprise, ever ready to turn turtle, ever ready to

keep us guessing. That, of course, is His (or Its) business—to keep us guessing. If we stopped guessing, if the need for conjecture were taken from us, where would we be? If we could exhaust the possibilities of our God (or of our Thing) with one good round guess—if we could, in short, evolve a philosophical system whose dogmas would remain forever invulnerable, just how interesting would He (or It) remain for us? How interesting is a woman when we no longer need to conjecture as to what she will do, or think, or say, or how she will look this evening when we escort her to seat 14, row H, or what she will think of the spiffy new creation (Amer. for “necktie”) which we intend springing on her Friday night?

Let us reason—yes. Let us build as magnificent, imposing, beautiful and harmonious an edifice as possible, but let us always keep a cyclone cellar in reserve to which we may retire when the winds of life become too strong, so that, while the winds do blow, we may not only survive, but may in relative peace and confidence formulate our plans for a restoration of those portions of the edifice which have been blown away—but altered, improved, strengthened in such wise as to make a more signal and impressive showing against the next storm—which will come, as sure as there's a cloud in the sky.



Répétition Générale

By H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan

§ 1

The Face in the Diaper.—Not a single solitary sound reason has yet been advanced for putting the Ku Klux Klan out of business. If the Klan is against the Catholics, so are the Masons. If the Klan is against the Jews, so are half of the good hotels of the Republic and three-quarters of the good clubs. If the Klan is against the foreign-born or hyphenated citizen, so is the National Institute of Arts and Letters. If the Klan is against the negro, so are all of the States south of the Mason-Dixon line. If the Klan is for damnation and persecution, so is the Methodist Church. If the Klan is bent upon political control, so are the American Legion and Tammany Hall. If the Klan wears grotesque uniforms, so do the Knights of Pythias and the Mystic Shriners. If the Klan holds its meetings in the dead of night, so do the Elks. If the Klan conducts its business in secret, so do all of the college Greek letter fraternities and the Department of State. If the Klan holds idiotic parades in the public streets, so do the police, the letter-carriers and the firemen. If the Klan's officers bear ridiculous names, so do the officers of the Lambs' Club. If the Klan uses the mails for shaking down suckers, so does the Red Cross. If the Klan constitutes itself a censor of private morals, so does the Congress of the United States. If the Klan lynches a Moor for raping someone's daughter, so would you or I.

§ 2

The Eternal Enemies.—Of all the false ideas that entertain the Rotary Clubs, perhaps the worst is the one to

S. S.—Mar.—4

the effect that the true interests of capital and labor are identical. Nothing, indeed, could be less true. The one and only aim of capital is to exploit and enslave labor, and every device which makes labor appreciably more free is an *attentat* against that aim. But not all devices which, on the surface, appear to have that effect actually have it at bottom. For example, the device of paying labor large wages. This scheme almost invariably fools the workingman. He believes that high wages improve his standing and security in the world, and bring him nearer to equality with his capitalistic masters. But they really do nothing of the sort. Their chief actual effect is to tie the workingman to his job—to make him even more a slave than he was before. His masters still hold the whip over him. They can take away his job whenever they please, and the higher his wages have been the further his ensuing fall will be. At bottom, indeed, high wages are not a device for benefitting labor; they are a device for increasing profits. The capitalist charges a percentage of profit on them as he charges a percentage of profit on any other expense. It is thus to his interest, when no very severe competition confronts him, to raise wages as much as possible, and this he usually does, as is shown by the example of that serpent of industrial wisdom, Henry Ford. But the more wages he pays, the more he makes for himself, as is also shown by the example of M. Ford. And, by the same token, the less trouble he has with the slaves who live out their lives under such conditions that at his mere nod he can turn them out to starve.

To the doctrine that the interests of

capital and labor are identical the Rotary Club Pollyannas usually add the doctrine that capital, in its heart, has a great love for labor, and wishes it well. The evidence therefore is usually found in the pension funds for superannuated employes established by the railroads and other large employers, and in the free hospitals, schools, Y. M. C. A.'s, brass bands, basket-ball pits and so on maintained by the United States Steel Corporation and its imitators. But all such devices, like that of paying high wages, really have the sole object of tightening the chains of the slaves. The pension system, in particular, is very effective in that direction. The threat to deprive strikers of their service credits has headed off more than one great strike lately, and the same threat has weakened many a strike after it has been called. During the last railroad strike, in fact, the most formidable club in the hands of the railroad managers was the hot desire of all the older strikers to get back their old ratings, and so resume the earning of their pensions. Most of them, counting on those pensions, had made no provision for their old age. The certainty that this would be the case was the chief reason for the establishment of the pension system.

The free hospitals, schools and athletic fields of the Steel Corporation and its imitators not only help to enslave the workingman, but also insult him. No genuinely free and self-respecting man, when he is ill, wants free treatment; what he asks of life is some assurance that, when illness overtakes him, he will be able to pay his way. Nor does he want to go to free concerts, or to play games on free athletic fields, or to go to free schools. Get a whole body of men used to such degrading patronage, and you will inevitably damage their pride and dignity—*i. e.*, you will make more docile slaves of them. Whenever there is a strike or the threat of a strike, the press-agents of the Steel Corporation make much of its noble gifts to its serfs. That is to say, whenever there is a strike or the threat of a strike, the Steel

Corporation admits openly that its gifts were made in the hope of getting something for them—that it made them for the express and single purpose of bamboozling its sweating victims.

All of this, to a Rotary Club president, imagining him ever reading such a magazine as this one, would sound like Socialism, or, as he usually terms it, criminal syndicalism. But that is only because a Rotary Club president is an ass. I do not, in fact, protest against the system of exploiting labor. On the contrary, I am heartily in favor of slavery, and believe that every man who works for another is that other's slave, however cunningly the relation may be disguised. What I protest against is the custom of swathing the whole transaction in cant. I am myself a member of one of the sub-orders of the capitalist class, and live in part upon the labor of railroad men. But I am not going to insult those men by arguing that their interests and mine are identical—that when they crawl along the top of a swaying train on a bitter winter night they are doing for themselves precisely what they are doing for me, who am snoring in bed. Nay, instead of that I admit to them openly that they are getting the worst of the bargain, and that I hope I may never have to change places with them. This much I owe to them in common honesty and common decency.

§ 3

The Personal Uplift.—I find, upon honest reflection, that I am uplifted not by my virtues, but by my vices. They cheer me, make me happy and contented, make life seem worth while when my day's work is done, send the blood of tonic joy shooting through my veins, banish blueness and self-doubt and worry and despair.

§ 4

On Sculpture.—Of all the arts, sculpture leaves me the coldest. I can admire a fine piece of sculpture, but my admiration and my enthusiasm, such as

it is, are of but a few moments' duration. "Superb!" I say, and then, my duty by myself done, I move away. There is nothing to haul me back; there is nothing to prolong my gratified æsthetic sense and mood. Of all the arts, sculpture seems to me to be the one designed primarily for the gratification of the specific artists themselves. Music, literature, painting and the other arts are for all peoples. Sculpture is an art for sculptors.

§ 5

Marginal Note.—The truth has a horrible sweat to survive in this world, but a piece of nonsense, however absurd on its face, always seems to prosper. I come at once to an example: the notion that I "discovered," as the phrase has it, Theodore Dreiser, the novelist. This imbecility is constantly cropping up in the newspapers; it costs me a large sum annually to buy it from the clipping bureaux. There is no more truth in it than in the notion that the botanical name of the whale is *blatta orientalis*. . . . Dreiser wrote "Sister Carrie" in 1899, and it got into type in 1900. I first heard of it in 1902, when I was handed a copy of the suppressed and rare first edition by the late George Bronson-Howard, a man of very sound taste in letters. It was not until 1906 that I ever enjoyed the honor of witnessing Dreiser personally; it was not until 1907 that I ever had any traffic with him, and then it was as a contributor to the *Delineator*, of which he was editor; it was not until 1908 that I ever wrote a line about him. Long before this he was a very well-known man. . . .

A trivial matter, to be sure. But why is it that such puerile nonsense always shows such tenacity of life? When "Sister Carrie" was published I was precisely 20 years old. In these days, of course, with the Foetal School in full flower, that is mature age for an American critic of the arts, but in my time it was generally believed, and I think with some show of plausibility, that a youth short of his majority was fit only for

writing poetry. To that banal art, in fact, I then devoted myself, and connoisseurs of adolescent glycosuria are familiar with the result: "Ventures Into Verse." Nothing, I need not add, would give me greater joy than to be able to say truthfully that I had discovered Dreiser. He retains, after all these years, a rare and peculiar eminence. He has had a larger influence upon the development of the serious American novel than any other man, living or dead. He is a *Kopf* of the first rank among us. But long before I wrote my first dithyrambs upon him, he had been praised lavishly by various distinguished English critics, and even a few advanced American professors had heard of him.

So much for the simple facts. But will they dispose of the contrary nonsense? They will not. When Dreiser is hanged at last, at least three-fourths of the morons who write obituaries of him in the newspapers will say that I discovered him, and perhaps half of them will add that it is a good reason for hanging me with the same rope.

§ 6

The Greatest of All Critics.—Citrate of magnesia.

§ 7

Burlesque Show Note.—Now that the American Federation of Musicians has barred German musicians from participating in the American Wagnerian Opera Festival, we may reasonably and appropriately expect the German Federation of Musicians to bar American musicians from participating in any German rendition of "The Star Spangled Banner."

§ 8

Chanson Triste.—Nothing keeps life more steadily sad than the occasional discovery that one has grossly overestimated an acquaintance—that some fellow one has begun to respect is a Methodist at heart, or is in love with a red-haired widow, or plays golf, or

never smokes until after dinner, or belongs to the Freemasons, or believes in the League of Nations. It is like the terrible, blinding, overwhelming revelation that a charming and amiable girl has a large, jagged hole in the heel of one of her stockings.

§ 9

The Case of Wanamaker.—Nothing could be more typically American than the extravagant hymns lifted not long ago by the newspapers upon the demise of John Wanamaker. Wanamaker was an amiable fellow, an estimable citizen and an exceptionally able business man—that, in simple, was his record. But the newspapers, doubtless with a shrewd eye to the effect their goose-grease would have upon such other still living fellow merchants and big advertisers as Straus, Saks, Gimbel and the others, unloaded eulogies upon him that would have befitted a Napoleon, Bismarck and Jesus Christ in combination. A canny trick! The other big merchants, as the big merchants themselves acutely appreciated, would die some day too—and meanwhile it would be well for them to keep in the good graces of the newspapers with heavy advertising, as Wanamaker had done.

I have read some twenty or thirty obituaries of Wanamaker. Each and all, they are almost grotesquely out of key with a just and sensible appraisal of the man, his life, and his work in the world. If the vastly more important Charles P. Steinmetz, say, were to die tomorrow, would these newspapers, purged of selfish motives, treat him in the same way? A glance at a sample of the Wanamaker drool, culled from one of the New York dailies, gives a sufficiently sweet idea of the bosh of the business. I quote:

"He dreamed dreams. He had vision, foresight, around-sight, seeing ahead of his day, his generation, even seeing through brick walls by seeing around them, seeing into people's homes, into people's hearts. He would rise to the stars. . . . He dared to do. He was

free—and he made others free. He had the 'third eye'; his powers of observation were almost uncanny; he seemed to have eyes all over him; nothing escaped him. He saw service and usefulness wherever he looked—in a barren field, in a pile of rubbish, in a blank wall. He saw through the wall to the beauty and utility on the other side. This gift was undoubtedly the spiritual eye—the third eye—that only genius has! He was always searching for the good in others, ignoring or correcting their faults. He accepted no limitations. When people were saying 'It can't be done,' he was doing it. He was not bound by conventions nor limitations nor conditions—he overcame them. His mind grasped the big things of life. He always did the unexpected. So much was this true that some of his associates used to figure on the very opposite of what John Wanamaker was expected to do—and this opposite would be the best guess. He deliberately planned originality. One seemed to breathe his hospitality in with the air. In reality it was *Wanamaker atmosphere!* John Wanamaker was a youth at eighty. With little schooling, he educated himself *as few men have been educated*. He was seldom without a book in his hand. He kept himself open continually to the flow of the creative spirit through him. He was always breaking records. Above even most great men he knew and practised the law of life: Give and ye shall receive. He gave his all to the world. And he received almost all that the world has to give. Not empty honors. Not office. Not great pecuniary reward. But the good-will of the people. . . . He ennobled service. *He made business a profession equal to any other profession*. Acknowledging all his long life the source of his power as coming from God, he revered and worshiped everything that comes from God."

If John Wanamaker, a man of good hard, cold sense, could read this nonsense, he undoubtedly would loosen a top pant-button, open the window for more air, and laugh himself red in the face.

§ 10

Medical Ethics.—Dr. Joseph C. Doane, of Philadelphia, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*:

Professional veracity must not countenance juggling of death certificates, even though needy and blameless persons suffer by telling the truth.

With the highest respect, Pfui! The first duty of a physician is to his patient; his second duty is to the heirs and assigns of that patient, who have to settle after the autopsy; it is only in the third place that he owes any duty to the compilers of mortality statistics. Mortality statistics, at best, are full of gross errors, and even when they are reasonably accurate they are seldom of any substantial value. To argue that their rectification constitutes a duty above the physician's peculiarly intimate and confidential duty to his patient is to preach a doctrine that is extremely dubious. The physician is not primarily an agent of the Health Department; he is primarily the servant of his patient and of his patient's family. The only time he is justified in permitting the first function to override the other is when his failure to do so would directly and unquestionably imperil the health of other persons. If he goes beyond that he breaks down the complete confidence that should be of the essence of his office. That confidence is at least partly based upon the assumption that, if the need arises, he will lie like a gentleman.

The fact is that the "truth" spoken of by Dr. Doane is seldom to be established save by autopsy. In the sentence preceding the very one I have quoted he speaks of it, not as truth absolute, but simply as "information which, in his (the physician's) opinion," etc. Why should the physician insist upon making a public record of an "opinion" which may cause "needy and blameless persons to suffer"? If that opinion is correct, the maximum public good that he can accomplish by uttering it is so trivial as to be almost imponderable. And if it is incorrect he works a cruel

and intolerable injury upon persons who have given him their trust. Even if he has sought to verify his opinion by autopsy—assuming that an autopsy can establish the complete and perfect truth—he is certainly under no moral obligation to publish his findings, with the name and address of his victim. The purpose of an autopsy is not to correct mortality statistics; it is to correct diagnosis, and so prevent errors in future. The duty to make a public record of it does not arise until suspicion of crime appears or there is reason to believe that the common security has been otherwise imperiled. This is not often. The fact that John Smith has died of a gastric ulcer brought on by the too lavish use of ethyl alcohol is nobody's business but the Widow Smith's.

Dr. Doane is a physician of the highest eminence, and I should not dare to question his judgment upon a professional matter, even a matter invading general ethics, if it were not for the fact that the doctrine he lays down has been voiced too frequently of late by agents of the new quasi-science of public hygiene. That quasi-science began as a branch of medicine, but it is rapidly becoming a branch of the uplift. It is chiefly carried on in the Republic by persons who seem to regard the private individual as nothing more than raw material for experiments and statistics. If they proceed a few versts further along the road they now traverse he will lose what vestiges of liberty yet remain to him and become the mere slave of impudent and mainly incompetent officials. And his physician, once the best and most trusted of all his friends, will become no more than a spy set upon him to harass and intimidate him. To what end? To the end, ostensibly, that the death-rate among the scorbutic offspring of Polish immigrant women may be cut down 8 per cent, and the number of morons in the land may be increased accordingly. To the end, actually, that a large posse of doctors too incompetent to make a living in practice and an even larger posse of lady uplifters

unable to snare husbands may be maintained at the public expense.

It seems to me that these ends are not worth the price paid for them. I prefer a slightly higher death-rate among the *Chandala*, and a good deal more liberty. If, in this preference, I spit into the eye of reason, then I apologize most profoundly.

§ 11

Note in My Autobiography.—I am not, thank God, a philosopher. I never seek out causes, motives, reasons. All that concerns me are eventualities, results. I am a happy man.

§ 12

Free Advertisement.—The best cigarette I have ever found is that made by Boulton and Colby of New York. It is mild, fragrant, well-rolled and as thoroughly satisfactory as a cigarette can be. If good books, plays and music come in for free advertising as a matter of course, why not an absolutely first-rate smoke? Isn't it equally contributive to human gratification?

§ 13

Etiquette by Rote.—A day doesn't go by that the eye does not encounter in the public prints advertisements of so-called Books of Etiquette. The publishers vie with one another in putting forth these tomes and in seeking to convert the yokels into so many Beau Brummells and Chesterfields at \$3.50 the yoke. The chapters in these books bear such titles as "Automobile Etiquette," "When the Bachelor Is Host," "Etiquette for the Street," "Etiquette for the Drawing-Room," "How to Acknowledge an Invitation," "When to Introduce, and How," "Asking a New Acquaintance to Call," "The 'Bread-and-Butter' Letter," "Self-Confidence Versus Conceit," "The Etiquette of a Guest," "The Shy Young Miss," "The Shy Man," "Why the Shy Are Awkward," etc. The advertisements run as follows:

ARE YOU SURE OF YOURSELF?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function today, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely *sure* of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make "good mixers." If you always know the right thing to do and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

Sometimes, the advertisements show the picture of a man taking leave of a couple of ladies on a street-corner, with this inscription in large capitals: "Good-Bye—I'm Very Glad To Have Met You," followed by such tasty stuff as this:

But he isn't glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he had just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out? How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

Do you know what his blunder was? Do you know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you"?

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her?

What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say we hesitate—and blunder. Often it is very embarrassing—especially when we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

Still other advertisements carry cuts showing a man spilling soup over a lady's gown, stepping on a lady's foot or knocking over an upright piano, and inquiring archly, "What Is Wrong With This Picture?" The inquiry being followed by the admonition that only by buying the Book of Good Manners and getting up on it can the reader learn what is the social mode and vogue.

All such attempts to standardize persons' manners would be grotesquely comic if they were not, fortunately, futile. Where would there be a more absurd and disgusting spectacle than a nation all of whose people moved through life with the mannerful precision of so many robots? Exact etiquette is a matter only for diplomatists, waiters, social pushers and fawners generally. The charm of a man or a woman lies in his or her natural ability to depart from rubber-stamp manners and etiquette with graceful individuality and winning nonchalance. There are, of course, certain amenities and graces that are as necessary as the day's bath—these are at once obvious to the veriest hans-doodle—but there is no more a set thing to say to two ladies whom one has met and is leaving on a street-corner than

there is a set thing to say to one's boot-legger when he has palmed off Erie, Pa., champagne on one for Moët and Chandon. "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," will do just as well as anything else, provided one doesn't happen to be a butler or a negro. The so-called bad manners of an Anatole France are more engaging than all the good manners in all the etiquette books from here to hell and back.

§ 14

Musing in the Twilight.—Of all the schoolmasters who belabored me in my nonage, I think most often in these later days of one Friedrich Knapp. He was the owner, principal and chief teacher of the first school I ever went to, and such was his professional confidence that he attempted instruction in all the known branches of knowledge. A Sui-bian who came to America in 1848, to the end of his life he wore the official uniform of a German schoolmaster, to wit, a black alpaca coat with long tails, a white string necktie, and a shiny plug hat. Among other accomplishments he had that of pulling teeth. When he noticed a boy laboring with a loose milk-tooth—and what boy ever had force of character enough to refrain from wobbling it with his tongue?—he would call the unfortunate up to the flogging arena beside his desk and there do execution upon him. That was before the days of aseptic surgery, but the old professor nevertheless seems to have had some notion of it. At all events, he would never tackle the tooth with his bare hands. Instead, he would wrap the corner of one of his coat-tails around his thumb, and so have at the business. To this day I can see his peculiar expression: how he would screw up his face as he operated. It was etiquette in that school for a boy to yell under the bastinado; if he courageously refrained the professor would simply keep on fanning him until he responded. But, for some reason that I do not know, it was regarded as unmanly to weep under dentistry. Sometimes it hurt, and the gush of blood was always terrifying, but I

can't recall ever hearing a victim make a sound. Even the girls stood it bravely. After it was over, the patient was allowed to retire to the playground until his hemorrhage ceased, and now and then, if he happened to conduct himself in a particularly soldierly manner, the professor would pull his ear amiably and call him a *Kerl*.

The professor, in the intervals of teaching music, bookkeeping, geography, spelling, long division and the elements of what is now called civics, used to instruct deaf and dumb pupils in lip reading. He was, I believe, the first man to teach this art in America, and it was not uncommon for pedagogues from afar to visit his school and study his method. After he had taught a deaf and dumb boy to read by the lips, he would put him in a class with normal boys. Such dummies, as we called them with the innocent cruelty of youth, were usually older than the rest of us, and more adept in sin. I learned the elements of profanity from them, and one of them once offered to teach me how to pick pockets. The professor not only taught them to read the lips; he also taught them how to speak themselves. But they could not hear their own words, and so their speech was often misgauged as to pitch and volume, and they occasionally broke into unearthly falsetto shrieks. Once, seated on the last bench with such a dummy, I observed with great satisfaction that the professor was showing the familiar signs of having participated in a *Bierabend* the night before. That is, he was gradually falling asleep at his little desk, his ancient spectacles perched on his forehead. The dummy noticed it too, and when the professor emitted the first *piano* snore he turned to me and said: "Look at that old ——— ——— ———!"

The dummy thought he was whispering, but his words were actually shrill enough to carry a block. The professor, without moving a muscle, slowly opened his eyes and made a sweep of the room. The poor dummy, guilt radiating from him like heat from a stove, blanched,

trembled and began to shrink. Instantly the professor detected him—and reached for his rattan. The dummy needed no invitation. With an heroic shrug of his shoulders, he arose, straightened his necktie, and marched up the aisle. When he reached the arena of punishment he stood at attention with the air of one of Napoleon's marshals. Without moving from the desk the professor said *Eins*, and the dummy, in accordance with the school code, hoisted his arms in air. Then the professor, arising laboriously, said *Zwei*, and the dummy brought his arms down to the level of his shoulders. Then the professor, taking position, said *Drei*, and the dummy touched his ankles with his hands. His person being thus conveniently displayed, the professor brought down the rattan with a loud swoosh, and a small cloud of dust arose from the dummy's pantaloons. Another swoosh, and then a third. Then the professor shifted his rattan to his left arm and solemnly held out his right hand. The dummy as solemnly shook it—and the two parted with every appearance of mutual respect. It was a chaste and decorous episode, with something of the grand manner in it. Condign punishment for a most heinous offense—but no hard feelings in it. Later in the day, for conjugating *ich liebe, du liebst, er liebt* with no more than five or six errors, the professor gave the dummy a "merit," which was a small card gaudily lithographed and bearing the dummy's name, the professor's initials and the date. A pupil who accumulated 50 such cards in any one year got a book on the last day of school.

The professor is dead these many years, and his old pupils are so scattered that I haven't met one since before the war. I have a feeling that modern pedagogy would look at him askance. He taught grammar as if it were an abstract and disembodied science, with no relation to actual language. To mistake an adverb for an adjective was in his sight a far worse offense than to burn down an orphan asylum. He taught music with the aid of a violin

that had no G-string and was always out of tune. In teaching geography, he used maps without any names on them, and forced his pupils to learn the towns and rivers by reciting a maddening sing-song. The penmanship that he favored was full of spidery hair-lines and lavish down-strokes. He loved to test the spelling of his pupils by reading aloud from incomprehensible newspaper editorials, the while they wrote them down. He had stool-pigeons, chiefly acidulous little girls with tight pigtailed, who reported boys who jumped on drays on their way home from school, and he rattaned them magnificently the next morning. He was not above yanking the ear of a boy who came to school with his hair uncombed. There were days when he seemed bilious, and it was impossible to convince him that nine eights were seventy-two. He wore out at least a half dozen rattans a year.

Nevertheless, I remember the old man

pleasantly. Even in the remote days I speak of, he was already a bit archaic. The new-fangled public schools were hurting his business. Each year saw fewer pupils on his benches. But he never slacked. If there was a pupil before him who found it difficult to achieve the capital X in penmanship, he flung himself upon the business of teaching it with almost military ferocity. He stormed and cajoled. He employed bribes and threats. He wore out rattans. And in the end he taught it. To this day I can bound Ohio and parse the word *cat* in "The cat caught the rat." Such accomplishments, perhaps, are useless, but nevertheless they give me some distinction in an ignorant world, and they are monuments to the old professor's competence. If I meet him on the heavenly shore, I'll be genuinely glad to see him. He was a good teacher and a kind man.



The Delectable Derelict

By Ethel Talbot Scheffauer

UNDER the gray November plane
She sat in the dark alone—
A little lady of porcelain
In a city of stone.

Men of the flame, men of the flood—
She hears them come and go—
But never a one of gentle blood,
Pointing a golden toe;

Men of putty and men of wood—
She stamps her scarlet heel;
And men of the granite brotherhood
Beset with eyes of steel.

The little lady of porcelain
She sat on her bench apart,
With a china dog on a china chain
And a broken china heart.



The People Who Count

By *W. E. Sampson*

THE people who really count are not the people who actually *live* life, in the true sense of the term—not the people who make bridges or cupie dolls, run circuses or opera houses, lay bricks or draw plans for laying bricks, start uplift, revival, social betterment, applied psychology, or “Take-your-ills-to-a-chiropractor” movements, grow vegetables, kill hogs, erect motion-picture theatres, run railroads, sit in the United States Senate, found libraries whose shelves are littered with volumes by Robert W. Chambers, Rex Beach, Zane Grey, Sax Rohmer, and

Eleanor H. Porter—or, in short, do anything the results of which can be definitely and visibly connected with the actual mechanical business of living.

No, the people who count do not really live life at all; they think about it, talk about it, write about it, paint pictures, or carve statues, or weave tapestries, or make vases, or compose music about it. These people do everything *about* life, but little or nothing *in* life. These people are shining examples of the tenet that life is not what it *is*, but what it *appears as*.



A MAN reaches his highest stage not when people begin to quote him, but when they begin to misquote him.



A MAN is drunk when he starts laughing too loudly. A woman, when she starts laughing too steadily.



WOMAN looks for some man to make her happy. A man for some woman to help him forget his misery.

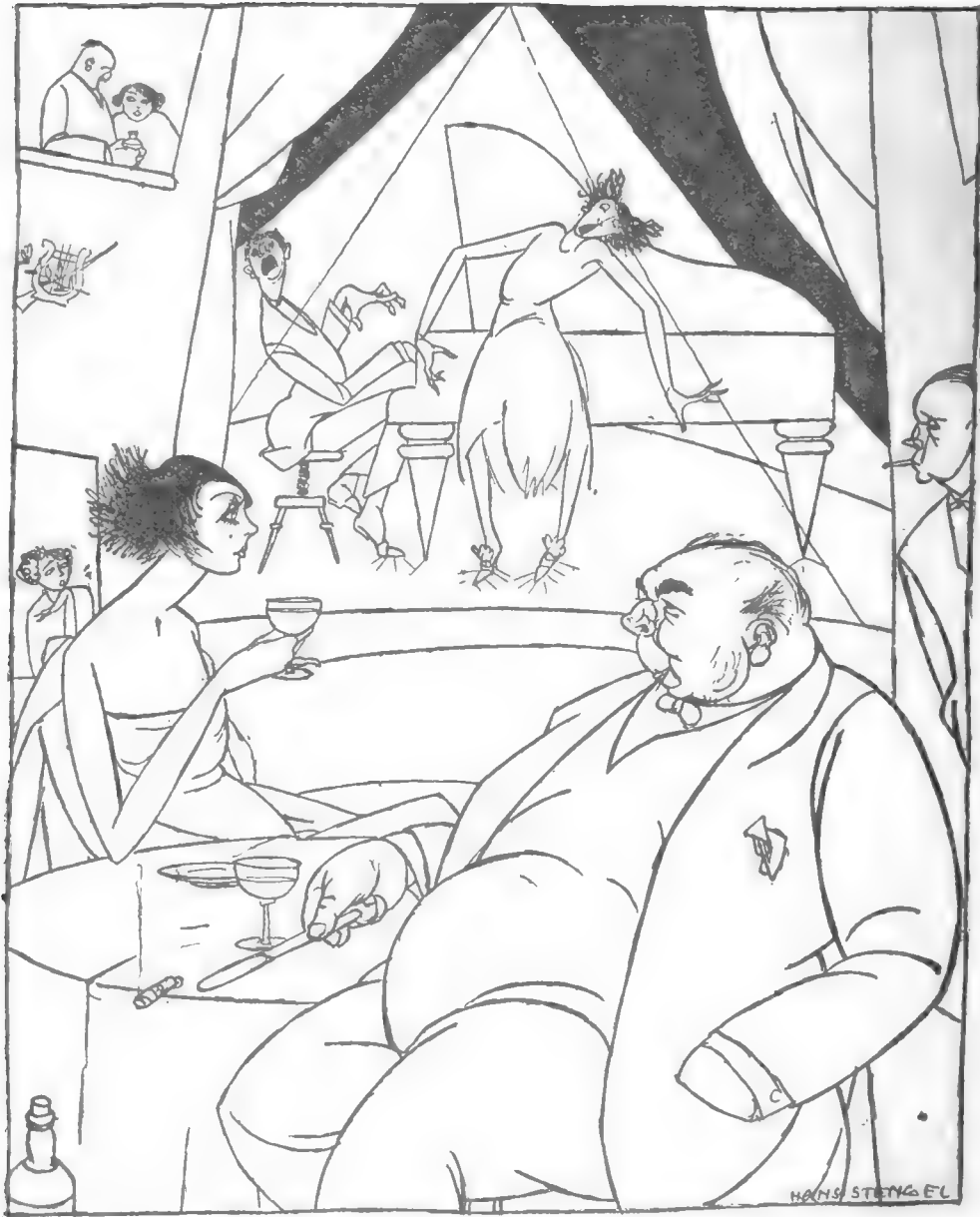


WHAT many a man takes for his own fascination is merely some girl's willingness.



*From a Book
of Familiar
American
Phrases*

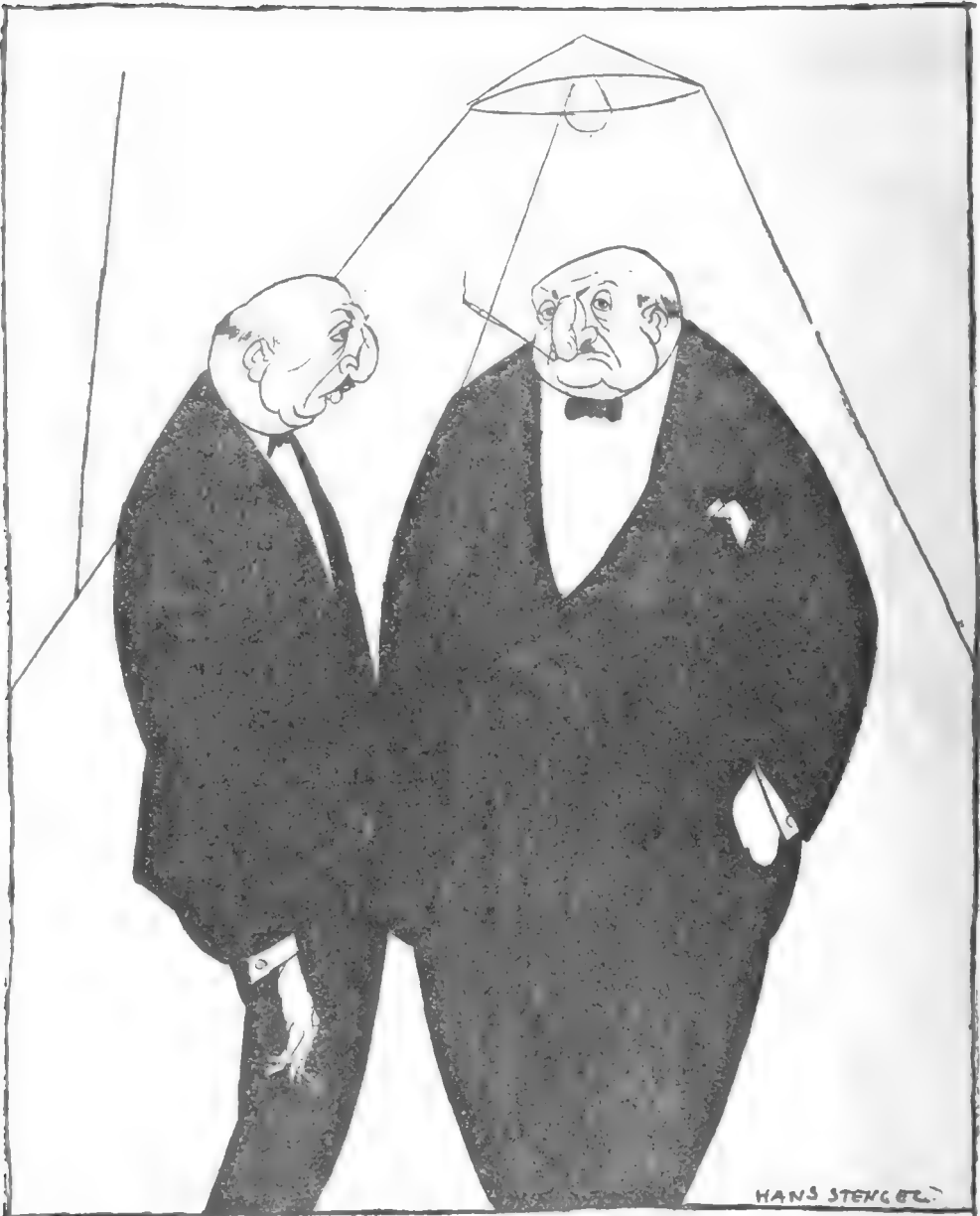
*By
Hans Stengel*



1. "I don't know nothing about music, but I know what I like."



II. "If you don't like this country, why don't you go where you came from?"



III. "Something must be done to save Christianity from the Turks."



IV. "This is the only free country in the whole damned world!"

Camera Obscura

By Robert V. Hardon

THE Twenty-seventh Amendment to the Constitution of the United States had been duly submitted by the Congress and ratified by three-fifths of the State Legislatures.

The Rev. Paul P. Fuddydudde, D.D., appointed by Miss Tabitha Primpanty, President of the United States, as Censor-in-Chief of the Written History of the World, greeted his assistants with a cordial smile.

"Today, my dears," he chuckled, chucking a blonde young virgin under the chin, "we shall erase from the written history of the world all the wicked persons whose names should never, never, never be preserved to corrupt the morals of our youth. Ahem! They set a very bad example, I am sure."

He leaned back and thrust a peppermint lozenge into his mouth. He sucked this pensively for a moment. Then he turned to his secretary, Miss Buzzum:

"You may read the list," he said solemnly.

"Shall I start with the—" she paused and blushed.

Dr. Fuddydudde sighed.

"Well, no—not this minute. Start with the drunkards."

Miss Buzzum read richly:

"U. S. Grant, soldier. Edgar Allan Poe, poet. Those are the first two."

"Erase them. But there are so many drinkers—let them go till tomorrow. You ought to have them in an alphabetical list, Miss Buzzum."

Miss Buzzum stammered.

"I have got the—the other kind—you know—the—"

Dr. Fuddydudde smiled at her kindly.

"You mean, my dear, that you have listed the illicit sexualists alphabetically?"

Miss Buzzum blushed and nodded.

"Proceed, then," said Dr. Fuddydudde.

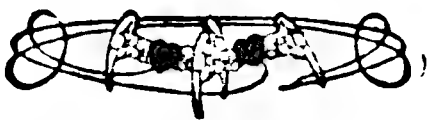
"Adam—"

"Stop!"

Miss Buzzum stopped.

* * *

The Rev. Dr. Paul P. Fuddydudde was no fool. It was time to stop—at the beginning. The world has got to have *some* written history!



WHEN a man stops loving a woman he wants to be a stranger to her; when a woman stops loving a man she wants to be a mother to him.



The Approach

By Dorothy Hamilton

I

THE wedding breakfast was over. The pair were seated side by side, not too close, in the taxicab; they had plenty of time to get to the depot; the bride's brother, with a slap on the back, had given the taxi driver *carte blanche* to "take it kind of easy." As a result the vehicle moved like a notionate little dog, now dashing forward, now lingering to greet an acquaintance. The square head of the driver, with its dirty brown cap and two deep wrinkles at the back of the neck, loomed inevitably. He spread his atmosphere behind him into the cab.

The interior of the cab was all yellow plush; great yellow buttons kept the plush in shape. It was impossible to lean back against the rear cushion, because, on the one hand, there was Lily's traveling hat to be considered; the brim was large, and her pompadour was just so: and Mr. Pardell was afraid his new suspenders—a new-fangled kind bought at the last minute by the best man—would not stand the strain of the extreme angle. So they sat at attention, each searching the head of the driver for the bliss that this moment had promised them.

But it was necessary to say something. Lily laid her handbag down in her lap and rubbed her kid gloves together.

"Sort of close in here, don't you think?" she offered, in the voice of one in a dream.

"Yes, sort of."

"I don't guess it would be the thing to put one of these windows up—would you say? It's pretty cold out."

S. S.—Mar.—5

"Yes, wasn't it funny how it got cold for our—our wedding, Lily? Last night when I went to bed I said to myself, 'I wonder if it's going to get cold for the doings tomorrow!' And I put an extra blanket on my bed, and I didn't put the window up no more than hardly a crack. I guessed it would blow up cold like this, before morning."

"And it did!"

"You bet it did!"

They exchanged a long glance into which they tried to inject a pseudo-understanding. Into the glance went the memories of countless easy moments experienced together, mutual laughter in movie theatres, hand-claspings, casual and brisk kisses, the proposal scene. But all that the glance really conveyed to each was shame. "Here we are!" explained the glance. "And for what purpose?" And to Lily the moment was one to be paliated only through earnest prayer. She retired into her soul to hunt there for spiritual definitions for physical facts.

Mr. Pardell had his own reasons for embarrassment. He had lived. His head and his heart were stocked with pictures, some shocking even to him, some sharp with reality, as if they had been lived yesterday; they were all outside of the frame that now held Lily. Now, how was he to climb to Lily?

The query fretted him. His first sensation, after the benediction had been spoken over their marriage, was one of dramatic triumph: he was a party of the second part; he possessed unwritten authority over Lily; Lily was a lady; he possessed authority over a lady; his self-esteem had mounted clear into his brain, and he had even kissed a long line

of Lily's women relatives. Then he had had stage-fright during the wedding breakfast. Food choked him. He wanted to run out to the pantry and escape the heavy weight of eyes upon Lily and him; he wanted to rub the amiable grin off his mouth. Now, deposited with Lily alone, a much worse terror visited him. Who, after all, was this Lily? What stranger was closeted with him in the cab, sitting with eyes downcast, and waiting?

The sun broke in through the cab window and played first over his patent leather shoes then over Lily's. Yes, thought Mr. Pardell, they were hitched, all right. The two of them were one, as the saying goes. One.

"Look at that driver's head!" whispered Lily. "Isn't it too comical?"

"Yes. I was just wondering if you'd noticed how comical he looks."

There was a sweetish fragrance from Lily's corsage bouquet: the funereal smell of roses and the stifling smell of violets.

"I'm gonna hoist up a window!" he cried.

"Yes, I think it's sort of close in here."

He attacked the window furiously and conquered it. He settled back into place, trying to watch out for the suspenders.

"Elegant cake, wasn't it?" begged Lily.

"Swell!"

Timidly, very much ashamed of his demonstrativeness, Mr. Pardell reached out and took hold of her hand.

"Pleased to meet you—Mrs. Pardell!"

"Oh—you!" Lily drew her hand away, in a fit of nervousness. But she had been thinking it was high time indeed for some sort of caress on her husband's part. Marriage, it seemed to her, was the most sacred thing in the world. But it was a responsibility. A girl had to keep her modesty, no matter what.

She wondered if she would ever get to the point where she wouldn't feel guilty when they held hands. She could hardly explain it to herself, but Mr. Pardell seemed to her like a perfect stranger, sitting there in the cab with

her. There was something terrible, something frightening, in being alone with him. She supposed that he would reach over and kiss her, in half a minute. Well, right or wrong, marriage was certainly sacred!

II

THE cab was taking its lingering course along familiar ways. Here was the drug store where Mr. Pardell and Lily went to get soda-water the night they got engaged. Here was Mr. Pardell's boarding-house, now a relict. Here was the jewelry store. Lily's ring had been affixed; Lily belonged to him.

But Lily was sitting, unapproachable, looking as if she was in church. Mr. Pardell felt in church too. He coughed. Involuntarily he moved toward the open window; if he could have spat through it he would have felt more natural; he wondered what Lily would think.

The cab passed a two-story frame building with shabby blinds and a pair of white shoes drying on one of its windowsills. That was where Doll lived. And what would Doll think, Mr. Pardell wondered, if she should happen to be peeping out from behind the blind at him and his bride? Doll would very likely express herself with an oath or two, and toss off some gin to Mr. Pardell's health.

He forgot his suspenders and leaned back in the cab to think about Doll. There was a piece of liveliness! Doll was like a nice big rubber ball; she had hair the color of pulled taffy; her legs were as neat and well-shaped as any filly's. And maybe Doll couldn't get in under your troubles and help you to drink them off!

It was a treat to watch Doll laugh. She had big eyes, an ox's eyes, and these got crazy when she laughed, and lighted up like firecrackers; and her whole body buzzed and roared. Yes, Doll was first-rate company. A man could be entirely at home with her inside of five minutes. There was no hemming and hawing. It was like picking a marshmallow out of the box.

The taxi driver put his head on one

side—his first unnecessary gesture. It brought into prominence one of his great ears, a pretty grimy ear. And it let a streak of sunlight show up all the specks on the glass partition. Mr. Pardell felt belittled. If a wedding cab couldn't be kept in good shape, it had no right to be rented. Certainly it was hard enough to get one's own person resplendent for the occasion—the most careful bath he ever remembered taking, new clothes throughout, a haircut, a soft, appropriate manner—without having everything spoiled by a dingy taxicab.

This thing that he and Lily were undertaking was just about the biggest thing in life. Well, it was like a new life. He must cut out all the silly business, and stick to Lily. She was an angel; she was a lady. She was as pure as the day she was born. Mr. Pardell felt a tingle that was chivalry; old well-springs of emotion, little-boy emotion, took hold of him. He could have broken down and cried on Lily's shoulder. But it was not the time for weakness.

He looked over at Lily. Her face was luminous in the reflected sunlight. It was like the face of a flower. But how untouchable! Mr. Pardell tried to reach over and pull Lily to him, but he didn't dare. His hands were tied. He would as soon get familiar with his Sunday-school teacher! And when Lily saw him looking at her she dropped her eyes, just as a flower would droop.

There was a little heap of dust in one corner of the cab. The cushions had grease spots on them. What availed it that Lily was all decked out in her fine new traveling suit? This vehicle was not good enough for her, that was the truth. It was not good enough for this great undertaking of theirs. They ought to have a white carriage, drawn by white horses, and Lily should be dressed in a pure white suit with white plumes in her hat, and he—

He certainly wasn't good enough for Lily. His copious bath, his vows, his good intentions would not make him white. He felt very uncomfortable in this atmosphere. He didn't measure up. And he suspected that Lily knew he didn't measure up. No wonder she dropped her eyes when he looked at her. What right had he to worship her? He was as far from Lily as the mud in the street.

The cab was getting near the street that the depot was on. And Mr. Pardell, in his humiliation, realized that he had not even kissed his bride yet. From the cab window he watched well-known places move by. Like a stab in the heart he saw the saloon which he and Doll had most frequented. He was ashamed of Doll. He must cut Doll out. "Well, goodbye, Doll, my girl," he registered, in mental vow, and then he felt cleaner.

But he couldn't brush that provoking laugh of Doll's out of his head. Doll had a laugh for every trouble. She would open her mouth and show her white, enormous teeth, and then she would roar. You couldn't help being natural around Doll. And Doll could tell a story as well as any burlesque actress. There was one story she got off, about a corset salesman—Mr. Pardell could find it funny this minute. All he had to do was to close his eyes and think of Doll's face as she told it.

"Don't you feel good—George?" Lily being careful not to wrinkle her suit, was edging toward him with respectful concern.

Mr. Pardell opened his eyes and viewed Lily. Here was a pretty neat package! Red cheeks, red lips, fresh young complexion—was this jewel his own?

"Come here, you rascal!" he cried, hugging her trim shoulders close. "Don't be so stuck-up! Come to Papa!"

And Lily, feeling the sacredness of the moment, came.



Convention

By Nadia Lavrova

HE came in.

A mist rose before her eyes, her breathing stopped, and her whole being went out to him. She wanted to fall into his arms, unburden her soul, and cry aloud of her great love.

Then she held out her hand and said:
"How d'ye do?"



Country Girls

By Orrick Johns

COUNTRY girls, where are you?

I cannot find you
Anywhere around here
Where the country lies;
I have looked in vain
In and out of houses
For your shiny round arms
And your delft blue eyes.

Country girls, you have not
Stayed about your hearths
To keep them clean and polished
As new-laid eggs . . .
I shall go away
To the town to find you
Up there in the lights
With bold silk legs!

Country girls, it still is
Very disappointing
Not to see you washing
Aprons in a brook;
But who would stop to watch you
Here in the country
Or give away his silver
Just for a look?



Monsieur Galespard and Mademoiselle Jeanne

(A Play in One Act and an Epilogue)

By John V. Craven, Jr.

SCENE: *A Parisian restaurant*

TIME: *A recent evening*

(Mlle. Jeanne sits, as yet, alone. This occurs, however, rather by force of circumstance than of her own resolution. M. Galespard, preceded by a waiter, is just passing her table. He hesitates.)

M. GALESPARD

But what a picture, mademoiselle!

(If she should be silent here he would, of course, pass on. Fortunately—)

MLLE. JEANNE

Yes? Of—?

M. GALESPARD

Arises before me. Of charm, what else?

MLLE. JEANNE

Monsieur becomes reminiscent.

M. GALESPARD

In contrast to the present, monsieur's reminiscences grow colorless. May I—?
(He touches the chair opposite her.)

MLLE. JEANNE

Why not?—if monsieur desires it. I was just on the point of departure.

M. GALESPARD

(deprecatingly)

But—mademoiselle!

MLLE. JEANNE

Monsieur?

M. GALESPARD

Will you not honor me by tasting a glass of wine? Or—

MLLE. JEANNE

Or?

M. GALESPARD

An ice?

MLLE. JEANNE

Monsieur's suggestion is indeed a chilly one.

M. GALESPARD

(having seated himself)

Might one dare to suggest . . . more warmth?

MLLE. JEANNE

Assuredly. If monsieur were to suggest a bouillon—

M. GALESPARD

Mademoiselle, immediately. *(To a waiter who is opportunely drifting by)* Garçon! A bouillon for mademoiselle.

WAITER

Monsieur, immediately. And for monsieur?

M. GALESPARD

White Rock.

WAITER

Certainly, monsieur. *(He appears to be wafted away.)*

MLLE. JEANNE

White Rock? Perhaps monsieur contemplates foreign travel and adapts himself to American sports. Very soon monsieur will—so gracefully!—"spike" the White Rock.

M. GALESPARD

Then mademoiselle has honored the United States by a visit?

MLLE. JEANNE

Not that. But one learns current history.

M. GALESPARD

Yes? Is mademoiselle's circle of acquaintances a wide one?

MLLE. JEANNE

Sufficiently. And monsieur's?

M. GALESPARD

It was bounded by loneliness, mademoiselle, until you favored me. Might one be so audacious as to request a favor?

MLLE. JEANNE

If it is not the favor of requesting subsequent ones, monsieur.

M. GALESPARD

I fear reservations. With mademoiselle as target, questions, I fear, must breed as fast as—as—

MLLE. JEANNE

Guinea pigs, monsieur?

M. GALESPARD

(*delighted*)

Exactly. Or faster—if that may be. But I was about to request, mademoiselle, as an initial favor, the pleasure of hearing your name.

MLLE. JEANNE

My name is Jeanne, monsieur. It may not be so easily forgotten as its owner.

M. GALESPARD

Did the name in christening, Mademoiselle Jeanne, give guarantee of such a bearer, Paris would be all Jeannes.

MLLE. JEANNE

And consequently monsieur's question a superfluous one.

M. GALESPARD

(*who could talk in this fashion indefinitely, asleep or awake*)

And could any question relative to Mademoiselle Jeanne be so classified? Boldly I deny it!

MLLE. JEANNE

Ah, well! No doubt monsieur is a talented denier.

M. GALESPARD

If so, permit me at least, mademoiselle, to hope that my example will not be emulated. (*The gallant M. Galespard bows very gallantly.*)

MLLE. JEANNE

By me, monsieur?

M. GALESPARD

By you, mademoiselle.

MLLE. JEANNE

At least, monsieur, I do not deny blindly.

M. GALESPARD

Which does not help to lessen, mademoiselle, my suspense.

MLLE. JEANNE

But the White Rock will arrive soon, monsieur.

M. GALESPARD

(*bowing like a good loser*)

Mademoiselle Jeanne! Enroll me among the chorus of your praisers. You are charming.

MLLE. JEANNE

For the exquisite solo, monsieur, I thank you. And now may I ask of you—

M. GALESPARD

My name?

MLLE. JEANNE

A cigarette.

(*She gets it. They are silent, she ap-*

parently at ease, he obviously in wonder, while the orchestra plays "*O Richard, O Mon Roi.*" Applause follows in which they do not join.)

You are no royalist then, monsieur? Did not your ancestors, without exception, feed the guillotines of '93?

M. GALESPARD

(*whose laugh proves that some of them did*)

Your wit, mademoiselle, is I perceive, at one with you. I pay it a boundless compliment, so. Apropos of my poor ancestors, one of them aspired almost, almost as high as I do. Marie Antoinette—

MLLE. JEANNE

How interesting! And he became her lover?

M. GALESPARD

It is too late for discretion. He did.

MLLE. JEANNE

Poor Marie Antoinette!

M. GALESPARD

Mademoiselle?

MLLE. JEANNE

She was guillotined. (*He relapses. The waiter drifts to the table. He serves Mlle. Jeanne and M. Galespard.*)

M. GALESPARD

More and more, mademoiselle, you arouse my curiosity. No doubt you awaken it everywhere, and my eagerness is to you a matter of no moment. But for me—a novelty. I find you mysterious.

MLLE. JEANNE

My name, I have given it to you. It tells all—or it is all there is to tell.

M. GALESPARD

But a name, surely—

MLLE. JEANNE

But I did not ask even so much of you, monsieur. No! No! I will not tax monsieur's invention quite so far. Allow me, if you will be so charitable,

to choose for you my own—alias. Monsieur White Rock, I salute you! (*She raises her cup.*)

M. GALESPARD

Mademoiselle, my name is upon the tip of my tongue. (*He sips.*)

MLLE. JEANNE

And now a part of it, at least, is concealed.

M. GALESPARD

Ah, Mademoiselle Jeanne, my questions are breeding too fast for me.

MLLE. JEANNE

Catechise me then, monsieur.

M. GALESPARD

Mademoiselle, you have traveled, assuredly?

MLLE. JEANNE

Assuredly.

M. GALESPARD

But where, mademoiselle?

MLLE. JEANNE

Oh—Montmartre.

M. GALESPARD

But, in the world?

MLLE. JEANNE

One sees all the world in Montmartre, monsieur. I have been told so.

M. GALESPARD

One sees all the world in you, Mademoiselle Jeanne. And your home?

MLLE. JEANNE

Rue de Blanchette. Number eleven.

M. GALESPARD

It is a dwelling, mademoiselle, the interior of which I have desired to behold.

MLLE. JEANNE

Truly, monsieur? For long?

M. GALESPARD

Indeed, since the very beginning of my knowledge of it. May I dare hope a gratification of my curiosity?

MLLE. JEANNE

One must be very heartless, I think, to interfere with hoping. It is so charming a pastime. But for you, monsieur, you too are Parisian, I know.

M. GALESPARD

Not by birth. Amsterdam claimed the first year of my life. But of course that was very long ago.

MLLE. JEANNE

So long? I should not have guessed it.

M. GALESPARD

Mademoiselle, thirty-seven years. It is more than a day.

MLLE. JEANNE

Then I am almost half a day old, monsieur.

M. GALESPARD

Beauty, Mademoiselle Jeanne, is, as we know, ageless.

MLLE. JEANNE

Truly, we do not see much beauty in the aged, monsieur, unless we take into account the Venus.

M. GALESPARD

De Milo? She is farther from home than you, mademoiselle. For me, always the Venus de Montmartre. And am I not to see the number eleven we have mentioned?

MLLE. JEANNE

Does monsieur truly desire it?

M. GALESPARD

Can mademoiselle ask it?

MLLE. JEANNE

You are forgetting your White Rock, monsieur.

M. GALESPARD

The White Rock is the world, mademoiselle.

MLLE. JEANNE

Monsieur—I like you.

M. GALESPARD

Mademoiselle Jeanne, I bless this day—this evening! Garçon, my check!

(It is given him. As he extracts a bill, Mlle. Jeanne does not look at the ceiling.)

MLLE. JEANNE

Monsieur!

M. GALESPARD

Yes?

MLLE. JEANNE

Your purse. May I look at it?

M. GALESPARD

(who has not stolen it)

My purse? Certainly, mademoiselle. *(She receives it.)*

MLLE. JEANNE

Whose picture is this that you keep in your purse, monsieur?

M. GALESPARD

That is a woman I once loved.

MLLE. JEANNE

Very much?

M. GALESPARD

Exceedingly.

MLLE. JEANNE

Exceeding your—fancy for me?

M. GALESPARD

Mademoiselle! . . . you question oddly. I answer truly. Of all the world, or parts of it, of the fairest, the memory of the woman whose picture you see takes precedence.

MLLE. JEANNE

(returning the purse)

I am glad you have spoken as you did, monsieur. . . . I am glad you are as you are. I had always wondered whether I should like you. . . . Monsieur *(passing him her opened locket)*, here is the double of the picture you carry . . . of my mother. I have heard who would carry the duplicate of mine. And so I know you.

M. GALESPARD

(after a brief silence)

Jeanne. This is an odd happening, this meeting. . . . Is it not? I had never seen you. I had heard of you once. I . . . You will overlook my somewhat natural confusion?

(Happily the orchestra at this point launches forth upon the rather inappropriate strains of "Le Jeune Monsieur Chanon." They sit in silence until its conclusion, and Monsieur Galespard has, by then, regained his former composure.)

It is difficult to avoid banal remarks—in this circumstance. Brevity appears to me particularly in order. May I—in any way—be of service to you?

MLLE. JEANNE

Money? I have it. Health? (*She smiles.*) Happiness? I am well supplied. . . . What else is there?

M. GALESPARD

What indeed? But you are sure?

MLLE. JEANNE

I am always sure. And now (*she extends her hand*) adieu, Monsieur White Rock.

(*He hesitates only for a moment, then kisses her hand and rises, smiling.*)

M. GALESPARD

Adieu, Mademoiselle Jeanne. Perhaps it is better so. . . . It seems the interior of number eleven Rue de Blanchette is to be sealed to me after all.

MLLE. JEANNE

It is really too bad. To have found you—that is a pleasure. But to have lost Monsieur White Rock—that is really too bad. Adieu.

(Monsieur Galespard bows and is gone.)

* * *

EPILOGUE

SCENE I

Time: ten minutes later

(A bar, American style. Monsieur

Galespard is bolting down Chartreuse from a cordial glass.)

M. GALESPARD

Twenty! (*He fills glass and bolts it.*)

Twenty-one! (*He fills glass and bolts it.*)

Twenty-two! (*He fills glass and bolts it.*)

Twenty-three. (*He fills glass and bolts it.*)

SCENE II

Time: five minutes later

(A street, Parisian style. Monsieur Galespard is about to enter a taxi. The driver has opened the door for him.)

M. GALESPARD

Number eleven Rue de Blancette! No! No! Number seventy-four Rue de Rivoli.

THE DRIVER

Yes, monsieur. Certainly.

(Monsieur Galespard enters the taxi. The driver takes his seat at the wheel.)

THE VOICE OF M. GALESPARD

Driver!

THE DRIVER

Yes, monsieur?

THE VOICE OF M. GALESPARD

What was the name of your mother?

THE DRIVER

Do you ask respectfully monsieur?

THE VOICE OF M. GALESPARD

Very respectfully, driver.

THE DRIVER

Her name, monsieur, was Odette Pasqueray.

THE VOICE OF M. GALESPARD

It is well. I never knew her. Drive on, mon enfant! That is—proceed, driver!—

(The driver does so, and the voice of M. Galespard dies away.)

CURTAIN

Concerto For Bass-Drum

By William St. James

MAN creates a social system founded upon love, a human-valuation system founded upon commerce, an economic system founded upon the hectic and shady machinations of a stock-exchange, and a political system founded upon the rational processes of ninety million morons, calls the result "America," and blames it on Gold.



Chimera

By Georgie Carneal

SINCE bloodstones burn in little crooked streets
And tragic moons hang low, and mists lie long,
And there are falling things to woo the woods
With the cool color of an ending song,

Come walk with me! And let me find again
The changing, sulky high-lights of your hands.
Make of your mouth a chalice for the stars;
Your eyes, the pitfalls into stranger lands.

Let us beguile our hearts to dream again
With flickering flame, with foolish tender touch.
We who are thought-glazed, sallowed with the sun,
Let us forget that we have seen too much;

And speak' no word to speck our holy hour—
Silken and white and fragile as the dawn. . . .
Lest you would stir the thing behind the eyes
And set us wandering out, and wandering on.



Ambition

By Thyra Samter Winslow

I

WHEN Edna Logan was ten, she felt for the first time a pin-prick of conscious conceit and superiority, perhaps even a vague stirring of ambition. At ten, dressed in puffed-out white organdy and a pink sash, her brown hair in long curls, the result of a night and a day of discomfort on account of the knobs made by the curlers, Edna recited, at the Annual Festival of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Central Church. She always remembered in later years that the piece contained the lines, "tying her bonnet under her chin she tied her lovely hair within," and, later, "tying her bonnet under her chin she tied a young man's heart within." The audience applauded heartily and thought the selection quite suitable for a girl of ten.

On the way home, Edna thought about it; the pleasant, frightened feeling when she stepped out on the platform, the glowing excitement of the applause. No wonder the other girls envied her! She had real talent. Everyone said so. When she grew up . . .

Edna took elocution lessons for an hour every Saturday morning and every Wednesday after school. Her teacher was a Miss Sprouse, a fat woman who wore slippers too small for her and too high of heel and who spoke in a low, affected voice. Miss Sprouse had once been on the stage and those who were supposed to know said that she had been "with the Frohman Stock Company in New York." That had been years before. Edna always remembered Miss Sprouse as living in Morrisville and teaching elocution.

Miss Sprouse had a sort of past,

which, if not forgiven, now that she was settled and fat and giving elocution lessons at fifty cents a lesson, was brought into the foreground only on the duller days of the meetings of the Helping Hand Sewing Circle and the Ladies' Aid. Miss Sprouse was the only person in Morrisville who said "tomahto" and "eye-ther" and "neye-ther." She had spent her girlhood in Morrisville and had attended the local schools. There were whispers that she had been "gay" then and rather pretty. When she was twenty she had gone to Chicago to study elocution and Morrisville heard later that she had gone to New York. After an absence of five years or so, she had returned to Morrisville. No one ever found out anything definite about those years excepting that Miss Sprouse had "been on the stage."

On her return, looking rather tired and already starting to get fat, she had entered into such social activities as were open to her and had taken up the teaching of elocution. She was always called upon to help with local entertainments and home-talent plays. On the nights that these were given, Miss Sprouse was always greatly excited. Clad in an ancient silk dress that seemed impossibly tight across the bust and unnecessarily trimmed with spangles, her thinning and rather oily hair elaborately waved, she would go behind the scenes and make up the performers. She did this with an unskillfulness that belied the famous "stage experience," daubing blue around eyes and red on cheeks with a lavish hand.

Morrisville, though it distrusted anyone who had lived in New York and been on the stage, was, in a way, proud

of Miss Sprouse. Morrisville's best families sent their daughters for elocution lessons and visitors were always apprised that a "real actress" lent her skill to amateur performances. Miss Sprouse had never married—at least not in Morrisville—the local swains were too cautious. She was quite settled and not gay in any way. She lived in a small cottage with her widowed mother and her brother, who was a bachelor and kept a cigar store.

From the first, Edna Logan was Miss Sprouse's star pupil. Edna began studying elocution when she was seven, the year she started going to school. Edna was an only child and her parents were anxious to give her every advantage.

Edna's father was Joe Logan, who owned a wholesale grocery store. Joe Logan had started out as a bartender. He hadn't been very steady as a boy, but he settled down when he married. Later, he bought out the saloon. Urged by Mrs. Logan, who was socially ambitious, he sold the saloon and opened a grocery store. This, with the years, had developed into wholesale and was housed in a one-story brick building trimmed in white stone. The stigma of the saloon business removed, the Logans entered the best Morrisville society, and, though they were never leaders—there were in town families that had no saloon-keepers for as far back as two generations and of course felt superior—they were, in the main, popular enough.

When Edna was a little girl, the Logans lived in Hamilton Avenue, the town's best residential street. They had a square, rather forbidding house, but there were pleasant trees in the yard. Comfortable outhouses stretched out along the back, for the horse and Edna's pony and the surrey and the chickens and the garden tools. In the living-room the furniture was too tufted and there were bits of silk drapery across the upright piano, the table and the mantelpiece. The curtains were heavy and the shades were always pulled too low. A single bookcase held all of the

books—the "sets" Joe Logan had bought from urging book agents and Edna's "Elsie Dinsmore"—protected by locked glass doors.

Edna wasn't especially bright in school, but she had a nice way with her. She was always polite to her teachers and dressed prettily. If a book or a picture was to be presented to an individual or to the school, even when she was a little girl Edna was always called on to make the presentation speech. She would make speeches of welcome to honored guests, too. One of the teachers would write out the speech for her and she would memorize it and recite it, with gestures but without embarrassment or error. If the speech were an important one, she would even "take a lesson on it" from Miss Sprouse. Edna was always on every program given by the church or school after she was ten.

Edna's recitations, outside of those chosen for her by her elders for "special occasions" were picked out by Miss Sprouse. They included poems by Riley and Eugene Field as well as innumerable verses from little brown paper-covered books of suitable selections, dramatic races against death, comic pieces and tender bits about love or home for encores. Edna recited them as she was taught, in a rather affected voice, her fingers tracing graceful curves. Mrs. Logan would smile with deep satisfaction when, after an exhibition, acquaintances would say to her, "You must be very proud of having such a talented daughter, Mrs. Logan."

Edna grew conceited over her skill and yet, with the conceit, ambition grew too. She was prettier and more talented than any girl in Morrisville! Of course! More than that, what did they know of the things she dreamed about, the things she would do when she got out into the world? Of course she would get out into the world.

Through grade school, Edna's ambition, though alive enough, was the result of her mother's and Miss Sprouse's pride and urging. The elocution lessons were woven into her life. The

postures and grimaces became a part of her actual personality. While other girls tore around a bit roughly and screeched on the playground, Edna remembered to smile prettily and to speak in low, attractive tones. At parties she always hovered attentively around the old folks. She was polite to her mother in company. She enjoyed the praise that came to her, though she accepted it as her right. Her dreams, though, were vague, unformed clouds of "when I grow up."

When she reached high school, Edna continued to be a figure in the school life. She was still chosen for all positions of honor. She could never write any of the pretty speeches which emerged from her mouth. She could repeat them, however, with most delightful emphasis and with an assumed, pleasant modesty. She wore her hair in long curls far beyond the usual age—that was before the days of Pickford and the ringletted ingénue of the screen. She wore accordion-pleated dresses, made rather short and a bit low and almost sleeveless, trimmed with a ruffle of white lace around the neck. She had a red one, usually, for best, with slippers and stockings to match.

Her dreams began to crystallize. When other girls spoke of college, she spoke of dramatic school. She was pleasant, in a distant sort of way, to the boys of the crowd, but she encouraged no deep attachment. When she became famous, what would she want with any of these rubes, anyhow? She could imagine nothing worse than a continued life in Morrisville.

II

WHEN she was graduated from high school, at eighteen, Edna was an attractive girl. She was slender and rather tall, with nice gray eyes and a fair skin. Her nose was rather indefinite, though inclined to be thin, and her mouth was a trifle too wide. She did her hair on her head, now, and crimped it a bit more than was necessary. She bought her dresses from

New York, sending for them, not out of a catalogue but by writing a lengthy description of what she wanted to the "shoppers" of the stores she thought best to trade with. She received, by mail, the only copy of the *Morning Telegraph* delivered in Morrisville.

Edna was the leading lady in the school graduation play. Everyone knew she would be even before the play was discussed. Everyone said she "did beautifully." She repeated the lines just as Miss Sprouse, older now and a bit rheumatic, had taught her. Miss Sprouse had helped with her costume, too, and made up her face, so as to emphasize her rather light eyes. The play was quite a success. Edna had no scholastic honors.

Edna spent the first two months after school closed writing East for catalogues of schools. She would go away in the Fall. A few years at a really good dramatic school . . . then small parts . . . in stock, even, if necessary . . . big rôles, then . . . sudden success . . . her name and pictures in the papers . . . romance, too, more than likely . . . a prince charming . . . a millionaire or a matinée idol . . . New York . . . Broadway . . . her name in electric lights. . . .

In August, just when Edna had decided that the Sargent School really was the best—you could meet important people in the theatrical world that way, too—Joe Logan, with the same lack of consideration he had shown when he first entered the saloon business, finished his commercial career by failing in business. He would do that! He had been speculating in cotton, it seemed, urged on to make more money by his wife and daughter and by his own ambition as well. Edna never quite understood it all, but somehow he had been "dealing in futures" instead of actually buying cotton, the way he had done before. Then he had to "cover" himself, so the business had gone, too. The house was sold. Creditors were partly paid. There was no money for Edna to "go East to school." No money at all!

The Logans moved into a rather ugly cottage on an inferior street. Logan, too discouraged by his failure to make any efforts to rehabilitate himself, got into the habit of hanging around the house, running on errands, sitting silently, his head in his hands. At night he played cards with his old friends, drank when he could get anything. Mrs. Logan, distraught over the breaking of her social ambitions and in need of money, did the only thing a woman of middle age can do, without special training. She took in boarders. She rented out the front bedroom and found a half dozen unattached men to come in for meals. She made just enough money to pay expenses, though she was always borrowing ahead from the more prosperous of the boarders. She had a maid to assist her—servants were cheap, then, in Morrisville. Edna was not supposed to do much. She did nothing at all save mope around the house, reading the theatrical newspaper and magazines and dreaming.

There could be no dramatic school, now. A disappointment, but, after all, what difference could that make, in the end? Most good actresses never had dramatic training, anyhow.

Why Edna wanted to be an actress, beyond the fact that her mother and Miss Sprouse had encouraged her belief in her ability to act, she did not know. Perhaps it was just the usual conceit—the usual desire to exhibit, which most girls have, greatly magnified by training. She wanted to get away from Morrisville most of all, wanted to take her place in the world—the place that ought to be hers by right . . . surrounded by admirers—getting candy and flowers and telegrams—and jewels. . . .

Edna continued going with "the crowd," even though her financial position had changed. To be sure, she was not as important as she had been. She was left out of the most exclusive parties and mothers feared that she might marry their sons. She went to all the big parties, however, was considered a talented and lovely girl and

was always the star in amateur theatricals.

One of the young men who took his meals at the Logans was named Tom Harrison. He was a decent fellow, though a bit awkward. He was the son of a rich farmer who lived near Morrisville and had come to Morrisville to go into business. He was not acquainted with many Morrisville people. Edna made no effort to introduce him into her crowd, though she often talked with him, in the evening, when she had nothing else to do. He brought her little presents. Edna felt rather a liking for Tom. If it had not been for her ambition she might have encouraged him, for she saw that he had a future in Morrisville, knew his father had money. She was aloof, a bit superior with him . . . Tom Harrison, only a farmer's son . . . why, she was going on the stage—going to be famous. . . .

Edna was not especially popular with other men in Morrisville. Her little mannerisms, her affectations, repelled them. They called her "a cold proposition," though they didn't mind escorting her to parties nor dancing with her, if their affections were not busy elsewhere. There was not a really good matrimonial chance among them, Edna knew. She didn't care. What were they to her?

Tom Harrison would have asked her to marry him, if she had encouraged him. She knew that. She rather wanted to encourage him, for the fun of it. If it hadn't been that that might have meant losing a boarder—single men who took their meals out were rare in Morrisville—Edna would have led Tom on. She thought of it several times. She even wondered how it would feel to be kissed by him—to run her hand through his rather uneven hair. He did have nice eyes. What did a girl of her sort want with Tom Harrison? The other men in Morrisville were even more impossible.

Edna went to every show that came to the Morrisville Opera House. They were mostly stock-companies, with an

occasional third road show in a two-year old New York success. Movies were coming into vogue but Edna thought them tiresome. She studied the actresses in the plays, even while she sneered at them. That wasn't what she wanted!

A year in Morrisville with most of her best friends away at school. Another year, with the crowd at home and her popularity gradually waning until she felt herself becoming what she really was—the daughter of a failure and of a boarding-house keeper. What a stupid place Morrisville was! Nobody knew anything nor wanted to know anything . . . what ugly lives they all led—stupid, uninspired . . . gossip—bridge. . . .

This couldn't keep on. Mrs. Logan knew that, too. Edna and her mother began to plan, began to save money, keeping the fact away from Logan. If Edna once got to Chicago . . . she could get a job on the stage . . . anything for a start. . . .

Another year and there was money enough. Edna told her plans to her friends. One of the girls gave a party for her, with tiny china dolls, dressed in pink crepe paper, marked "Our Future Star," as souvenirs. Edna made a speech, a rather stupid one, but delivered with much ease, in which she told the girls that, no matter what happened to her, she would never forget them . . . years from now . . . if they ever met again. . . . She visualized herself a stage success, as she spoke, greeting the girls, graciously, as, dressed in small-town styles, they came back to her dressing-room, "Of course I remember you, Mary . . . and this is Hilda . . . of course . . . you dears, I'm delighted. . . ."

III

EDNA had been to Chicago with her parents when she was thirteen. She was a bit afraid of the city, now. It was the only way to get a start. She knew that. She went to a rooming house in La Salle Street a drummer in

Morrisville had recommended to her. She got in touch with a couple who formerly lived in Morrisville, an old married couple, no fun at all. She went to their home, a South Side apartment, to dinner, was bored, never saw them again. Why, they were as bad as the people who lived in Morrisville, stupid, uninspired, the kind she never wanted to see again.

Edna went to the theatres and asked for a position. She was self-assured, pleasant-spoken. No one had anything for her. Finally, one theatrical manager took his cigar out of his mouth long enough to tell her to go to any agent. She didn't know much about agents. She looked them up in the classified telephone directory, visited several dingy offices, asked for something to do.

In Morrisville she had been considered beautiful, talented, important. In Chicago she was a small-town amateur looking for a job.

There were several openings in the choruses of road shows. Edna laughed at those. She hadn't even thought of considering the chorus. Dramatic work was what she wanted. She would be an ingénue at first, then a dramatic actress. Of course. Oh, girls had gone from the chorus into important places in the theatrical world. She knew that. She didn't have a voice—didn't want to do silly dancing, didn't want musical comedy. She would find something!

When her money was about gone, Edna got an opportunity, just as she knew she would, all the time. An agent told her the Disston-Clark Stock Company needed an ingénue.

She went to a third-rate hotel in State Street and interviewed Eleanor Disston, half owner and character woman of the company. Eleanor, in a dirty flowered kimono, her bleached hair pulled back unbecomingly from her lined face, sat in the broken hotel rocker in her room and talked with Edna.

It was a good position . . . yes, indeed . . . a repertoire of eight shows . . . six nights and two matinees. . . . Could Miss Logan put on a number between acts? Imitations? Yes, that

would do. Was Miss Logan a quick study? A stock company is easy, once you get into it—after you know the shows. Steady, too . . . year after year. Why, she, herself, had had fifteen years of stock on the road. Clark, her husband, had had more than that. What experience? Amateur? Well, if she were clever, Miss Disston didn't object to an amateur. A good troupers has got to start some way. . . . Rehearsal tomorrow at ten . . . Miss Logan could meet the company . . . they could try her out. . . .

The next day . . . a dirty hall . . . a group of eight cheap-looking people . . . a dirty script, typewritten on flimsy white paper, bound in torn blue paper covers. This was a theatrical company! Oh, well, there had to be a start somewhere!

Rehearsals, then. Edna was a quick study. Her memory had always been good . . . the pieces she had memorized under Miss Sprouse. . . . She rather shivered at the thought of associating with these people. They were far below her social acquaintances in Morrisville. Eleanor Disston . . . fifteen years on the road . . . that's what it was to fail. . . . Too horrible to think about. Why should she think of such things?

Scripts to memorize—on street cars—in her room at night. More rehearsals—how to cross the stage—where to stop—how to stand—"up stage," "down stage," "in one," "R. U. E.," cues, entrances, exits. . . .

A salary advance, to be deducted in small dribbles throughout the first half of the season. Buying things, then, little things for costumes—a wreath and gold slippers for party scenes . . . a make-up box . . . a Taylor trunk . . . final rehearsals . . . the road. . . .

She was an actress! She was the ingénue with the Disston-Clark Company. Her salary was twenty-five dollars a week, and she had to pay everything but her railroad fare. Oh, well, a start.

Edna rather enjoyed those first weeks, that first season, even. She realized fully the cheapness of the com-

pany: Eleanor Disston, weak, jealous of Clark; Clark, heavy, sullen, conceited; Georgina Latham, petulant, deceitful; Arnold Ingram, conceited, too, and selfish, but pleasant when he wanted to be.

The company stayed at the same lodging place, usually, third-rate hotels or boarding-houses. Edna and Georgina roomed together. It was cheaper that way. Edna changed her name. Logan was a poor name, they told her. She became Edna La Ganne on the programs, first, and on the hotel registers, finally.

The whole thing seemed dirty, even from the start. The train jumps, seated on red plush cushions, with cinders grinding into her face and under her collar . . . the hotels, with their poorly furnished rooms, a wobbly dresser with a dull mirror, an iron bed, one brass knob always gone, matting or a worn carpet on the floor, a green window shade, torn and that would not pull, a squeaky rocking-chair, a washstand with a white bowl and pitcher, the pitcher broken at the spout—each room unbelievably like the room she had just left, and unbelievably far from the bathroom . . . the theatre, dirty dressing-room, a mirror with one light above it and a plank shelf for a dressing-table, a chair always a bit wobbly, too few hooks and usually so few dressing-rooms that all of the female members of the company had to dress together . . . little quarrels . . . little scandals. . . .

Edna learned the rules of troupings. You could "double" with a member of the opposite sex without benefit of clergy or license office. That was all right. You couldn't so much as bat an eye to anyone outside of the company. Certainly not. Everyone else was an "outsider." This wasn't "one of them cheap musical comedy companies with chorus girls carrying on something awful." A little thing named Ruby Dixon had joined the show as the emotional lead . . . the parts Eleanor Disston had played until she grew too old and wrinkled. Ruby became involved with Ingram, "got into trouble," had to leave the show. A new girl, Lois Mar-

tineau, took her place. Lois was conceited, stupid, had a vile temper. She didn't "get into trouble." That had happened to her years before. Occasionally, when she was sure she could get away with it, she went on a party with a traveling salesman, "an old friend I've known for years, dear." Oh, well, part of the game. Edna was an actress! That was something. A year or two of small parts for experience . . . New York, then. . . .

At the end of the season she was back in Chicago, her clothes worn threadbare, a little money saved. Her mother, faithfully taking boarders, sent her a little more money. Edna had written to her mother regularly that first year, had sent her every clipping she could lay her hands on that mentioned the company. Several papers had given Edna infinitesimal praise. Weeks later, her mother would send her clippings from the *Morrisville Courier*, reprinting this same praise under "Morrisville Girl Makes Good on Stage," or "Edna Logan Scores Hit as Actress." Well, that's what she wanted—she wanted folks to know. Of course, later—when she really made good. . . .

She couldn't get anything to do that summer in Chicago. She wanted to go back to Morrisville, but the railroad fare was high and, besides, she didn't want her friends to see that she had no new clothes—none worth displaying as a symbol of success.

It was hot and dirty in Chicago. Edna stayed at the third-rate hotel where she had first seen Eleanor Disston, who spent her summers at a little farm she and Clark had bought two years before, after planning for it for over ten years.

It was interesting enough at the hotel. Edna met a lot of theatrical people, from vaudeville and burlesque and stock. She grew accustomed to immorality, to a lack of morality, rather. She relaxed a bit herself, threw away Morrisville rules as "narrow" and "provincial." She didn't realize it then, but later she looked back most pleasantly on that summer. There were free tickets to vaudeville and burlesque shows, days

at the beaches with out-of-work professionals, evenings of beer drinking and gossiping in the hotel's upstairs parlor or in the rooms of her friends. She had almost a love affair, even. For a few weeks she thought herself in love with a vaudeville entertainer who hadn't got a divorce from his third wife. She knew what falling in love with him would mean! Her Morrisville training kept her from really falling in love, though she did get rather a thrill out of being with him. He was a stupid fellow, slow speaking, kind hearted. She was a bit relieved, though lonely, when he went on the road.

The Disston-Clarks came back to town.

"Why not go with us another year, dear? We can do five dollars better for you. You know all the bill but 'A Wife for a Night,' which we're buying this week. Georgina and Ingram are coming on, and I'll round up a nice little family. After all, thirty weeks steady work isn't to be sneered at. . . ."

Why not? There was nothing else in sight.

Thirty weeks more, then, of the same hotels and the same theatres and the same trains. It was good experience. Of course. She could save more money now. New York in Spring!

Edna's mother died that Winter. Edna couldn't get away to go to the funeral. Just as well. Her clothes looked pretty bad—it was January—and, after all, her mother was dead . . . there was nothing she could do for her . . . her father would get along all right—probably go to work now. . . .

Edna's father did go to work. He wrote, complainingly, about his hard job and long hours. Edna never knew quite what he did. She scarcely felt any sorrow when she received a letter from a Morrisville acquaintance of her father, some years later, forwarded after much delay, telling her of his death.

IV

SPRING—and New York! Edna wanted to be thrilled. She couldn't be.

Why, it looked quite like Chicago, as dirty, even, in a gray Spring rain. New York . . . changes, now—still young—stock experience . . . success just ahead.

She bought a *Morning Telegraph*. Just to think—here she was—right where it was written and printed!

Edna took a room in a cheap theatrical boarding-house in the Forties just off Sixth Avenue, which she had heard about in Chicago. Here she was! Ready for success!

She was through with the Disston-Clark Stock Company. How glad she was that she had kept—well, to herself. Everything lay ahead. She had everything to offer. Life . . . romance . . . success. . . . Something would happen.

She began going the rounds of the agencies and the theatres. Nothing! Well, what of it? This was the worst time of the year. If she could get a job in Summer stock! If not—she could hold out until Fall. New shows, then. . . .

Summer in New York. A hot hotel room. Long hot days. Sizzling Broadway pavements. Edna would get up late, put on her new, cheap finery, stop at an Automat for a cup of coffee, unless she prepared it herself over an alcohol lamp in her room, visit the agents. She would stop to talk to chance acquaintances, who had stayed in the same hotels with her in Chicago or on the road. They would compare notes, exaggerate their past season's work and their chances for the future. They were always "resting," always considering "an offer the Shuberts made me."

There were no chances to get in a show that would play in New York. At least none for Edna. She would walk the streets for hours, lunch frugally at the Automat or Childs' and have dinner alone or with an acquaintance, Dutch treat, at one of the hot, basement table d'hôtes of the neighborhood. Was this real? Was this she—Edna Logan—La Ganne—the talented amateur of Morrisville—the girl who was so superior to everyone in her home

town? Was all of this so much better than Morrisville and Tom Harrison? Was it better, even, than the safe harbor of the Disston-Clark Stock?

Well, anyhow, she could never have stood staying in Morrisville. She wasn't the kind of a girl who failed and then went back home and married the rural lover, like the girls in stories she read about. No, indeed. She'd succeed. Why—she had barely started. If she only had had that dramatic training! Even without it—she was young . . . of course . . . had been in stock—that was the big thing. When someone really found out about her. . . .

Weeks of inquiring and walking and disappointment. Then a man she knew knew a man who was putting on a show in New York—bound to have a long run on Broadway. With a letter of introduction she applied for the position. The man, a short little Jew, talked with her in his private office. It was the first time she had got that far. He asked her questions, told her to come back the next day. She was there five minutes early. She was told to come back again a day later. A sort of try-out, then, on a dark, disorderly stage. Again, she was told to report. . . . Then, "Sorry, Miss, er, of course, La Ganne. . . . We found you weren't exactly the type. Perhaps, a little later, something else. . . ."

Graft! Pull! That's what it was! If she were only like these other girls, willing to pay a price for success! It never occurred to Edna that no manager had ever made the slightest advances to her in any way—that there had been, after all, no opportunity for her to pay any price at all.

In September, when she found there was nothing else to do, she went with the Forman-Graves Stock Company. It was similar to the Disston-Clark, excepting that it played split weeks, which meant more traveling and slightly smaller towns. She played through the East and South now, and found Southern cooking almost inedible and Southern boarding-houses devoid of all comforts. Oh, well, in a year or so . . .

anyhow, she'd be back in New York before long. . . .

It was not a pleasant Winter. There was no one in the company Edna cared about, especially. She thought several times of jumping the show and returning to Morrisville. She couldn't do that very well. She could never get along with her father—he was alive then. There wouldn't be enough money unless she got a job—she couldn't do anything—wouldn't go back and teach elocution as Miss Sprouse had done, the only alternative. That would be terrible. After all . . . years lay ahead . . . sparkling years, glowing with romance and triumphs.

Another season with the Forman-Graves Stock. A Summer with the Paxon Stock. It played in a Summer park near Philadelphia. Summer stock means that you put on a new show every week and have two shows a day. On Wednesday you start rehearsing the show for the following week, rehearsing one show and playing another every day. No one is quite letter-perfect on Monday night. There is never a moment of relaxation. Edna told herself that this was good for her memory—excellent practice. Besides, it was quite possible that someone from Philadelphia or New York might discover her—in that little, obscure Summer park—and raise her to stardom. Such things happened.

She tried awfully hard to arrange her costumes attractively, sewing on bits of lace and ornament. She tried to put a great deal of expression and charm into her parts. She hadn't even the faintest suspicion that she couldn't act, any more than she had had when she recited on the church platform, under the direction of Miss Sprouse. As then, she repeated her lines mechanically, putting in the obvious emotions, with gestures. After all, hadn't she always hoped—known—that she would succeed.

No one discovered her. Back in New York in Fall, she went the rounds of the agents again. It was not as exciting nor as pleasurable now. She thought

of Eleanor Disston and her fifteen years of work in stock. Surely that couldn't happen to her!

It didn't. The movies were beginning to take over stock company patronage. Fewer shows were being sent out on the road. Edna couldn't get a position in stock—couldn't find anything to do. For an awful, throat-burning moment she had a feeling of sinking, altogether. Why—she could starve to death, even. People did. She had no one but herself. She had been too selfish, too conceited to make friends. What could she have done? She must do something, anything, now. She couldn't—just stop.

She got a job in a department store. She hated it. She sold hats. She hated every woman who came to her—cheap, pretending things, ugly, too fat or too thin, stupid, horrible. The days dragged unbelievably. She couldn't keep this up! In her lunch hour, then, she began visiting agents again. Anything on the stage! At least there was a chance there. Anything but this sort of life!

She found something, finally. A manager was sending out four companies of a last year's New York success. Edna was given a small part in the third company. She was not the ingénue. She was not clever enough and too old to be an ingénue! Not old in years, really, just old from make-up and irregular hours and trouping—a type that did not wear well. Not that that meant anything—of course not—most successful actresses look awfully old, close up. Edna knew that. That's why a lot of stars she could name had failed in the movies—couldn't stand the camera lens, which brought out real, even if sometimes unsuspected, age. She'd have a chance now, however. Managers were always bringing actresses in from their road companies, featuring them in New York. Of course.

Edna's part was easy and short. There were one-night stands now, and train jumps every day. For some peculiar reason these came at the most inconvenient times. Four in the morning was a typical train. You lost a

chance for a rest at both ends of the trip. Few of the trips were sleeper jumps. The company sat huddled together, pretending to read, playing cards or sat nodding, waking up with a start when the train, usually a local, reached a station. Edna read the *Billboard* and *Variety* now, and an occasional magazine. It was too hard to keep in touch with regular news—a daily paper.

Edna fell in love with Raymond Ellis, the juvenile of the company. He was her own age and rather charming, with a large, humorous mouth and rather pleasant, half-open eyes. He was the lazy, indifferent, unresponsive type. Edna frankly pursued him. He knew it and neither encouraged her nor resisted. In a way, he liked her, too. He had liked other women, before, would always be liking some woman. A month of traveling in the same company and it was known that Edna and Ray were—well—married . . . practically married, that is. Ray didn't believe in actual matrimony, especially among professionals. He had seen it fail too many times. After you quit being in the same company you haven't a chance to be true to each other, he explained.

Edna saw his viewpoint. She was slightly jealous of the ingénue and thought that if she failed to please Ray he would turn to this far more fascinating creature. Ray didn't care for the ingénue at all. He thought that she tried to hog his big scene. He knew it was just as well not to let Edna know how he felt. The small-town inhibitions that Edna had built up during her girlhood had crumbled during her years on the road and in theatrical boarding-houses. Even her desire not to "give herself," to yield, if necessary for a high price, for success, had disappeared. She loved Ray, not madly, but with a great deal of eagerness and unsatisfied affection. She was lonely, too.

Edna liked being with Ray. It was comfortable having him bring sandwiches and coffee to their room after the show, and coffee and toast in the morning. She liked the way he took

care of her suitcase, found rooms at hotels, things like that. He was a dear! She was a bit in awe of him—he knew so much about women. On the whole, this was the pleasantest year she had had.

She expected Ray to go to New York with her when the show closed. Ray had to go to South Carolina to see his parents, he said . . . would be back in New York later. Edna never saw him again. She heard, several years later, that he had left the stage and had gone into the garage business in New Jersey.

She was blue, moody, that Summer. Losing Ray . . . having had an affair with him. . . . What if she wasn't to have a future—fame, romance, success—after all? Other actresses did succeed—some of them. What else could she do? She was too restless to settle down. She couldn't very well plan on matrimony without a man who cared anything about her anywhere in sight. She hated the idea of a steady job, though there was nothing, excepting clerking, that she could do.

She went out again with another road show. The heavy, named Ruppert, was quite attentive to her. After she had forgotten Ray just a little she found him quite an agreeable fellow. He came back to New York when she did, when the show closed, but they separated when he found a position in Summer stock in the South.

V

THREE years more of one-night stands, each one duller than the last. Edna knew now, definitely, that she wasn't a success, never would be, that her mother and Miss Sprouse and people in Morrisville who had praised her had been wrong. She hadn't any talent. Never had had, evidently. Too late to find that out now. Oh, well, she had to go on, had to do something—had to live, anyhow.

Even road companies were hard to land. Fewer of them were being sent out each year. She could find nothing at all.

She met a fellow at her rooming-house named Wissen. He was rather brutal looking, with a blunt nose, small eyes and too-heavy eyebrows. He was in vaudeville, had a dramatic act with which he boasted he "could always get time." The act required three people, Wissen, another man and one woman. Wissen asked Edna to try out for it. She had scorned small-time vaudeville. Now she read the act eagerly. It was one of the usual stupid triangle skits. She could see that. She tried to offer a few suggestions. Wissen wouldn't consider the changing of a single word. He had paid for that act and it was his. He had made good with it. If she didn't want the part. . . . Edna wasn't clever. She couldn't originate anything, couldn't have improved the act if she had been given a chance. Still, it was pretty bad. She knew that. They started rehearsals.

A try out. Wissen got thirty weeks' time on a small circuit. They were split-weeks, but the jumps were not difficult. Edna's salary was fair. The other man in the company was a simple-minded fellow named Frambers, who didn't bother anyone. The road again. . . .

Wissen took the act the next two years on Western circuits. Edna went with him. Why not? She was rather fond of Wissen, as she was fond of anyone who was fairly kind to her. He meant well. He had annoying habits. He hadn't had much education—was foreign-born and had been brought over in the steerage when he was seven. He was ambitious in a rather aimless way, full of never-culminating dreams. He never read anything excepting the *Billboard*. Still, Edna didn't read so very much, these days—hadn't ever been much of a reader.

Towns looked pretty much alike to Edna now. She could hardly tell where she was. What difference did it make? The same depots with their dirty-looking long benches always seemingly containing the same women with three dirty children and the same apparently drunken countryman. The same hotels,

with their smart brick exteriors, their interiors containing the same ink-covered desks for writing letters, the same desks for registering for a room, the same impudent clerks behind them with cubby-holes for mail as a background. The same theatres, newer than the old stock theatres, now that the films had become popular—they played houses which combined vaudeville and pictures.

One day a town looked vaguely familiar to Edna.

"What's the name of this place we are playing?" she asked Wissen.

"Let's see . . . uh . . . Morrisville. Atta town! Play here before?"

"Probably. Just wondered. Thought it might have a name, more than likely."

"It's got a name, all right, though I'll never know why."

It was Morrisville. Before the matinee Edna put on her rather worn-looking suit, her hat, plain for traveling, and a bit shabby, added an extra touch of rouge to her lips and cheeks and started out. She wouldn't go to see anyone. Certainly not. There really was no one she cared to see. She hadn't had any really intimate friends, hadn't kept up with anyone. She wouldn't want anyone to know. . . . She'd just look around a bit . . . see what she could.

At first the town looked shabby enough—the old home in Hamilton Avenue, dingy, now, the former homes of her friends. Then Edna began to notice little things—new houses along new streets, smart garages with cars chugging at their doors. She got on a street car—it was early—a new street-car line since she had left and rode to the end of the line, past rows of new, shining bungalows, past groups of women in new Fall clothes, remarkably well dressed all but their hats—small-town hats—children clinging to their hands. Oh, well.

She stayed on the car, rode back to the hotel. No one would know her. That was certain. They were billed as "The Wissens and Bob Frambers." She had changed, too. Her hair was blonde, now, excepting just at the roots—it's hard to keep your hair just the

right shade on the road. She had got older, of course. Still, so had the women who had stayed in Morrisville.

Edna stopped in at a drug store next to the theatre. The theatre and the drug store had been built since she went away. A woman was buying something, a neat-looking, middle-aged, small-town woman in dark blue, wearing a small hat with a blue feather at the side. Edna knew her . . . Clara Market! She wanted to speak, caught herself in time. Clara—they had been rather friendly when Edna was a girl. Clara looked old—yet Edna knew that, really, Clara looked younger than she did. Well, she ought to—never had done anything nor been out of Morrisville.

Edna bought a few things from the drug clerk, a young fellow of eighteen or so. He wouldn't know her—that was certain. She began, rather lamely: "I—I used to know some people . . . here in town. Maybe you could tell me. . . ."

"Surest thing you know," said the boy. "I'm a town directory. You playing here this week? Want to know who is mayor, things like that?"

"Oh, no, just—" she named, one at a time, a few friends, listened eagerly for news of them. One had married—was living in a house on Chestnut Hill—had three children, the boy thought. Another had gone away—a third he had never heard of—"dead more'n likely." He had never heard of Miss Sprouse, either. That probably meant she was dead, too. Tom Harrison?

"Oh, yes, T. C. Harrison. Uh, pretty big man—oh, nothing extra, though. Lives in the big white house on the corner of Rhodes Avenue—bought out Riggin's Feed Store—oh, yes, got a couple of kids—eight years old or so—nice fellow, but close—sort of cranky—nice fellow, though. . . ."

Edna went through the stage entrance of the theatre to her dressing-room, sat down in front of her make-up shelf, began, mechanically, to take hair-pins out of her hair. If she had stayed in Morrisville she could have married Tom. She knew that. She could have

had a car, now, and a big white house. Better than Wissen? Yes, of course, that. Respectability and a home. . . . She didn't have things—anything—nothing to look forward to—but the traditional farm all actresses start saving up for about their third season on the road. Even that seemed almost impossible. Tom Harrison—what a fool she had been to throw away such a chance—a car—a big house—servants—children. . . .

Even as she thought of these things, of her wasted life, Edna knew that she didn't really feel that her life was wasted. She knew that she would do the same things again, given a choice. Why not? What was there to life, living here—year after year. A girl—has so few chances at anything. Staying at home, for one thing. She couldn't have stood that. Starting out and coming back a failure, like Miss Sprouse. Sticking it out, year after year—like Eleanor Disston—and, yes—like she, herself, had done. That was all, after all. Oh, success . . . a few did get that, through ability or chance. The other. . . . Well, after all—she had done what she could—you've only got one life. . . .

Wissen came in, heavily, dropping into a squeaky chair, unlacing one of his shoes.

"Foot hurting again," he said. Then:

"Gee—news . . . just got the *Billboard*—the Crowleys have gone back to New York—time canceled, I bet. I think if I send a telegram to Bill Gero— you know, if I can arrange things with him. . . ."

Edna only half listened. Such words as "big time" and "Broadway" sparkled out of Wissen's conversation, drew her attention. Wissen was like that—dreaming—as she dreamed, too. A tinge of ambition came back. What if—why not—stranger things than that happened. After all. . . . Even if nothing came of it. . . .

Wissen pulled off his shoe.

"Been walking around seeing the sights," he said. "Gee, this is a hick town. How do folks stand it, living like this, I wonder?"

"I don't know. It beats me," said Edna.

Neither one of them said nor thought that, for years, now, they had lived in hick towns themselves, without the comforts of the inhabitants, interrupted only by travel and a few weeks in summer when they got to New York and immediately starting planning for a job that would take them out again.

"I'm glad I'm not tied to a town like this—don't see how they live," Wissen continued. "Didn't you say you came from a town just about this size?"

"Just about," Edna answered, "but I got out, got ambitious. Ambition—that does a lot for you, don't it?"

"You said it!" answered Wissen. He took off his sock, examined his toe carefully, prodded it with his finger. Wissen—the tangible result of her dreams of a hero—small-time vaudeville. Even so. . . .

"You said it!" Wissen repeated. "Say—nothing's too big for me. You wait . . . when we get back to New York—I'll show these wise guys—I got an idea. . . ."



Triple-Barreled Definition

By Wayne Saunders

KNOWLEDGE: A man's defense against the world. Wisdom: A man's defense against himself. Cynicism: A man's defense against God.



WHEN a woman really loves a man she will forgive him everything. When a man really loves a woman he will forgive her nothing.



WHEN a man loses his appetite temporarily, he is in love. When he loses it permanently, he is married.



A GREAT deal of unhappiness is caused by the fact that women love too much and men too often.



From the Memoirs of a Private Detective

By Dashiell Hammett

1

WISHING to get some information from members of the W. C. T. U. in an Oregon city. I introduced myself as the secretary of the Butte Civic Purity League. One of them read me a long discourse on the erotic effects of cigarettes upon young girls. Subsequent experiments proved this trip worthless.

2

A man whom I was shadowing went out into the country for a walk one Sunday afternoon and lost his bearings completely. I had to direct him back to the city.

3

House burglary is probably the poorest paid trade in the world; I have never known anyone to make a living at it. But for that matter few criminals of any class are self-supporting unless they toil at something legitimate between times. Most of them, however, live on their women.

4

I know an operative who while looking for pickpockets at the Havre de Grace race track had his wallet stolen. He later became an official in an Eastern detective agency.

5

Three times I have been mistaken for a Prohibition agent, but never had any trouble clearing myself.

6

Taking a prisoner from a ranch near Gilt Edge, Mont., to Lewistown one night, my machine broke down and we had to sit there until daylight. The prisoner, who stoutly affirmed his innocence, was clothed only in overalls and shirt. After shivering all night on the front seat his morale was low, and I had no difficulty in getting a complete confession from him while walking to the nearest ranch early the following morning.

7

Of all the men embezzling from their employers with whom I have had contact, I can't remember a dozen who smoked, drank, or had any of the vices in which bonding companies are so interested.

8

I was once falsely accused of perjury and had to perjure myself to escape arrest.

9

A detective agency official in San Francisco once substituted "truthful" or "voracious" in one of my reports on the grounds that the client might not understand the latter. A few days later in another report "simulate" became "quicken" for the same reason.

10

Of all the nationalities haled into the criminal courts, the Greek is the most difficult to convict. He simply denies everything, no matter how conclusive the proof may be; and nothing so impresses a jury as a bare statement of fact, regardless of the fact's inherent improbability or obvious absurdity in the face of overwhelming contrary evidence.

11

I know a man who will forge the impressions of any set of fingers in the world for \$50.

12

I have never known a man capable of turning out first-rate work in a trade, a profession or an art, who was a professional criminal.

13

I know a detective who once attempted to disguise himself thoroughly. The first policeman he met took him into custody.

14

I know a deputy sheriff in Montana who, approaching the cabin of a homesteader for whose arrest he had a warrant, was confronted by the homesteader with a rifle in his hands. The deputy sheriff drew his revolver and tried to shoot over the homesteader's head to frighten him. The range was long and a strong wind was blowing. The bullet knocked the rifle from the homesteader's hands. As time went by the deputy sheriff came to accept as the truth the reputation for expertness that this incident gave him, and he not only let his friends enter him in a shooting contest, but wagered everything he owned upon his skill. When the contest was held he missed the target completely with all six shots.

15

Once in Seattle the wife of a fugitive swindler offered to sell me a photograph of her husband for \$15. I knew where I could get one free, so I didn't buy it.

16

I was once engaged to discharge a woman's housekeeper.

17

The slang in use among criminals is for the most part a conscious, artificial growth, designed more to confuse outsiders than for any other purpose, but sometimes it is singularly expressive; for instance, *two-time loser*—one who has been convicted twice; and the older *gone to read and write*—found it advisable to go away for a while.

18

Pocket-picking is the easiest to master of all the criminal trades. Anyone who is not crippled can become an adept in a day.

19

In 1917, in Washington, D. C., I met a young woman who did not remark that my work must be very interesting.

20

Even where the criminal makes no attempt to efface the prints of his fingers, but leaves them all over the scene of the crime, the chances are about one in ten of finding a print that is sufficiently clear to be of any value.

21

The chief of police of a Southern city once gave me a description of a man, complete even to a mole on his neck, but neglected to mention that he had only one arm.

22

I know a forger who left his wife because she had learned to smoke cigarettes while he was serving a term in prison.

23

Second only to "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is "Raffles" in the affections of the daily press. The phrase "gentleman crook" is used on the slightest provocation. A composite portrait of the gentry upon whom the newspapers have bestowed this title would show a laudanum-drinker, with a large rhinestone horseshoe aglow in the soiled bosom of his shirt below a bow tie, leering at his victim, and saying: "Now don't get scared, lady, I ain't gonna crack you on the bean. I ain't a rough-neck!"

24

The cleverest and most uniformly successful detective I have ever known is extremely myopic.

25

Going from the larger cities out into the remote rural communities, one finds a steadily decreasing percentage of crimes that have to do with money and a proportionate in-

crease in the frequency of sex as a criminal motive.

26

While trying to peer into the upper story of a roadhouse in northern California one night—and the man I was looking for was in Seattle at the time—part of the porch roof crumbled under me and I fell, spraining an ankle. The proprietor of the roadhouse gave me water to bathe it in.

27

The chief difference between the exceptionally knotty problem confronting the detective of fiction and that facing the real detective is that in the former there is usually a paucity of clues, and in the latter altogether too many.

28

I know a man who once stole a Ferris-wheel.

29

That the law-breaker is invariably soon or late apprehended is probably the least challenged of extant myths. And yet the files of every detective bureau bulge with the records of unsolved mysteries and uncaught criminals.



WHEN life's greatest tragedies become its little ironies, we have learned to live:



EVERY woman has two suitors—the man she loves and the one who amounts to something.



Memories of the Higher Education

By Theodore McClintock

THE report in the college paper of a concert by a well-known violinist, in which the writer said: "The first number on Mr. —'s program was the Concerto in a Minor. This was followed by three shorter pieces, Allegro ma non troppo, Andante, and Presto con fuoco"; the editorials in the college paper, calling upon every student to abandon the trivial pursuit of learning and follow the team to New York; the student who anxiously asked his professor in philosophy if it was immoral to kiss a girl; the student who denounced, in a letter to the college paper, the publication by the "literary and pictorial" monthly, of a story about an artist and his model, on the ground that it was "filthy," "slimy," and "appealed to the baser emotions,"—this same student being seen a few nights later in the embrace of a *file de joie*; the innumerable students who, upon entering my room and finding me engrossed in a book, asked me if I were studying, and, upon my reply that I was merely reading, appeared taken aback, and then tactfully recovering themselves, volunteered the information that reading was a good thing—they wished they had more time for it; the innumerable other students who, finding me reading something in French, asked me for what course it was required; the lecture before the "Arts" society by the female novelist who boasted that in all her thirteen books she had never broken the Ten Commandments or the Golden Rule; ridiculous members of the faculty, among whom was the

tactless professor who, at a reception in honor of another well-known violinist who had been wounded fighting for Austria, asked him in a loud voice what he had thought of the war, who introduced to the celebrated personage the local talent of the college with such expressions as, "This, Mr. —, is the young man who plays the violin so well. And this is the young man who writes stories," to which, the story goes, the celebrated personage replied, "Indeed!"; the professor who had been accused of driving Edward MacDowell insane; the instructor in English composition who had never heard of James Branch Cabell, had heard of Joseph Conrad but knew nothing about him, and seemed to remember the name Anatole France, but couldn't quite recall who he was; another instructor in English composition who gave a student A in everything he wrote except a translation from Remy de Gourmont, and, thinking that the translation was original work, gave poor Remy only a B; the professor of philosophy who dogmatically laid down the law, and then replied to every objection, "There is an element of truth in what you say"; the theological student taking English composition, who wrote sermons and read them to the class; the short craze for inventing smutty limericks about the faculty, the visit of the evangelist, Sherwood Eddy, and the reverent reception of him as a Great Thinker; the Liberal Club which changed its name to Round Table to avoid any connection with Red Radicalism; the two prohibition officers who stood gloom-

ily and uselessly on the main street corner during Junior Prom; the student musical critic from Barre, Vt., who after an exhaustive study of the records manufactured by the Victor Talking Machine Co. announced, *via* the Literary Magazine, that the greatest solo instrument was the human voice, next the violin, then the full orchestra, and that all others were worthless; the lawyer who, upon being appointed professor of political science, journeyed to Columbia University, and there asked an eminent historian and political scientist what a professor of political science was supposed to know and how to teach it; the article in the college paper announcing the local production of Shaw's "Candida," which said of the play, "It definitely established the reputation of Shaw as a popular dramatist and learned playwright"; the college library, in which Havellock Ellis, "A Bed of Roses," "The Pretty Lady," et al., are kept on locked shelves; the man in the room next to mine, who asked me to play on the piano "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice" whenever he was about to write a letter to his girl; the stu-

dent who, for some non-conformity, was seized by a mob at night, taken to the main street corner, stripped naked, and rolled in a pool of muddy water; the unfortunates who took girls into their rooms one night and couldn't get them to leave the next morning; the "Arts" society, which perennially plans to have Amy Lowell come and lecture; the perennial disappointment of the "Arts"; the student who proclaimed in a history class that the capitalists should be entirely done away with; the look of fright that spread over the faces of his fellows, as if they expected the heretic to pull a bomb from his pocket; the class—all honor to it—which threw pennies on the platform when the professor made more than the usual jackass of himself; one of the faculty wives who, when her daughter was asked to a movie by one of the students, went with the couple and sat between them; the professor who warned some of his pupils that his daughter was very strong and perfectly capable of defending herself—"A perfect ox, I tell you, a perfect ox"; the faculty daughter who made her own clothes. . . .



WHEN a man is thoughtful, people wonder what he is thinking about.
When a woman is thoughtful, people wonder what she is up to.



SOME women are the inspiration of a poem. Some the spice of a biography.



MARRIAGE: A love song on a phonograph.



Conversations

Set down by Major Owen Hatteras, D.S.O.

IX

On the Darker Races

SCENE: *The Crystal Room at the Ritz*

TIME: *During Supper*

MENCKEN

THE point, of course, is delicate, and I hope you forgive me for raising it. Nevertheless, I conceive it to be my duty to venture upon an animadversion.

NATHAN

Speak freely, I pray you. I am surely not sensitive. But what, precisely, is the gravamen of your complaint?

MENCKEN

In brief, that you embarrassed me greatly in Fifth Avenue this afternoon. I grant you that the lady had a certain rich, barbaric beauty. One often notices it in the darker races, including the Hamitic. Mark Twain, as you may recall, was fond of dwelling upon it. But what I maintain is that it is unseemly for a man of your years and dignity, when walking in the principal street of the Republic with a man known to be of Southern principles, to stop stark still, crane his neck indecently, and so stand staring at a passing colored girl. The whole episode was distasteful to me.

NATHAN

Nonsense. You exaggerate greatly. I by no means gaped at the lady—at all events, I gaped no more than is customary in Fifth Avenue. When a woman, whatever her race, hoofs it down such a *rue* in mid-afternoon, she plainly invites

all passers-by to observe her pulchritude. If she were in a hurry, and careless of admiration, she would use Sixth Avenue, or Madison. When she turns into Fifth she hoists her pennant to the masthead, and challenges connoisseurs. Well, this fair raccoon was surely not evil to the eye, and so I gave her the small tribute of a respectful leer. She was, in fact, the most sightly baggage on view between St. Thomas' Church and Forty-second Street.

MENCKEN

Granted. But you overlook an important point, or, as the late Henry James had it, an implication. The aim of a woman who exhibits her person in Fifth Avenue of an afternoon is certainly not merely to give æsthetic delight to dilettanti. Her purpose is actually far more complex and daring. What she always hopes for, when she sees some handsome buck observe her graces, is that he will be seized by an acute amorous passion, and that he will therefore track her down, get an introduction to her, woo her in the manner of James K. Hackett, and, after due formalities, marry her.

NATHAN

The idea is not new. You have preached it for twenty years. But what of the fat old gals in the parade, all dolled up? They have husbands already,

and presumably satisfactory ones, as their limousines show. Why should *they* break hearts?

MENCKEN

The fatter they are, the easier they fall. In such cases I simply exclude immediate intent. It is not in the foreground—but a husband may die at any minute. In any case, they are just as eager to be loved as a flapper. Have you ever heard of a woman who was offended by the news that some imbecile of a man had conceived an illicit passion for her? If you have any doubt in the matter, you may put it to a simple test. I suppose all experts would agree that the most beautiful moment in any marriage, to the bride, comes immediately after the rector has done his duty. She has snared her boob and has him publicly on exhibition—and there has been no time for the inevitable disillusionment. If she is not satisfied with him then, she will never be. Well, all I ask is that you go to some bride of your acquaintance at such a moment—some bride who, as the saying is, is violently in love with her victim, and intensely proud of him—go to her, take her behind one of the florist's palms, tell her flatly that you are in love with her, and propose boldly that she clope with you to Palm Beach. Add that if she refuses you will quit work, give up drink, retire to a monastery, and pine away. If she shows the slightest sign of being offended—if, in fact, she fails to glow with delight, and to give you a buss for your pains—then I shall be glad to hand you an order on my bankers for five thousand dollars cash.

NATHAN

You shake me. But what has all this wisdom to do with the beautiful yaller one?

MENCKEN

Simply this: that the fundamental *principæ* of American *Kultur* forbid you to satisfy the expectation raised by your admiring leer. Our laws, for good or for ill, prohibit alliances between Ethi-

opian and Caucasian, or vice versa, and if not our laws then at least our customs, our *mores*. Thus you agitate the poor girl wantonly and to no good end. No doubt she was on Fifth Avenue in the hope that some visiting French diplomat would get mashed on her. The French not only do not forbid interracial marriages; they regard them as especially romantic. My colored ash-man down in Baltimore, during his services to democracy in France, was married by public outcry to a French lady of the *bourgeoisie*. That marriage did not violate French notions of the fit and proper. The family of the bride, I daresay, would have preferred a legal ceremony, but in war-time they were willing to overlook the technicality. Moreover, the bridegroom is alive to his duty to maintain the bride according to her station in life, and sends her picture postcards every week. But suppose he proposed to bring her out to the United States, and set up housekeeping with her in Baltimore. At once the Ku Klux Klan would visit him, and tar and feather him.

NATHAN

A horrible proof of the barbarism of you Southerners. As for me, though my admiration for colored beauty remains distant and academic, and it would pain me sincerely to hear that any beautiful creole was mooning about me, I must tell you flatly that I think you greatly underestimate the Afro-American character. For a Southerner, you are relatively civilized. I doubt that you have ever taken part personally in burning a concrete dinge at the stake; moreover, I hear that you treat the colored slaves on your estates very decently, and always give something to their pastor when he comes 'round with his hat. Nevertheless, you are a good Confederate at heart, and have all the prejudices that go therewith. What of the time, two or three months ago, when you smuggled in those five cases of Scharzhofberger 1908, and gave that *fête champêtre* you are always talking about? Did you invite any of the local

maduro gentry? Or did you confine the revels to Aryans?

MENCKEN

You talk bosh. I invented no Americans at all. Imagine wasting such precious stuff on an Americano! Good Moselle would gag him, even if white. If black, or brown, or puce-colored, it would kill him out of hand. When I give a soiree for the adjacent Ethiops I serve gin. It is their national drink.

NATHAN

Characteristically, you now seek to becloud the issue. It is not the tastes of the darker races that we are discussing, but their social position under the Republic. If they prefer gin to the still wines, what of it? If you are ever married at all, you will have to marry a woman who drinks gin, or go out to Iowa for your bride.

MENCKEN

I have no plans in that direction. I admire the fair sex, but not to that degree.

NATHAN

Precisely. And it is so that I admire the female Moor. I look, I raise my eyebrows, I cough respectfully, and it is over. If she gets mashed on me, it is her own fault. She is quite as well aware of the statutes against miscegenation as I am. *Caveat emptor*. Her white sisters have no laws to help them. I engaged the glance of that beauteous Senegalese this afternoon in a purely æsthetic and refined spirit. I admired her just as I might have admired "Die Meistersinger," a piece of Tiffany glass, or *faisan truffé* with *sauce chasseur*.

MENCKEN

I dispute your whole case. Æsthetic admiration, when it is directed toward a human female by a human male, is never free from extraneous considerations. Either there is a touch of contempt in it or a touch of reverence. It is my contention that, when you favored that colored girl with your complimentary leer this afternoon, you were far

more the ex-Confederate than I am, or that I have ever been since the days of Reconstruction. In it, whether consciously or not, there was a touch of loathsome Aryan condescension. You knew very well that, had she been white, she might have complained to the police and that they would have forced you to marry her or to pay her damages. And you also knew that, being dark, she had no remedy in jurisprudence.

NATHAN

No remedy? Why should she want a remedy? Does one seek a remedy against a transcendent and ineffable *plaisir*?

MENCKEN

Nevertheless, my point holds. All your answer says is that, in consequence of the backwardness of Negro education in the South, she was unaware of her rights, or, more precisely, of her lack of rights.

NATHAN

(*He looks at his watch.*) God knows what you are talking about now. I can only repeat that I harbored no evil intention. If the poor girl cherishes my image, I can only say that I am sorry. Let her cheer up. Some go-getter of a colored bootlegger will marry her yet.

MENCKEN

Now you give away your whole case. Your tone indicates that your glare, however æsthetic, was without reverence. I contend that it was thus offensive.

NATHAN

But what has reverence to do with a purely æsthetic emotion? I didn't kiss her hand; I simply looked at her.

MENCKEN

Beauty in the human female is almost indistinguishable from reverence in the beholder. The moment a man begins to regard a woman with lofty and appreciative sentiments, that moment he begins to think of her as relatively sightly,

even though she have ears like chrysanthemums and a nose like the lamented Huneker.

NATHAN

Your logic, as always, has as many air-passages as a dried sponge. Pushing your reasoning to its inevitable conclusion, one must believe that because one reveres General Ulysses S. Grant more than one reveres Rodolph Valentino, the General is therefore the more elegant spectacle. You will grant readily enough, I hope, that the average married friend of ours reveres his wife more than he reveres, let us say, the late sweetie, Mlle. Lantelme. But would you argue that he thinks her as beautiful?

MENCKEN

Most certainly. And you know it. The average married man thinks that his wife is the True Lovely One. The moment he stops thinking it, he begins to divert himself by giving booze parties, and you know how many booze parties we are ever invited to by our married friends. But again I fear that I wander. To return to the motif. The African is not beautiful to the Caucasian for the same reason that the latter is not beautiful to the African. Like likes like. It is inevitable. At least in the direction of æsthetics.

NATHAN

Again you fall into error. Isn't it true that a blond Caucasian nine times in ten admires a brunette Caucasian? Well, this is merely the elementary stage in the Caucasian's progress to the æsthetic goal, to his final and critically intelligent admiration of brunette beauty in its complete flower, which is to say, in the dinge. You yourself have freely admitted that the tan damsel was by all odds the best looking human being we saw on the Avenue, yet now you seek to prove that not only was she not good-looking, but that the white houris we passed (whom you have in no unmistakable terms condemned) were in comparison very lovely. You contradict yourself, Mr. Gallagher.

MENCKEN

Absolutely, Mr. Shean. But beauty is itself a contradiction. It goes by favor. Its springs are esoteric. Take a concrete instance. When you were younger, you considered Lillian Russell a great sight for the eyes. Think a minute; look back in your mind's eye to the Lillian Russell you then admired; regard her in terms of what you consider beautiful today. Does not she seem, in this retrospect, vastly less beautiful than you originally believed her to be?

NATHAN

There you break a clay pipe! But it proves nothing. Because one's own standards of beauty change does not mean that beauty itself changes. If, tomorrow, I cease to believe that the chocolate virgin of this afternoon was beautiful, some other virtuoso, quite as *delicat* as I, will continue to regard her as beautiful. One cannot soundly criticize æsthetics in terms of one's personal, changing tastes, any more than one can say that corned beef and cabbage is not sustenance simply because one has acquired dyspepsia.

MENCKEN

What I object to primarily is not your philosophy, but your personal taste. How a man like you, a respectable and moral citizen of the State, the father of eight charming children, and a contributor to the Red Cross, can stoop to such æsthetic slumming, is a something that baffles me. The gal was actually very homely.

NATHAN

No need for bafflement. My personal taste, as you call it, is as low as my morality is high. I admire the dark lady as I admire Mack Sennett, "Boris Godunoff," and sauerkraut. I prefer Florence Mills' singing to Sarah Bernhardt's. I hold that Bert Williams was a handsomer fellow than Lyman Abbott. I would rather watch a pretty girl dance than go to "Troilus and Cressida," "King Lear," or Chicago. And I would a damned sight rather look at our

fair blackbird than at Mrs. Asquith. If this be treason, make the most of it.

MENCKEN

Treason, bosh! It is merely whang-doodle. You try to convince me that the autumn leaf in point was lovely simply on the ground that you *think* she was lovely. You might as well argue that democracy is sound because Brander Matthews thinks it is sound. You and Matthews, in good truth, have a lot in common. You are both essentially Puritans; all Puritans are hypocrites; and it is one of the marks of your own hypocrisy to pretend that you consider a colored gal better-looking than a white one. Yet you don't believe it for a moment. I have been to seven parties with you in the last two weeks, and you fell for a taffy blonde at every one of them. Answer *that*, if you can!

NATHAN

The easiest thing in the world! I take profound pleasure in answering it. That answer, very simply, is this: You are right.

MENCKEN

But why am I right? Or, in a clearer way of putting it, why are *you* wrong?

NATHAN

I may have been bibbing too much.

MENCKEN

No. I watched you. You didn't touch a drop after the fourteenth cock-tail.

NATHAN

Then ascribe it to my invariable courtesy—aye, even chivalry—toward the fair sex. If a lady (provided she be sufficiently toothsome) shows that it would please her if I made signs of admiring her, I am ever gent enough to oblige. More, I am, from long practise, able to negotiate the feat very convincingly. So convincingly, in fact, that on one occasion (the date, as I recall, was November 2, 1898) I almost con-

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vinced myself. If all the lemon meringue blondes you speak of had been pitch black, it would have been all the same to Giorgio. Social grace is social grace.

MENCKEN

You talk like a sophomore. You not only talk, but you lie. The truth about you is that you admired the sooty one of the Avenue not because she was a Sou-danese but because she was a girl. You like gals *qua* gals, and you know it.

NATHAN

Admitted. I inherited the taste from my father, and from his father before him. My great-great-grandfather, in point of fact, married six times, on the third and fourth occasions simultaneously. All these forebears were great connoisseurs of female beauty. My taste for the dusky, however, I did not inherit from them. That comes to me from George Washington, for whom a discerning and foreseeing papa and mamma named me.

MENCKEN

You were named, not for George Washington, but for George Harvey. Your estimable pa foresaw that you would grow up to be a plain dampfool.

NATHAN

You are up a tree, *mon cher*. You find that you have no answer to my arguments and you cover your confusion and embarrassment by calling me names. I resent the insult, though I confess there is something in it. My seconds will wait upon you in the morning.

MENCKEN

Let them wait. I shall leave a call for noon.

NATHAN

Thus again making me edit the damned magazine while you are lolling luxuriously at your ease. What do you choose as weapons?

MENCKEN

I leave 'em to you.

NATHAN

I name highballs.

MENCKEN

At twenty pesos? Never! I name
lager.

NATHAN

Agreed.

MENCKEN

*(Beckoning the waiter) Garçon, the
cl la addition.**(The bill is paid; they exit; they don
coats, hats and sticks; they hail a taxi-
cab; they run over and kill an aged
negro; they arrive home; they play a
duet upon the piano; they say their
prayers; they retire for the night to their
respective lits.)*

Venus Letalis

By George Sterling

BEFORE the least of stars had fled,
Beside the sea I saw her stand,
And she had ivy 'round her head,
And she had cypress in her hand.

Her beauty was too great for men;
And all the gods are dead, men say.
(Lady, wake thou the gods again
And give their passion to dismay!)

- There was no sound along the night
But what the broken billow gave;
And on the sands to left and right
Were footprints leading to the wave.

There the dark sea, where swimmers drown,
Effaced in foam each outward track;
So many, passing dimly down!
So many feet—and none came back!

I know I knelt; but whispered she,
Or was it but a sea-wind's breath?
Softly the music came to me:
"Lo! I am Love, Love that is Death!"

And in that dream I had of her
(Happy or not, what night shall say?)
A sea-wind made the cypress stir,
And I, too, found the seaward way.



The Yea-Sayer

By Yardley Dane

I

IT was the same tonight as always. Mr. Briggs compressed his lips bitterly.

The last to enter the dining-room, his attempts to push his way past the Reverend Robert K. Knowles having proved abortive; the last to be served with soup, scourgings of the pot. A slice less tomato on his salad plate, the same shameful discrimination in the dinner proper. Miss Virginia chiding him that he ate too fast, then her gentle voice:

"May I serve you with some more dinner, Mr. Briggs?"

Mr. Briggs raised his eyes to her face. Gripping pains were incommoding his stomach. He felt an emptiness. He tried to steel himself to resolution. But this vanished as usual before that expression on Miss Virginia's face. Out of the corner of his eye he was aware that the minister, Miss Holloway, the two Harrison boys, and Old Mrs. Grubb were still bent over their plates, but this did not help him, though it served to increase the gnawing pain.

"No, thank you, Miss Virginia," he replied in a low, stifled voice.

Some time afterward the minister, wiping his mouth:

"Truly a wonderful old lady, Mr. Briggs!"

As a matter of course no coffee for Mr. Briggs after the dessert, when Miss Virginia sat down at the end of the table to have a cup with her people. One night, years ago, he had refused coffee. Since then he had never been offered any.

In a state of dogged fury he climbed to his room on the second floor, closed the door, and went to the window. But

next door he was able to glimpse the Farleys grouped about the family table. Mr. Farley was ladling something from a large dish, so he pulled down the shade savagely and, feeling under his haberdashery in the top drawer of the bureau, produced a box of crackers and began to munch despondently. There came a gentle knock on the door. Desperately, Mr. Briggs, seated on the bed, attempted to conceal the crackers. But, before he could mumble a response, Miss Virginia had opened the door, and was standing just inside the threshold.

She never came all the way into the room. She was too refined for anything like that. She came from an old Southern family and prided herself on her elegant manners, even though for twenty years it had been incumbent upon her to take in paying guests. Her father had died twelve years ago. Mr. Briggs had been with her fifteen. There she stood, her pale hands clasped upon her dark dress, her wistful eyes regarding him reproachfully from beneath her beautiful white hair.

Mr. Briggs tried to rise, but found himself powerless to do so. He tried desperately to stimulate the flow of saliva in his mouth that he might swallow its dry cracker contents and speak. In this also he found himself unsuccessful. And Miss Virginia was saying:

"I know you won't mind if I ask you please not to eat food in your room, Mr. Briggs, as it brings the mice. I've been hearing them in the walls, and this morning when I was tidying up your drawers I noticed a cracker box in the top one. Of course if it was anyone but you I might hesitate to speak—" she flashed him a gentle smile.

Then she turned away slightly, blinking her large soft eyes—then recovered herself bravely, "Poor dear father!—but after all, one must be brave and very thankful for dear kind friends."

Mr. Briggs' face was purple with effort. A tickling had commenced in his nose. He felt like rising to his feet, and roaring, "Leave the room, Madam!" But he was afraid to open his mouth. Suddenly it flew open, and Miss Virginia, recoiling with a low, well-bred cry of alarm, began to remove morsels of semi-masticated food from her drapery. After a glance at the floor, the bed, and then Mr. Briggs, she left the room, closing the door quietly behind her.

But Mr. Briggs was aroused. Here he had been in this house fifteen years, and night after night he went to bed *hungry*. He clenched his fists as the full irony of the situation confronted him. For Miss Virginia was proud of his corpulence as an advertisement for her table.

He groaned. Only he himself understood how the rotundity of his body was no criterion of its nourishment. His flesh was flabby, lacking in healthy resiliency, the substance was wanting, the vitality, the life.

Nor was this his only grievance. The cat came upstairs in the daytime, while he was away, and lay on his bed. It was a long-haired Algerian animal, wild-looking, that scurried about the house like a rat, leaving its fur on the furniture. It entered his closet and clawed at his suits; and he was a tidy, methodical man, who brushed coat and trousers carefully, pulling out the flaps, removing all articles from the pockets, and smoothing out the cloth as he arranged it on the hanger. Once it had misbehaved itself more grossly.

Mr. Briggs leaned over the quilt. His eyes narrowed. Sure enough, just as he had expected, there were six long hairs in the usual spot.

Nor was this all. As the friend of the family he was expected to keep the lawn neat, to trim the hedge. When Miss Virginia fell ill it had fallen to his lot to distribute food at the table. She

often requested him to empty the garbage pail, run out for provisions, deliver notes to tradespeople explaining why she might be a little late paying her bills. Always served last, a whisper in the ear, "I know you don't mind, Mr. Briggs!"—always the worst cut of the roast, the neck of the fowl, or some equally unappetizing portion, and his bed not made up until late in the evening, frequently not at all on Sundays.

And all this in return for what? For kindness, consideration, regard. Because he had been unfortunate enough to come to this accursed place during the lifetime of the dear departed father. Because he had pitied the woman on the decease of the old man, and had remained here ever since.

"It is so wonderful to know that my real friends will not desert me in my hour of sorrow!" He remembered that.

"Because he was a *gentleman*, so different from my other people, though, goodness knows, they're all so nice to me." He remembered *that*, too. Everything taken for granted. His feet bound before he had taken a step.

"Truly a wonderful old lady, Mr. Briggs!"

That confounded preacher. Easy for him to say this when it was known that the man of God was wont to change his boarding place promptly as soon as the fare fell off, and accordingly received liberal portions. Wonderful old lady!

Suddenly, in a glow of enthusiasm, rapt-eyed, Mr. Briggs visualized a scene. Himself one of the protagonists. Miss Virginia, relevant to nothing, as usual, heaving a customary sigh, "Poor dear father!—but after all—!" Himself, roaring, "I'm not at all interested in your poor dear father, Miss Virginia. If he has received his deserts he has certainly gone to hell. As I remember him he was a dirty old man. *A dirty old man!* And you, Miss Virginia, *are a detestable old hag!*"

Mr. Briggs shuddered. The spiritual effort had been exhausting. Now that he was down to earth again in his room he felt limp and weak. What was the matter with him, he thought wretchedly.

Wasn't it the truth? Of course it was. Then why didn't he come out with it honestly and fearlessly like a man?

There occurred to his mind a phrase that he had heard used by the lower classes—heading in. It struck him now as possessing a singular aptness. Why didn't he rear up on his hind legs and tell this old woman where to head in? Why didn't he? Mr. Briggs' imagination became of a sudden unusually nimble. Subway manholes, swiftly moving trains, rock-crushers, even dead-fall coon traps that he remembered from his boyhood days; any contrivance for that matter into which Miss Virginia might be constrained to thrust the upper part of her body, and from which there would be no possibility of her emerging intact. Printed matter flitted before his eyes:

A terrible accident has been brought to the attention of the magistrate. Last Thursday Joe Pierce set his bear traps as usual along Mud Creek. He says that he was not expecting immediate results. This morning, however, the body of an old woman was found in the trap placed at the northeast corner of Goose Island. This was one of Joe's new steel traps with extra-powerful jaws. Not a bone in the old woman's body remained unbroken. She has been identified as Miss Virginia McClellan, daughter of H. B. McClellan of Confederate fame. The H. B. McClellan family is now entirely extinct.

Mr. Briggs' lips had parted, and he was staring with shiny eyes. But the report did not seem quite complete, even yet. Then a postscript swept by:

Foul play has come to light. Medical authorities have produced as evidence the handkerchief of the Reverend Robert K. Knowles with which the aged lady was gagged, and which she had swallowed during the convulsions that ensued while being dragged to the trap and being thrust bodily therein by the minister. The Reverend Knowles has been convicted of the outrage, and will be hanged on the first of the month.

And a P.S.S. that cost Mr. Briggs beads of perspiration in the effort of conception:

The person and the deceased lady are suspected of intimacy in the past.

Mr. Briggs fell back upon the bed, almost in a state of swoon. Then came the inevitable reaction. Why was all this nothing but a dream; why did not these things happen in actual life when he wished them so intensely? Because he was afraid, spineless, without character. Because in reply to that diabolical bit of quizzing on the part of Miss Virginia, constraining him to answer in the negative, he did not possess the courage to leap to his feet, thump his fist on the table, or shake it under the good woman's nose, and shout in her face:

"Certainly I will have some more dinner! More of it and better quality this time too! Good rich brown gravy like that ecclesiastical hog is wetting his muzzle with, and a large cut of the same meat! Fill up the side-dishes also! Now get about your business!"

Mr. Briggs groaned. If only the world of dreams were not so infinitely remote. If only, like little Alice, he might walk into the looking glass, assume the enormous proportions of some fabulous monster, and meet Miss Virginia lost in a dark wood.

He put on his hat and coat gloomily and left the house.

II

To no one had Mr. Briggs ever confided the true state of his mind. But tonight he was keyed to an unusual pitch of excitement. So he went to see his friend, Apollonius Hoopes, who had for years successfully conducted a business in second-hand books. Here was a man who out of his large fund of book-learning and erudition might be able to give sound advice. Surely in the long annals of history there must have been established a precedent for conduct in this case. Bitterly, in a low impassioned voice, and withholding no detail, no

matter how insignificant, Mr. Briggs laid bare the whole problem before his friend.

Apollonius Hoopes was small and thin. He wore a silver and black linen jacket, and a skull cap. He stood in the middle of the floor, firmly planted upon his two short legs, listening intently, while Mr. Briggs, crouched over the table, stated his case.

"Hag-ridden!" cried Mr. Briggs, despairingly, reaching his climax. "Hag-ridden by that abominable woman!"

"Sssh!" Apollonius Hoopes cautioned him, "there is no need to be discouraged. But it would be decidedly unwise to demean yourself by taking physical measures. High moral courage alone is necessary for the effective handling of this business. I take from my pocket a small volume replete with invaluable aphorisms. For you there is necessary a holy *Yea!* unto life. You must become a *Yea-Sayer*. I read: 'What is the great dragon which the spirit is no longer inclined to call Lord and God?—your spirit. *Thou-Shalt*, is the great dragon called. But the spirit of the lion saith *I Will!*'

"No need at all for you to become excited and use offensive remarks when this woman addresses you. She asks you, 'Will you have some more dinner, Mr. Briggs?' You assume an erect position in your chair, look her squarely in the eye, and reply quietly and composedly, 'Yes.' Just the one word—no more is necessary. Do you understand?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Briggs, in a low voice.

A light had entered his eyes. He heard those words still in all their simple potency, clear and beautiful like a clarion call. *But the spirit saith I Will!*

Apollonius turned a number of pages with his thumb until he reached one which from the soiled paper and turned down edge was obviously more significant and familiar to him than the others. He was about to read again, when he left the room for a moment.

"Just wanted to make certain that Mrs. Hoopes isn't lying down in the next room. Sometimes she takes a nap

after eating and I wouldn't want to disturb her," he explained to Mr. Briggs.

His figure was more erect, his manner more jaunty than before. Mr. Briggs regarded him enviously. Could he himself only attain to such a degree of self-assurance?

"A great truth that I'm about to read to you," said Apollonius Hoopes briskly, "Not one of those things that don't mean anything. You bear it well in mind and you won't need to worry, Mr. Briggs. *Thou goest to women? Do not forget thy whip!*"

Apollonius Hoopes listened. Not a sound in the house other than the echoes of his own voice. He shouted the words again, his face triumphant, "*Thou goest to women? Do not forget thy whip!*"

Pale and excited, Mr. Briggs leaned forward.

"Who said that?"

Apollonius Hoopes drew himself up to his full height.

"*Thus spake Zarathustra!*" he boomed.

He then shook hands with Mr. Briggs, impressed upon him again the necessity for becoming a *Yea-Sayer*, wished him good luck, and requested to be kept posted on future events.

Mr. Briggs left the house in a daze.

III

BUT it was only a few days later that the privacy of Apollonius Hoopes was broken into by Mr. Briggs as the venerable bibliophile was in the act of dusting distinguished but antiquated editions of Holy Writ and arranging them neatly in the ten cent alley alongside Paphian Mysteries. Groping for words, and obviously in severe physical distress, Mr. Briggs told his tale.

On returning from business that evening a peculiar odor coupled with animal noises had startled him as he entered his room. Neither odor nor noise was such as he had come to associate with the cat. Then, at a loud screech close to his ear, he had become simultaneously aware of a cockatoo in a cage beside his bed and a small ape penned within the

upstairs porch into which his room opened.

Miss Virginia had explained that the pets were the property of an old friend who was leaving town for a few weeks, and had confided them to her care. They needed quiet. Then there was Lulu to be considered. Lulu was jealous, and had attacked Daniel already downstairs in the parlor, as the latter was going through some of his tricks; she had also made several feints with her paw at Cæsar as he sat in his cage quietly cracking a nut. So Miss Virginia had taken them upstairs where they would be quite safe. Daniel could stay outside except when the weather was bad, in which event she was confident that Mr. Briggs would not mind his having a corner of the room to nestle in.

Miss Virginia might have been timid about going to one of the ordinary paying guests, but she was glad that she did not have to feel this way with Mr. Briggs. For sheltering the little creatures in the absence of their mistress she was receiving a small honorarium, and when one was alone in the world and quite dependent upon the kindness of one's friends every little bit did count so much. She knew Mr. Briggs would understand.

To Mr Briggs' amazement, Apollonius Hoopes, on the receipt of this information, after sitting chin in hand a moment, leaped suddenly to his feet, wrung his hand silently, patted him on the shoulder, and betrayed every sign of an extraordinary delight.

"You are indeed fortunate," said Apollonius; "fate has come to your assistance in a singular way. For you must know that the great Persian philosopher, Zarathustra, was never without his animals, the serpent, and the eagle. They accompanied him into the wilderness, comforted him in his loneliness—"

"These were not an unclean ape and a cockatoo," protested Mr. Briggs.

"We are living in another age," Apollonius Hoopes reminded him, "—brought him food—!"

Mr. Briggs displayed interest.

"How's that?" he exclaimed.

"For the Yea-Sayer there is much to be gained by intercourse with animals," said Apollonius Hoopes; "they are persistent, they are courageous, their actions are significant, and they do not dissipate their energies in speech. You are indeed fortunate. Such apparent coincidences as this indeed restore one's confidence in a Divine Eye that sees all. Now that you are under the influence of this stimulus I prognosticate significant action on your part in the near future. Let me hear from you again soon."

Mr. Briggs took the hand of his friend, and held it a long while in silent gratitude. At last he was able to speak.

"You think then that I do not stand alone in this matter, that an Omnipotence watches over my welfare, that the Good Shepherd has not lost sight of His Lamb?" he inquired with timid hope.

"At this very moment you are drawing reserve strength from the Infinite!" said Apollonius Hoopes, briskly.

"Since my last visit to you I have spent much time with rough savage men of the lower classes," said Mr. Briggs, "and their diction, if crude, I find remarkably pertinent to the matter in hand, and to my liking." His eyes flashed. "That will be a night not soon forgotten! Already I visualize the scene. I shall work toward a climax. I shall tell the old girl to go to hell if she starts any monkey-business. I shall tell her that she is unclean in her habits. I shall call her a trollop, a—"

Apollonius Hoopes raised a reproving hand. "All this will be unnecessary if you have acquired the right spiritual strength. You will simply lean forward and deliver a thunderous *Yea!* when she poses the question. Then she will bend to your will like a willow before the gale."

IV

MR. BRIGGS went away walking on air. During the days following he could feel the spiritual metamorphosis he was undergoing. His blood raced in his veins. His unappeased appetite seemed

to steel his muscles and sharpen his eye. The counsel of the great Persian philosopher thundered in his ears. The spirit of the lion saith *I Will!*

On occasions, when Miss Virginia in circling about the dining table placed her hand affectionately upon his shoulder, he felt like seizing it with his teeth and roaring like that mighty beast of the jungle. His very features seemed to be suffering a transformation. His gray hair bristled about his face with a leonine effect. He saw a cruel glitter in his eye. By dusk, he cut himself a staff in the creek-bottom that he could prowl about his room at night, slapping his leg with it, and repeating, "Thou goest to women? Do not forget thy whip!" Then, suddenly, he would place himself in a defensive attitude, and growl, "Head out of here, old girl! Get me straight on this!—head out of this room, or I'll knock you for a gool!"

His mental exhilaration waxed day by day. He overlooked lack of co-operation on the part of his animals. True, on one occasion, when Lulu, appearing suddenly from an unexpected quarter, launched an attack upon Cæsar, the bird seized her by the ear with his beak. But, in the ensuing fracas, the bird released its legitimate prey, and Mr. Briggs was engaged by both animals. On another, the outcome was equally unfortunate. It was late at night, the house was quiet, Mr. Briggs had transported Daniel to the kitchen entrance, and stood behind the hall curtains waiting results. But the little animal returned empty-handed, with Lulu in hot pursuit.

Despite the assurances of Apollonius Hoopes, Mr. Briggs' attitude toward the animals remained antagonistic. The ape was malodorous, the bird polished its beak on the bars of the cage during the night and the noise kept him awake. Once when he was lowering the hood over the cage it seized him by the finger. On three separate occasions Daniel escaped from his pen into the room. This happened at night once and Mr. Briggs awoke from a horrible nightmare to feel little hands playing with his face, and

the monkey established astride his chest. The constant antagonism between ape and cat made him nervous when both of them were around. Nor was he pleased when all at once this enmity seemed to evaporate, and returning from business one evening, he found the two of them lying amicably side by side upon his bed.

But all this was of minor importance. The main thing was that Mr. Briggs felt his spiritual confidence rising. He knew that he was rapidly approaching the point when he could tackle Miss Virginia and emerge triumphant. And just because Apollonius Hoopes *did* have confidence in what he termed the silent encouragement of the animals Mr. Briggs resolved to delay action until the night of the day when they were removed from the house.

Then he would stand alone. The credit for victory would rightfully belong to him, and to no one else. He refused to share it. Thus, it seemed to him, would have spoken the great Persian philosopher, Zarathustra.

At last the momentous day arrived. The animals were gone. Mr. Briggs stood alone in his room, with the windows open, breathing the pure evening air. He had invited Apollonius to supper. In ten minutes it would be ready.

He strode up and down. Now that the fateful moment had come at last he was stirred by a secret agitation. Even so, he considered, must the fathers of the country have been affected when they framed the far-reaching Declaration of Independence. He put his hands in his pockets, passed them across his face, took up the staff from its place of concealment in the closet, and felt the knotted handle with his fingers. Now he heard the voice of Apollonius Hoopes in the hall below. He went down to receive him.

"No violence, or abuse—remember!" urged Apollonius, "only the whole-souled firmness of a man who can say *Yea!* in such a voice that everyone knows he means it."

Mr. Briggs nodded. He felt very nervous. But this vanished when he heard

the playful voice of the Reverend Robert K. Knowles in the hall, "And what do we have tonight, my dear Miss Virginia? Something good as usual, I suppose!"

"I'll fix his feet when I'm through with the old gal!" growled Mr. Briggs.

Apollonius Hoopes seized his hand. "I beg of you—!"

Suddenly Miss Virginia's silver hair appeared in the dim light of the hall. A bell tinkled.

"Push the hog aside!—trample him down!" breathed Mr. Briggs, as the Reverend Robert K. Knowles assumed his traditional place in the van of the procession.

But Apollonius Hoopes stepped politely aside, and as usual Mr. Briggs' attempt proved abortive.

As he seated himself Mr. Briggs' ire began to rise. He knew that he would see this thing through now. Here he was jammed in at the end of the table with his friend. Scarcely able to move. All the room in the world for the divine. His arm shaken by Old Mrs. Grubb and soup spilled on the clean tablecloth. Then a look from Miss Virginia that made his blood boil. He'd give her something to look sad and reproachful about in a minute.

Less salad on his plate than usual. Scarcely any dinner at all. A long piece of fat, potatoes hard and unpalatable, cold side-dish. The minister eating away, wiping his mouth occasionally, and heaving animal sighs of satisfaction. Apollonius Hoopes also served with an excellent portion. Miss Holloway, the two Harrison boys, and Old Mrs. Grubb bent low over their plates, the last soaking up thick gravy with a piece of bread. His meat dry and tough. Gravy very thin. And now, Apollonius Hoopes leaning toward him whispering:

"She's really a very old woman, Briggs. I'm afraid I didn't quite understand—!"

The minister, across the table to Apollonius Hoopes, as Miss Virginia left the room a moment, "Truly a wonderful old lady, don't you think,

Mr. Hoopes?" . . . Apollonius Hoopes in reply, "Truly a wonderful old lady, Reverend Knowles!"

The minister wiping his mouth again. Apollonius Hoopes wiping *his* mouth also. Everyone around the table lifting napkins and wiping greedy mouths. Only Mr. Briggs, sitting immobile, hands in lap, with no cause to wipe.

Alone, animals gone, basely deserted by Apollonius Hoopes in the hour of need! Mr. Briggs clenched his fists beneath the table. Well, let them look to themselves, for they had aroused the devil in him now. The realization of his utter loneliness inspired him. He knew nothing could stop him now.

Well and good, if the woman obeyed promptly, but if she made the slightest move to oppose his will he would cast aside all restraint and run amuck. Over would go the festive board. Striking furiously to right and to left, he would head straight for the minister. Not even Old Mrs. Grubb, bent and feeble, should be able to restrain him. If she lifted a finger to hinder him, he would trample her ruthlessly under foot. And when he had finished this end of the business, *God help Miss Virginia*.

A hand appeared, grasped his plate. The moment had come. He saw Miss Virginia's lips about to move. For one instant as he looked into her eyes, he felt the horrid fascination that had held him in abeyance so many hungry years. Then he knew that victory was his.

He had stared her down. In one tiny second he had wiped aside the baneful influence that year by year had forced him nearer the grave. At last he was the master of his fate, and the captain of his soul. The spirit of the great Persian philosopher had entered into him. In unison, from their united lips, would leap forth that thunderous *Yea!*

"Have you had enough of everything, Mr. Briggs?" inquired Miss Virginia, pleasantly.

Triumphantly, Mr. Briggs leaned forward.

"Yes!" he cried shrilly.

Miss Virginia patted his shoulder affectionately and removed his plate.

Curvature of the Heart

By Charles G. Shaw

I

NO woman has ever been deceived by a man's declaration of his love for her. Many have wished to be.

II

THE average woman is interested in other women only in so far as the other women are attractive to men. What those qualities are that the other woman possesses is what intrigues her. Wherein the other woman fetches the man whom she herself has failed to nab is what will cause her to cajole, flatter, gush over and embrace—with all the enthusiasm of a schoolgirl—the female she would gladly view prostrated on the rack.

III

It is true that women are more suspicious than men. Especially those who have had experience with men.

IV

IN any love affair of truly tremendous passion there are few moments of happiness, of contentment, of ease. One is always scheming, plotting or contriving. There is invariably a rival suitor, an interested "friend," a tattling informer. It is only when the affair has completely ended that one may breathe with quietude.

V

ALL women possess one characteristic in common: that in the matter of love no two react alike.

VI

WOMEN amuse men by being comedians while making love; men amuse women by being tragedians.

VII

THE second-rate man wins the first-rate woman far more often than the first-rate man wins the second-rate woman. The fellow of inferior calibre will shelve his dignity, his principles, his pride for the sake of his ambition; it is the end rather than the means that interests him, and how the result may be effected is of secondary moment to him. The majority of first-rate men, on the other hand, soon abandon the notion of winning any woman at all.

VIII

No man ever loved a woman on account of her efficiency.

IX

IN the game of love a man hurls boomerangs into the air which he hopes to avoid, fully realizing that he cannot.

X

A LOVE affair of the young depends upon illusion; a love affair of the old depends upon digestion.

XI

A SUPERABUNDANCE of egotism on the part of a man and of vanity on the part of a woman are the chief causes for the disruption of a love affair. Likewise, they are the chief causes for the occurrence of a love affair.

The Whole Art of a Wooden Leg

(An Essay)

By Laurence Stallings

"He jests at scars, who never felt a wound—"

I

I RECALL a man with two artificial legs who was a source of reckless inspiration to amputation cases at an army hospital, following the adventures of the Wilson Boys at Home and Abroad. He had been wearing his timber toes for twenty years, and he had such a firm belief in this means of locomotion that he transmitted his optimism to the doughboys—undoubtedly the hardest won converts of any proselytizing uplifter. One soldier with a double amputation immediately began the study of ranching at the hospital vocational school, following his conversion, saying that now since he was starting anew in life, he was done with clerkships in the city. The great wide open spaces for him, he insisted, and he longed to clamp his laminated knees around some wall-eyed, rip-snorting pinto of a cow hoss. This Don Quixote soon had enlisted a corporal to ride the range with him, and he chose for his Sancho Panza, one badly pruned and docked by a light Maxim rifle.

I never heard again from their brave venture, for I was transferred to another hospital shortly after they commenced the course. Yet, when the sun is sometimes sinking over the Hotel Astor, and I am clinging to the rail that winds down into the caverns of the subway under

Times Square, shifting the lumber leg from step to step, I grow downright envious of those two boys on the plains as they go about their simple tasks of breaking stallions and roping cow critters.

Magazines were at pains to uplift soldiers who shed a leg or two for the cause of Liberty Bonds. They published narratives of thrilling battles gained by cripples in the face of terrific commercial odds, with the usual happy ending in a bank president's office for some chap who came to pieces every night just before retiring. I was in an amputation ward at the time they began to appear, and can testify these one-sided epics were received with unflagging admiration by the men awaiting a second blooming. Recently the stories and articles have changed complexion. Now the authors exude fun and comicality, and chortle to describe the joys of owning a harelip or of possessing a couple of club feet. Long may their ills wax feeble, if particular amusement is derived from them.

Yet in this five-foot shelf of ambulatory Iliads, not once has a narrator been thoughtful to describe the bits of daily deftness that diffuse into and color the complexion of life. We have shared with limping Ulysses the ardors and trials of the commercial and financial wanderings. But what a pegleg Hercules at a garden party? How now of crutchful Theseus, entraining, not to slay the Minotaur but to catch the Bronx Express?

II

IN this essay there may be some pointers for those about to become one-legged men, or preparing to gird on their first brightly varnished extremity, but nothing could be farther from its intent than the business of cheering them up. I address myself primarily to my public, that army of men and women who eye me suspiciously in the church, the theatre and the busy marts of trade; to those who are highly curious about this unsatisfactory adjunct to locomotion and whose name, like the leaves of the Black Forest, is legion.

The most admirable mutile I recall was Long John Silver. Stevenson wrought this bit of sterling Silver from an old crony, imagining how his friend might conduct himself were he shorn of a thigh and set aboard the *Hispaniola* as a pirate bound for Treasure Island. Long John was essentially a noble man, whether one subscribes to his patents of nobility or not, and he wore his crutch with the feathery grace of a Fragonard Shepherdess. John Silver was no sordid murderer of the type that Conan Doyle describes in "The Sign of the Four," that avenging convict who unstrapped his leg and clove through the skull of the island guard. Stevenson was too discerning to strap a leg to the brutal sprite that danced in Silver's breast. He carved the man free from such a dragging association. Long John needed no ribband to stick in his coat as a sop to vanity. His crutch was his decoration, a very pointer to his wit, and a fearsome weapon in a fray.

So in discussing the whole art of a wooden leg, let it be understood that this impedimental aid to locomotion ties one securely to the wooden things of life. One can never soar, even after a trolley car. Stevenson sensed this when he left Silver free to fling away his disability with a single gesture and scale the stockade fence without a hand-up, after he

had spat in the spring. R. L. S. showed himself a master in the characterization. How many who fashion romantic tales bring their hero home with an empty coatsleeve! But Stevenson, as I remember, is the only author brave enough to pour romance into an empty pant-leg.

Long John Silver's attitude toward life is best for a one-legged man; a certain humble impudence hedged him like divinity doth a king. William Hazlitt, as Stevenson says somewhere, stated that a fresh, natural impudence is the best friend of a young man. Most of us who saved the world for "Democracy" are yet youngish, and Hazlitt offers excellent counsel. One must not mistake this impudent carriage to imply a thick-skinned temerity. Impudence is not a quality of being phlegmatic, either; one must remain a bit too sensitive, and yet conceal this under a mask of spirited daring.

To illustrate the point, let us take the business of a wooden-legger entering an elevator, which entails a certain rash and preliminary plan of attack. The elevator of a modern sky-scraper rises like an adder and drops like a hawk. Your uniped is nearly certain of losing his balance at the origin of either the upward or the downward stress. He might by heroic measures restore his equilibrium, but the feat requires much waving of arms, and it is unpleasant to apologize for having driven an old lady's nose glasses into her eyes. Therefore, it is artful to select a large, quietly well-dressed man, and to assume a position in convenient proximity upon entering the car. At the slightest disturbance of one's balance after the operator shuts the gates, one must lunge fiercely into the large person. In this way one offends only a single person. He has been chosen previously as a man with an air of good breeding; one who will accept the merest nod of apology. His bulk has prevented the lunging impulse from being transferred to

other persons within the car. It is all most simply done.

III

IF only some of these gentlemen who air their successful ills in the magazines might have given us the technique. I have painfully felt out for myself! If we had known the proper form when we left hospitals two years ago, how many slings and arrows of an awkward etiquette all of us might have avoided. The fact that a one-legged man works his way to the presidency of a bank is nothing extraordinary. Everyone knows that bank presidents are selected for their heads. The life story of a one-legged chorus girl who won the banker would be more interesting, and intensely informative. To be sure, if the chairman of the board of a large federal depository happens to be a half-wit, there is a profitable article in the making. He might tell us just how he contrived to submerge the bad half of his wit during his early years at stockholders' meetings. And he could throw in some human interest details on how once, when called upon to reply to the Comptroller of the Currency at a Rotary banquet, he arose and whistled the first six bars of "Oh, Listen to the Mocking Bird."

While we lay in hospitals in plaster casts, waiting for the St. Louis Churn and Cider Press Company to make an allotment of legs, regulation Victory No. 1, Army specifications, series A, Mark iii, why did not some cripple write an essay on "The Comparative Methods of One-Legged Men in Viewing the Drama"? Theatre-going takes more concentration than any other pursuit of the one-legger. From the outset there must be strict adherence to certain details. It is advisable to obtain an aisle seat, but if the show is at all popular the four minute men have staked out claims along the aisle long before the duration of the war men

have scraped together enough pennies to buy into the house at all. So one plunks down the cash for two seats in row seventeen, screws up all the impudence he can muster, and sets out for a pleasant evening.

Creeping through the crowded row, one is sure to encounter a woman who looks at one through her lorgnette, frowns and straightway decides to remain seated while this strange, gawky creature waddles past. She regrets this decision when one's heavy, curly maple foot is planted fairly upon her satin shod toes. There is practically no sensation in a curly maple foot, and the whole weight of the body is shifted to the wooden socket before the woman drops her lorgnette and begins her outcry. Even then there is an appreciable lapse of time before one can grope about in this constricted space for a fresh purchase for the foot with sensation, and remove the sensational one to less painful surroundings. It is best to maintain an air of superb indifference during the performance that follows, no matter how often she or others in her party glower at one.

Sitting in the aisle seat does not require as much nonchalance as the in-the-middle style, unless a woman sits directly ahead. I recall once being placed in this situation with a shiver of embarrassment. I became absorbed in a drama unfolding itself upon the stage and paid scant heed to the erring foot. The hero of the play was kissing his sweetheart in fond farewell, while offstage the drums of his gallant regiment were thumping martially. The drum beats evoked memories, and while its owner became stirred by them the ubiquitous extremity crept forward and nestled companionably among the feet of the woman ahead. I was first made aware of this highly objectionable familiarity, impersonal though it certainly was, by the woman's mother, who turned and glared for a moment

before denouncing me in firm, well-heard tones.

The experienced uniped theatre-goer should learn to park his badge of patriotism in the aisle. There it will lurk to beset the citizens of a grateful republic. At least those who stumble over it there can glower their heads off and be no better for it in the semi-darkness of the house.

IV

A WOODEN leg is priceless in the matter of sports. Few of us can make even the poorest attempts on a tennis court, and most of us avoid owning a racquet at all. Now tennis is a queer pursuit in one respect; all who play should be of skill and aptitude for the game, for nothing is so lamentable as a poor tennis-player. Potential Tildens look upon duffers with extreme disfavor, and by their glances seem to demand of the booby why he should disgrace this ancient test of muscle co-ordination and skill. Therefore your one-legger not only does not play, but exaggerates how well he could play before the war, without being looked upon as an up-start liar.

On the other hand, he can play golf after a fashion and with a perfect alibi. He probably tops his drive without all the preliminary wiggling that usually precedes this miserable performance. But his alibi is puncture proof; not his own well-schooled sense of rhythm and direction caused this lamentable failure, but the knee joint, having recently been tightened at the leg garage, disarticulated too quickly at the peak of the motion.

There is a technique I have worked out for one-leggers who follow football games. Obviously one cannot enjoy a game in the cramped quarters of the grandstand, especially if the leg is going to trip every other spectator who passes, eyes intent upon the kick-off. So it is advisable to obtain a seat upon the side-lines. Here

one's position is precarious indeed, and gives a sporting zest to the entire excursion; your one-legged man cannot spring quickly out of the path of three maddened halfbacks pursuing a fumbled ball into the crowds. But, you ask, shall one sit behind a large person, as in the elevator instance? Not a bit of it!

The large person might be an excellent bulwark were the match one with high power rifles, but not for a football game. One should sit by a frail, elderly person. Then when the crucial fumble occurs, and all about one are dashing wildly from the course of the cyclonic halfbacks, one can by force of arms long trained in swinging ape-like along subway cars, pin the frail elderly person to one's breast as a bulckler against the attack and injury. Your, large man would break away where the hapless elderly person hasn't power to tear from your frantic arms. This, with possible slight variation, is a technique applicable to basketball, baseball and all games played with hard missiles.

The Eighteenth Amendment has been a great boon to the whole art of a wooden leg. Nothing has so contributed to artistic self-restraint among the wall flowers at a dance as the absence of the country club bar. Only extraordinary skill in using a wooden leg, or a colossal vanity, permits of one dancing even with one's wife. Naturally a one-legger would be turned into a bar fly of the first order were there a bar to buzz around. I even now can recall the peculiar fragrance of the veterans who told me stories of Lee and Grant when as a child I watched the old men gather for reunions. And I can understand now why so many of them drank. There was nothing else left for them to do. Impudence fails me bleaky at a dance. There is no consolation save that which comes in a bottle, or in a certain philosophical viewpoint, as in Chaucer's confession to Rousemounde:

*"That at a revel whan that I see you
daunce,
It is an oynement unto my wounde,
Though ye to me ne do no daliaunce."*

Lest the reader should think this post-war existence only a series of embarrassments for the salvage from civilization's greatest conflict, I must hasten to offer proof to the contrary. Every day in a sizable city is a series of shivery excitements. There is small need for a one-legger to mourn because he can never again hunt tigers in India or elephants in the Congo. What could be fairer sport than matching wits with taxi-drivers and staking lives against a fifty dollar fine for some dowager in an elephantine limousine? Tiger hunters have rifles, and ivory hunters may always flee to trees for safety. Here in New York, with all of us figuratively on the edge of the jungle, rifles and trees are taboo, and the sport is more equalized.

Here your one-legged man is a type that can neither depend upon self preservation by flight, nor can he stand and repel the shock of those carnivoræ capable of overtaking him. So what does our good Mother Nature do for this uniped? She gives his brain a nice sense in calculating the speed of automobiles that bipeds do not possess. She endows him with a sixth sense in divining just what taxicab may be stopped by an uplifted hand. This biological abnormality, therefore, with his curiously

equipped brain, arrives at a crossing where there is no corner cop, in the midst of the after-theatre traffic.

A glance up and down the fairway, and a second swift survey of the side streets, and he boldly plunges out into the danger zone. He has calculated to a fraction of a second just when all cars crowding on this particular crossing will pass any number of given points. His pace is a swinging, rhythmical one by nature of his artificial propulsion, and if the streets are at all oily, he can neither retard nor accelerate his speed. He must continue forward.

Could anything be more exciting? Here in a sordid city he is having all the thrills of those gentlemen who play polo and thus arouse their atrophied senses of self-preservation. His heart is beating fast, a joyous tom-tom of fear and exhilaration, as the switch of a fender brushes his coat; another beast slightly to the rear passes across his trail with an angry whirr, lashing its non-skid chains in fury. A long black monster, able to crush him without a sound, purrs past without having spotted him. Still he continues, rhythmically and slowly, across the trail. He is almost out of danger when, like a tiger in its fury, a yellow beast of a cab is upon him. With the faith of Joshua your curious animal raises his hand swiftly, agonizingly, and the brakes whine with suppressed ferocity as the hunted one gains the sanctuary of the sidewalk!



PROGRESS—the club, the axe, the pyre, the rope, the guillotine, the firing squad, the electric chair.



TO succeed with women, be funny but don't be witty.



The Sprite of the Bower

By Phyllis Jackson

THEY built a marble hall, polishing the floor till all lights and colors were reflected there. High above they draped a silken curtain with an exquisite pattern bordering it. They massed huge banks of graceful feathery plants, ferns so cool and green that one seemed to hear the trickle of water in dim forests. Purple asters, sweet-scented carnations, delicate trailing vines, frail orchids and great golden chrysanthemums clustered against the green. Palms, with their leaves brushing the floor, drooped protectingly over bowls of gleaming amber fish. Rose and blue rays of light flooded the scene.

Therein they placed the 1923 model of the Ford coupé.



Satisfaction

By André Saville

THE ancient Lothario sat at his fireside and smiled serenely to himself. It was his eighty-first birthday and he was delighted. He realized that hereafter women meant absolutely nothing to him.



A WOMAN is romantic before and after, but never during love. Before it comes it is a thrilling adventure; after it goes it is a tender memory; but while it lasts it is a serious business proposition, not to be trifled with.



LIFE is the supreme bungler, and its own greatest enemy. Invariably it squeezes the tear-ducts dry; invariably there is nothing left to do but to laugh.



A MAN spends half his life making a damned fool of himself, and the other half trying to explain how it happened.



August Moon

By K. K.

I

“**S**TATE Cabin, sir?” James Holt, purser and most conscientious employe of the steam packet service, Southampton-St. Malo, studied voluminous notes. “Quite right, sir. Cabin ‘D.’”

Then, as the applicant manipulated one of those individual pocket-books which make the beholder vow, when next in need of one, to find the replica:

“Traveling home rather before your time, aren’t you, sir?”

Bryan Carstairs, slightly taken aback, took closer survey of his interlocutor, smiled the charming smile which had carried him satisfactorily, and without much greater effort to appeal, through his thirty-one years of life, and reflected yet once again that it is the good tips of this world that bring men recognition.

“So you remember me?”

“July eighteenth—gray tweed suit—leather golf bag and one h’abnormally large suitcase, sir. If you’ll excuse my mentioning it.”

The hint sufficed. Yet another ten shilling note passed between the official and his passenger, thus assuring to the latter both his luggage and his comfort for the night.

“Thank you kindly, sir.”

To be a successful purser one should cultivate sympathetic man-to-manish observation of the right kind of masculine travelers, reserving subservient, withal inimically penetrating study, amounting almost to espionage, for the wrong.

James Holt had learned his lesson young.

S. S.—Mar.—8

“Charles!” he jerked his head at a passing steward. “Help this gentleman with his luggage. He’s hurt his hand.” Then to Bryan himself: “Nasty knock looks like it might be, sir!”

For a bandage, meticulously adjusted as was everything appertaining to the outer man of Carstairs, showed lurid stains where blood soaked through.

The sufferer glanced at his arm indifferently.

“Careless fellows, French chauffeurs! One of them jammed me getting his car on to the vedette. It’s nothing much, though.” And Carstairs made leisurely progress on to the upper deck.

The boat was due to sail in half an hour—or an hour maybe—dependent upon the vagaries of summer tide. The Englishman hesitated for a moment upon the exit leading from the first-class saloon onto the deck, cast about him the single comprehensive stare that his type reserves most particularly for the extinguishing of possible pretensions of fellow passengers in boats and trains, and sauntered forward, to come to negligent rest upon a bench, sticky and brown and damp, that exuded all the worst odors of the sea.

“Well, I’m damned if ever I go abroad again at this time of year!” he informed the panorama of St. Malo Bay.

His hand throbbed furiously, for the cut was but an hour old. He was hungry, because the necessity for prompt surgical attention at the nearest chemist’s had frustrated a planned program for a shellfish supper in a remembered market square. He was annoyed because he had lost a ten thousand franc note in that last go at the Casino after

tea. And yet, really, come to think it over, there lay in these minor irritants no satisfactory explanation of such fundamental disturbance of his nature as surged, upon this quiet evening, in the back of his subconscious mind.

Phew! It was hot!

Carstairs shifted his position, adjusted his thought-machine, and lit a prosaic pipe. The match was a French one and spluttered bravely, but the glow of it was insignificant against the lurid red that the sunset threw over the expanse of sky and sea behind.

On such August evenings a pall of scarlet and black is wont to drape itself over the Cote d'Emeraude. Bryan had known many sultry deathbeds of daytime in various lands at varying summer seasons, but never before had he been so struck by the funereal pomp of clouds and crimson as tonight. A considerable exaggeration of scenic effect is necessary to impress the mind of an Englishman: affluent, untemperamental and (despite aforementioned latent irritation) entirely self-possessed, who sits upon a most uncomfortable bench and speculates upon whether he shall look up first his mother or his polo ponies upon his arrival in London the following day. Yet, for the life of him, Carstairs was unable to shake off a very definite impression of Valkyric orgy threatening in that sky tonight.

He moved, politely, for another figure had chosen to sit beside him in the half-light. As he did so, involuntarily, he spoke—a single vivid thought that had illumined his mind and forced its own utterance for its intensity:

"The moon's full tonight . . . hence this shadow."

His neighbor stiffened in surprise, then succumbed to the tension she also recognized in the atmosphere:

"Oh! . . . *Do* you think there's going to be a storm?"

Her appeal, impersonal as it had been spontaneous, appeared to scare her. For, without awaiting a reply, she rose hurriedly upon flat feet and drifted away again into obscurity, apologizing,

vaguely, to nobody, in broken sentences of which floated back mere words:

" . . . couldn't help it . . . mentioned the moon . . . such a very odd night. . . ."

Carstairs shrugged his shoulders.

"These pathetic women!" he told himself.

Then, remorsefully:

"Still . . . why the dickens did I say that about the moon aloud?"

He shivered as a chilly wind-spurt caught his spine. Almost in spite of himself he hailed a passing sailor:

"I say! What sort of a crossing?"

The man checked his lumbering footsteps and stared out to sea:

"It might be good and it might be bad. There's fog and a summer moonlight and three parsons come aboard to steerage. It's 'ard to tell." He spat over the taffrail and slouched away.

"Cheery fellow!" commented Carstairs without a smile. He stared moodily ahead of him for some few minutes longer, then, galvanized into sudden activity, found his feet and strode to leeward of the boat.

New passengers were coming aboard at the gangway: the last vedette had landed them from Dinard. And Carstairs had caught sight of a silhouette that he desired to encounter for the purpose of judging whether at least one outline were worth transmuting into detail—worth wresting into actuality from out the unreal setting of the scenic whole.

It was not until he was halfway down the companion ladder that he realized how extravagantly he was hurrying. And at the instant he recognized that, somewhere inside the calculating shell which thirty-one years of life had built up around his soul and heart, was stirring a vital, pulsing, intoxicating novelty that was spontaneous emotion.

He halted in his stride to find breath, for it had left him.

"I suppose it really was a woman," he conjectured. "Not something that imagination created for me out of the night?"

Then correct, languid and superla-

tively conventional, he sauntered along the lower deck, broached the saloon entrance and its stairs.

II

SHE was there, talking to the purser in his office, just as Carstairs himself had done when first he came on board. And she remained a silhouette, for it was the purser, inside his box, who saw her face. Everything about her was elusive, even to her clothing, which was draped *crêpe maroquin*, in color neither brown nor gray.

Carstairs compared first impressions with actuality and recalled how it was exactly thus . . . elusive . . . she had caught his attention. He had marked her wafted across the gangway, out of shade and into shadow, revealed for an instant as she paused to show her ticket, more by faint radiance from the water than by any definite or more concentrated light. In passing, he was able to judge of her in person nothing except one hand. It was laid negligently against the stained wooden alcove of the purser's office: a fragile fabric of bones, that tapered to strangely pointed nails.

Carstairs' coat-sleeve almost brushed those fingertips as he turned to fumble at his cabin key-hole, and he noticed with a start of subconscious surprise that two of the nails were torn and broken. A careless manicure pointed anachronism with the seeming perfected cultivation of the whole. He felt an inexplicable impulse to grasp the hand and turn the woman round, as on a pivot, so that he should see her face. She was so entirely oblivious to his presence upon this boat, to his existence even in this world.

When the door of Cabin D had closed behind him with a solid click, Carstairs sank into his armchair, drew a deep breath, and, staring ahead of him, clutched at his forehead.

"But this is fantastic!" he whispered audibly. "She draws, calls, hurts me. . . . By God, yes . . . hurts me . . ." (He stopped dead, stood and studied

his mirror, then, suddenly, threw back his head and laughed without mirth) "and . . . I've only seen her back!"

Of course it was ridiculous. Such a mood could not last. He settled his belongings, washed and brushed up and filled a cigarette case after disposing of his pipe. Her fingers had flicked tobacco . . . of that there was no doubt. Equally there was in his mind no doubt that they would presently flick more . . . and that more of his proffering. . . . He intended to accost the lady who was obviously traveling alone.

"Hang it all, she can talk to me, even if she is a lady," he told himself convincingly. "And if she's not . . ."

Subsequent speculation proved quite overwhelming. Carstairs' was the legitimately acquired confidence of those who have never been refused.

"But how on earth can I have missed her in Dinard?" he inquired of the universe as he locked his door behind him and climbed the stairs.

He had heard the steamer's siren while he tidied up and an unmistakable stir from without proclaimed that they were getting under way. Noises of sluice and swirl reverberated from the stern, and all the little lights of St. Malo were shifting their angles between stays and stanchions. Night had definitely fallen and all color faded from the sky. Just a single bar of crimson remained to frame the rugged turret of some fortress's highest bastion, become a lighthouse to command the entrance of the harbor.

As Carstairs stepped out into the damp chill of the lower deck, he stood for an instant entranced at the beauty of a town seen from the water, and across water, after dark. A sort of crazy quilt, illuminated, twinkled to mark Dinard where he had spent his holiday, and the lighthouse ray which, in St. Malo, has chosen to be green, shone calm and unblinking over the peaceful whole.

Green and big and round! Like some great cat's eye set in an onyx square which was, by daylight, the harbor's proudest spire. And the pathway

of its illumination quivered in phosphorescence about the restively churning wake.

Surely this was hallucination . . . there were rival lights of still more vivid green!

For the bigger, most benevolent ray had faded and Carstairs found himself staring, as if hypnotized, into two pin-points of translucent emerald. Malevolent, these, although much smaller: certainly eyes.

Involuntarily he moved his head aside as if to evade them. An unnecessary movement, as it happened, for they had of themselves already been switched away. And there, immediately in front of him, half turned in profile, leaned the woman whom he had come on deck to find.

He strode rapidly in an opposite direction, anxious for the moment, at all costs to get away. A man cannot expect to do himself justice in the striking up of an acquaintanceship when he is feeling thoroughly unmanned and has just suffered a genuine nervous shock. The brown and sticky bench felt welcome and Carstairs longed for his pipe.

"But what in God's name is the matter with the night?" he inquired of infinity. Then: "I've never met a green-eyed woman and don't like reading about them."

Suddenly he burst out laughing, wholeheartedly this time, like a reassured small boy:

"Of course! . . . the search-light . . . reflection. Lord! What an ass a man can be!"

The packet was almost clear of the harbor now, and a fresh wind promised from the Channel. All that had been of cloud was merged in night-fall, and what had been a threatening fog-bank was now a penciled line on the horizon. The full moon was making itself felt at last, and the hot, sultry red of sunset had capitulated almost entirely to a restful mist world of gold and blackish blue.

"Normal again," thought Carstairs. "Thunder's the very devil when it's in the air."

He glanced at his watch.

"A glass of something—then bed," prompted his inner man.

Gray maroquin and anonymity still hovered near the saloon entrance. The draperies fluttered, mothlike, in a risen wind threatening to entangle Carstairs as he approached the danger zone of their proximity. His impression of becoming enveloped in this woman's atmosphere was definite:

"Can't I get you something? A chair?" he stammered, because he had to speak.

And then, for the first time, he saw her face. For she turned. Not, as it would appear, to study him, but to concentrate upon something just beyond.

"A chair? . . . Yes . . . perhaps." She moved, almost imperceptibly toward him: "But you have hurt your hand?"

Her voice was like a sigh and the tender pity of her interest smothered Carstairs as in a mantle of oblivion for one surging instant.

He stood, arrested in his stride, tongue-tied, staring from the gleam of her skin in the moonlight to that of the white bandage on his wrist. When and where, in God's name, had he lived this elfin scene before?

"I want to see it . . . your hand!" she pleaded, and stretched her own in his direction. Her scarlet nails rivaled his blood stains under the lamp illumination from the saloon. Still gazing as if hypnotized, he remembered suddenly. Years ago he had brushed phosphorescence over an Eastern mask with which to scare a parlor-maid. And there had been crimson then, too, to mark the gash which had been the effigy's painted mouth.

The effect before him, however, was one of unearthly beauty: that other memory caricature.

"A chair!" he repeated fatuously and went in search of two.

When he had installed her, and himself as well, in shipboard intimacy such as had partnered along the deck the greater proportion of their fellow passengers, he had regained control

both of his thoughts and of the situation.

He discovered that the woman was commonplace and, after ten minutes of desultory trivialities, he wished that he had not sat down. That touch of sympathy about his wounded hand had been a piece of coquetry for which he admired her only a little less than he despised himself for having become inveigled.

Women with faces like Medusa had no business to be stupid, he told himself savagely. Besides, now that the upper deck shaded them from moonlight, her features appeared insipid. She was not even really well turned out! The clothes were effective, but a match struck to light cigarettes had shown them up as being by no means over-clean. And, surely, no member of the self-respecting half-world would wear a fur cap in August.

He had quite decided that she was of the half-world by this time, despite the cultivated English she affected and which was obviously her mother tongue. But there was, in her, none of the arrogance which marks the aristocracy of vice. Any advances she made were furtive, amateurish, thoroughly second-rate: in the darkness, twice, she sought to find his hand!

"South Kensington!" he sneered into his clipped moustache then, when she inquired the number of his cabin: "Maida Vale."

That judgment was his final condemnation before he told her what she wished to know, because to do so was easier than to prevaricate.

"After all, it's my own damn fault!" was his contemptuous comment when, his escape effected by means of some trivial excuse, he sought his delayed nightcap at the bar. "Perhaps the State Cabin touch will put her off!"

III

HE waited for a minute or two by one of the portholes in the dining saloon: partly to give his threatening incubus the slip, chiefly because the aper-

ture showed a vista of a world of dreams. Fresh sound of wave-wash rang music in his ears and void of black sky and sea and silver foam was peaceful.

"Nature's lullaby. . . . Magnum opus of the spheres!" he whispered to the wind and water. Then he hurried to his cabin ashamed of such an un-British poetry of thought, and lit what he intended to be the penultimate cigarette. He had decided, when first he saw his quarters, that one final smoke should be reserved against the moment when he should lie, stretched at sensuous ease upon the smart four-poster, and blow rings drowsily to cling in curls along the ridges of his eiderdown.

Bryan Carstairs was a sybarite. He had always taken the best that was to be found in life, but not as a matter of course: that best had never ceased to provide him with a very conscious delight.

He appreciated the fact that he could smoke without fear of being reprimanded by officious stewards, that upon his whim alone depended the opening or closing of his porthole, that no stranger shared his cabin by right of passage fare to interfere with his sweet-will manipulation of various electric lights.

He congratulated himself, in fact, wholeheartedly upon being, this evening, infinitely better off than was anybody else on board and contemplated the comfortable armchair, which is the distinguishing note of a cabin de luxe, with an entirely self-satisfied feeling of proprietorship.

Then he slipped out of his clothes and into his pajamas with the intention of spending a full hour reading in bed. One light was placed so as to shine, from directly behind his pillow, upon the printed page, and he adjusted it meticulously before getting into bed. For he felt curiously alive and vibrant: entirely disinclined for sleep.

An elastic reaction of muscle as he stretched between the sheets of laundered linen and compared them in passing thought with remembered horrors

of stained cotton (such as he had known in ordinary cabins) gave him a definite feeling of pleasure, and he resented the slight throb and burn of his injured hand as spoiling what should have been a perfect material sense of well-being. He unwound the dressing and let it fall to the floor. The cut was still raw. He studied it with disgust and leaned sidewise to hold his hand under the cold water tap of an adjoining washstand. The water ran pink for a minute or two, then the wound closed and he dabbed it with powder.

He opened a book but his thoughts returned to the woman he had left on deck. Was she still sitting there, he wondered, waiting for him to return?

The thought made him smile sarcastically. Carstairs had passed through a period of healthy animalism to arrive at the stage of life when he inclined to the exquisite only. Tonight, in the first moment of her passage across his vision and over the gangway with the glamor of the night around her, he had thought to taste perfection. Now in prosaic retrospect, he desired to despise the woman for his own mistake.

She had disturbed him mightily from the moment when, illusive and hardly more than a shadow among the night-shades, she had materialized into banality on deck. And it annoyed him that the indefinite appeal she had wafted over his imagination should have remained to trouble him after his physical senses had become, through contact, violently repulsed.

He shifted in his bed with a movement of irritation. He had been guilty of a breach of manners which was utterly suburban in accosting the woman at all, far more so in encouraging her advances by prolonging their companionship. And here he was, committing in thought an even grosser lapse from standard, in that he blamed her for his own unrest at the same time he condemned her for the feet of clay with which she had stirred it into life.

"If she came in now, through that cabin door for instance," he muttered angrily, "I should send her to the right

about. But I shan't be able to forget her if she doesn't come!"

That was it! Latent idealism clamored for the excuse of consigning the evening's episode to the country of "might have been": land of romances which are perfect because they have never lost their bloom through being exposed to the wind of reality. In flagrant violation of his own code, which was a precious one, he had pandered to materialism and curiosity, only to be left paying penalty in dissatisfied retrospect.

He half-shaded his light and gave himself up to the motion of an oily ground swell. Its movement was too slight to disturb the equilibrium of stationary objects, and merely blurred their outlines, giving him the impression of beholding them through mist and water. The air was warm without being close and the scent of eau de cologne was pleasantly noticeable.

He reflected dreamily, and with a decided touch of retrieved complacency, that, perhaps, if she had not used nauseating perfume . . . spoken a little less . . . charmed him a little more, this evening might have been encouraged to end differently. For she had been most genuinely beautiful out there, etched in shadow and moonlight against a sky of stars!

His eyelids closed and he was fast drifting toward that state of drugged enchantment which prefaces sleep when something jarred him suddenly—definitely—awake.

The white china handle of the door that communicated with an adjoining cabin lay within the line of his direct vision. It was turning, with a slight grating noise, but uselessly, for the steel bolt below was fastened.

For one short moment Carstairs felt an absurd relief at realizing that the opening was thus securely held. Then, without pausing to analyze the reason for a feeling most alien to his nature, he got out of his bunk and released the bolt.

It was as he had known it would be. In the aperture stood the woman he had met on deck, motionless, luminous from

the reflections of light in his cabin against the dark void of hers.

IV

CARSTAIRS indicated the armchair with one hand and reached for his dressing-gown with the other. Both gestures were involuntary, for unconventionality required of him that he make his nocturnal visitor welcome at the same time he cover his pajamas.

Then he hesitated, waiting for her to speak. When she did not respond to opportunity, he offered his cigarette case. She refused it with a slight movement of the head and gave an uneasy glance toward the main door which opened from his cabin into the saloon. It was not shut, but curtains hung in obscuring folds before the entrance. Such forethought on her part was as natural as was entirely unaccountable the warning impulse that restrained the man who moved to close it. Instead he lit one of his rejected cigarettes and seated himself upon the bed.

"Well?" he encouraged good-naturedly.

He did not want her to talk . . . much. Just now he had seemed to recapture, shining through the framework of his doorway, the fragile vision that had snared his fancy when he saw it board the boat.

She did not answer at once. And when she spoke the sound of her voice made him start: it had altered, and vibrated now, almost in harmony with the steamer's purring engines, husky, rough.

"I thought I might help you to dress your hand?"

Carstairs gave an audible sigh of relief.

For a moment he had feared . . . nerves, hysteria, sleepwalking, even: the manner of her appearance in his domain had been so silent and peculiar. But this hand-holding business again! . . . Well, it was the ordinary and normal line along which incidents such as this might be expected to develop, once

they had begun that way! For his part he supposed some excuse to be imperative, only decent—

"Awfully kind of you to think of it." He took the pillow from his bed and adjusted it, rather tenderly, behind her. "As a matter of fact I was feeling a bit down. Couldn't sleep, you know—throbs a bit—"

He leaned a little closer, feeling that he was not doing himself justice, but checked himself as promptly, appalled by the utter disagreeableness of the perfume she used.

"It's like—like—like—" his mind tried to find a comparison and failed, although his brain had knowledge of the word, the while he affected to busy himself about her immediate comfort, puffing furiously at his cigarette until the air was thick and blue. The woman paid no attention whatsoever, and sat quite motionless, staring at a red lozenge of carpet between her toes.

"This is hopeless!" thought Carstairs. "I must shut that door."

Once again he battled with the instinct that forbade him to do so and took a couple of paces to the swinging curtain. Then he turned abruptly upon his heel, for his visitor had moved at last. Not toward him but to that blood-stained bandage which she was in the act of retrieving from the corner where he had dropped it on the floor.

He stood transfixed in his incredulous disgust and watched her turn the lengths of it round and round her fingers sensuously, caressingly, at last rolling the evolved lump of dressing between her hands.

Carstairs felt suddenly most violently sick and sat down on the corner of his berth where a paralysis of terror seized him and held him impotent. Something monstrous was about to happen and the noisome smoke-haze that was the cabin's atmosphere closed about his brain and sight in smothering clouds. Through mist he watched those hands—wonderful pointed hands, of which the third finger seemed to grow and grow into distorted lengths, tear the rags they tortured with angry nails, and

linger about the bloodstains with crawling languor.

Then it was as if his brain and body burst bonds with driving power of fear. Horror unnamable, unknown, surged all about him for Something was moving—creeping—toward him along the cabin floor. That indescribable perfume swept across his face in sickening waves. He became conscious, as through an anesthetic, of something warm and rasping close to the wound on his hand: he felt it open and a wave of stickiness flow down his wrist.

Sheer panic triumphed and the ship heaved at the moment to help him in the increasing swell. He gave a strangled scream and threw himself at the curtain which ballooned, enveloped him for a frenzied instant, and parted to set him free.

"In God's name, sir, what's the matter?" inquired James Holt counting the Company's change in shirt-sleeves before retiring for the night.

Carstairs supported himself against the ledge of the purser's friendly pigeon-hole and wiped his forehead.

"I feel quite rotten," he articulated slowly. "What's the time?"

"Close on midnight, sir."

Holt studied the swaying figure with shrewd comprehension, manipulated his cuffs and stepped briskly from his cubbyhole into the passage. For Carstairs had collapsed in the tired, childish way that big men crumple when something has sent them incontrovertibly to pieces.

V

WHEN Carstairs recovered consciousness it was to find himself on deck, laid out upon a chair and wrapped in his own overcoat. The purser still hovered:

"That's better!" he encouraged, "nasty turn you 'ad, sir."

Then, as Carstairs indicated his covering and freshly bandaged arm: "I got the doctor to you to stop the bleeding, and fetched your coat."

He hesitated.

"Terrible close it were, sir, in that cabin! No wonder you come over queer."

Carstairs sat up abruptly:

"My cabin? Was—was everything all right?"

Holt's astonished stare warned him to inquire no further. He dropped back into a recumbent position and abandoned himself to an overpowering desire for sleep.

Land was in sight when he awoke, refreshed in mind and body but cramped and cold. Recollection was indistinct in him: nightmarish, horrible. But the sordid saneness of imminent disembarkation into early morning helped him to conquer the dread of seeking his quarters once again to pack his things.

Fellow passengers were stirring to activity everywhere: the universe appeared normally unwashed, uncomfortable, gray.

He smiled faintly at the purser who had resumed uniformed authority in his office, and threw wide the curtain that still hung, undisturbed, across his cabin door.

Inside all was as he had left it. At one end his bed hollowed to the impress of his last sitting. Ashes and two half-smoked cigarettes defaced the floor. His pillow lay across the armchair, the cord of his dressing-gown along the bed.

But, on the closed door that led into the communicating cabin, the nickel bolt gleamed shot, unfastened. And his discarded bandage had vanished into space. While over the almost moribund stillness of the place hung an aroma of foulness recently gone to ground.

Carstairs gathered his belongings into his suitcase and decamped, as rapidly as he was able, to seek the outer deck for good. There was in him the dread that he might meet her—his ghoul of overnight—and, this time, even by daylight, he desired no roof over his head. Quite deliberately he shirked analysis of the happening. It was too recent and he was still far too frightened, far too tired.

The steamer was already backing for a landing and a queue of prematurely alert travelers had formed on deck. He took his place among them and waited, automatically, in the chill morning atmosphere which mist and smuts and wharfside odors all helped to turn concrete. Some half-dozen intrepid early risers were drifting in the drizzle on the shore watching the boat come in, and, among the veiled silhouettes, Carstairs marked one broadshouldered Burberry whose wearer smoked a pipe and leaned in lazy waiting against the bonnet of an opulent roadster, obviously brought to meet a friend.

"Somebody's in luck!" reflected Carstairs, envious both of the welcome and of the run through country air.

Shy English sunlight was filtering through cloud-drifts and the world seemed to go suddenly gay. At the same moment Carstairs drew in a long breath of appreciation, for he sensed about him the smell of lavender and roses, sweet and clean.

"At any rate one person has taken the trouble to get up early, shave, wash and generally make himself decent," he

commented, casting a comprehensive condemnatory survey over the unsavory conglomeration of humanity on the deck.

Something pushed by and past him: something fresh, feminine and frail that insinuated itself cleverly against the rail and leaned to wave fluttering gossamer at the waiting motor on the quai:

"Harry!"

The Burberry turned sharply at the call.

"Harry darling! How dear of you to meet me! But it's naughty of you to have brought the baby!"

A flower face, beaming and rosy, was laughing ecstatically at the window of the car.

"Early morning won't hurt her!" floated back the answer in mellow resonance of British university and public school. "And she was so longing to see Mummy soon. Did you have a good time?"

"Wonderful! And I'm feeling a different woman for the rest," sounded the contented homing message of the woman who had been Carstairs' elemental of the night.



WOMEN are essentially creatures of irrationality. The girl that fetches you most is invariably the one that ogles you as you are rushing to catch a train, when you are already late for dinner, when you are in the throes of an appalling hangover . . . when you are with your wife.



THE successful man with women is not the one who can make a woman fall in love with him when he so wishes but the fellow who can make a woman fall out of love with him.



A MAN chooses his first love because of her initiation; his last because of her innocence.



The Man of God

By L. M. Hussey

I

HE was quixotic in that he dreamed from his earliest times of ornate adventure. And yet always these imaginings lacked specificity. They were fogged, like a landscape vague with morning mists. Unlike other boys, he never saw himself acting out a clear sequence of splendid events. His visions were emotional; his want was emotional.

When he was thirteen he used to sit with another boy under the river bank and watch the steamboats churn their way against the current. They held a low opinion of the sternwheelers, whereas the larger boats, with two encased side paddles, aroused their enthusiasm.

"Look, Willard!" his friend would cry. "There goes the *Kenova*. She doesn't make any stop until she gets all the way to Cincinnati!"

And the boy would elaborate the possible adventures on such a vessel. What of a fire? Nothing could be better! He would carry out the women, save the children, and then, standing unperturbed in the high place of the pilot-house, would withhold his own going until the least and lowest member of the crew was safely ashore. Willard listened silently.

He thought less circumstantially. He thought of long, vague voyages; the distances thrilled him. He saw, as in nebulae, remote shores of foreign lands, populous with faces; the faces were indistinct.

An expansiveness came into his heart and he found himself warmed with obscure desires.

II

WHEN he was fourteen his family moved East to Philadelphia and a year later Warren received his first glimpse of the definitely heroic. It happened in the parlor of his own home and the man who revealed it was the preacher of the family church.

At this time Willard was an obscure boy; that is, obscure among his playmates. He possessed no notable superiority. Physically he was a little puny. On the street he wore one of those insignificant caps then known as "stingies," from which his brownish hair proceeded in a radiating fashion like the spokes of a wheel. He had a pallid face. His legs were short and on this account many boys excelled him at running. At baseball he was poor, because he threw the ball inaccurately and was uncertain at the bat. He did not enjoy the rude sports of tearing down board fences for election fires, or hurling slop-kettles over back-alley gates. Sometimes they called him a sissy; he disliked to fight.

Since his coming to Philadelphia he had gone regularly to Sunday School. Then, one day, Mr. Gartman, the pastor, called at his home and engaged his mother in conversation. Presently Willard was called into the parlor and Mr. Gartman said:

"Willard, you have many interesting little things in your life; you have your games at play with the other boys and I'm sure you enjoy them. And you have your days at school and your studies, and you should consider these very important and do them well. But I want to talk to you about something

more important than anything else in life!"

This large man with his heavy shoulders and his protuberant abdomen had been beaming affably until he spoke his concluding sentence. Then his face went abruptly grave, his eyes grew large, and he threw out his plump hands in a dramatic gesture of appeal. There was a moment of silence.

The afternoon sun came in slits through the drawn curtains; the parlor dwelt in a subdued gloom like a cave; the house was still. Willard was suddenly impressed. The quiet, the gloom of the little room used only on ceremonial occasions, the gravity of his silent mother—above all, this big man was impressive with the solemnity of his face, the glow of his eyes, and the passionate extension of his hands. A familiar warmth was apparent in the boy's senses.

Then Mr. Gartman spoke again. He spoke of God and the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ. He said that those who believed on this Lord and accepted Him would be saved, whereas, to deny Him was to endure eternal torment. Hell was suddenly real to the boy, not so much as a place of fearful event, but as an exalted spectacle, balefully imposing, gaudy with fires, fumes and detonations. The pastor began to speak of the House of the Lord. His voice grew tender. He extended his hands again.

"Won't you accept Him?" he asked. "Won't you come into His Church?"

With wide eyes the boy nodded. Then happened an astounding thing.

Mr. Gartman fell to his knees with a dramatic swiftness. He began to pray. He addressed God, in supplication for His mercies, and His tenderness at first, then, in a moment, with a greater familiarity. "Thou knowest . . ." he said. To the boy it seemed that he talked as one intimate to another. Willard was immoderately bestirred. This man, who knew the ways of God, who could ask and receive of such a Power, was suddenly enlarged in his mind to heroic dimensions. He was endowed with strange secrets, with talismans of recon-

dite strengths. This was the superlative of human achievement; he felt an admiring envy.

In the following days the picture never went out of his mind, the picture of Mr. Gartman talking familiarly with God. Every Sunday he went to church, and with his eyes fastened immovably upon the pastor it seemed to him that something enormous, something inordinate, impended always near this man. By what strange, or perhaps terrible, ceremonies had he been initiated into his power?

"How do you become a minister?" he asked his mother.

"Well, you study, dear," she answered.

Obviously she did not know the whole truth. It must be more than that. Nevertheless, he closed his lips with determination.

"That's what I'm going to be," he said.

III

At the seminary Willard soon discovered a certain necessity, and this was to conceal his most fervent beliefs. His professors were dry; they taught him history, Christian doctrine and moral philosophy, but their dull teaching never sufficed his craving for mystery. The students followed their trend, with practical minds. Once, to a group of them, he declared his faith in the modern possibility of miracles; they stared at him. Then a great shyness oppressed him, a kind of shame.

"The miracles," declared one, "are not, according to some of our writers, necessarily evidences of the supernatural. They may be in accordance with nature. We don't understand everything of natural law."

This was, to Willard, a shocking concept. He conceived his God as one who acts not always through the immutability of law, but often as a supreme individualist, stretching forth a hand to take or bestow. He began to crave a sign, an individual manifestation. The angel of the Annunciation had appeared to

Joseph, or, if not to Joseph, then, as Luke had it, to Mary. Why not to himself? Was he not worthy of a sign?

Sometimes he went out into the woods, like the Mormon prophet, and prayed there for a manifestation. The twilight descended upon the valley like the shadow of enormous wings, the mists came up from the earth, and, looking down from the wooded hill of his retirement, Willard saw the seminary walls grow indistinct as if the dusk were effecting their dissolution. The spire of the chapel caught up the last sun and gleamed like a spear.

Willard knelt under the trees. They were old trees, long undisturbed, and they grew up immense on the hilltop. By their size and gravity the young man was dwarfed; their solemn immobility mocked his agitation. He knelt underneath them, rumpling up his thatch of wiry hair, reddening his face, popping out his pale eyes, swelling his chest until the seams of his poorly-fitting coat were loosened; and he called upon God. He evoked a sign; it did not come.

Was his failure, he wondered, due to a lack of zeal, the want of a necessary frenzy? Perhaps the messengers of Divinity revealed themselves no longer to modern men because men of modern times appealed to Divinity with too little passion. Fragments of his historical readings appeared suddenly significant; he recalled the diabolism of the Priscilianists, the feminism of the Elkhesaites, the misogyny of the Archontics, the Adamites, naked to simulate purity, the Marcosians in voluptuous adoration. The madness of these early Christians might be required; he was too shy to accomplish the unconventional.

However, his thoughts of a more fervid ritual were now turned aside by his approaching graduation and subsequent ordination into holy orders. As there would be an interval of several months between the time of graduation and the time appointed for the annual Conference, Willard resolved to spend this period at home, preparing himself by spiritual cogitations. He returned; his mother received him with many

caresses and an obvious pride, his father with a kind of aloofness.

After he had been home a few days, he met Hilda Cairens.

IV

SHE was present at a small dinner party to which he had been invited, and sat next to him at table. A notably plain young woman, she oppressed him, in spite of himself, by her deficiency in charm. Her hair was sparse and wanting in vitality; it was fairer than straw, suggesting the albino. Likewise her eyebrows and lashes were lacking in pigment, so that her extremely pale eyes seemed circled by red, hairless rims. Her neck was long, the larynx protuberant, the clavicles bold. She had a thick wrist and a large hand. But above all, she disturbed Willard by her inordinate size. Seated, she dominated him by a full head; standing she dwarfed and enfeebled him.

But it was his duty and necessity to be pleasant to her. She evidenced an interest in his career that forced a conversation. She inquired about his life in the seminary and the details of it astonished her. It amazed her to learn that theological candidates sleep at night, eat thrice daily, and recreate themselves by minor sports. Nevertheless, she was convinced of some fundamental difference in their humanity and she eyed Willard with a disconcerting intensity as if by clairvoyance into his concealed being she would discern an occult procedure of his digestion, a cardiac surprise, a peristaltic novelty that would prove his different mortality. The pupils of her eyes were contracted; they held in each a pinpoint of concentrated light.

However, in spite of its discomforts, this intensified interest held its flattery. Willard relaxed a little and became more gracious in his demeanor. He discovered himself important; he was elevated to a unique importance. When he said good-bye to the company he shook hands with Miss Cairens warmly and she said to him:

"I hope we'll meet soon again, Mr. Holmes. It's a pleasure to meet a man out of the ordinary, someone with a *purpose!* I've enjoyed talking to you so much!"

He walked home slowly, his spirit warm and content. He was thinking, not of spiritual things, but of the agreeable contacts previsioned in his life. He foresaw an unfailing respect and a measure even of adulation. How agreeable it would be when, as the pastor of a flock, he could speak advisingly to such earnest women as Miss Cairens, gathered to attend his word. Yet, summoning them up to vision, he did not see them in the physical terms of Hilda Cairens; the earnest women of his imagination were evoked with the grace of curves, the enduring gentleness of femininity. Their faces were rounded, their eyes were lustrous, their voices were soft.

Suddenly Willard was disturbed.

"Perhaps this is a temptation!" he exclaimed.

He went to sleep with a vague trouble on his mind.

V

THE summer passed, the autumn came in and the Conference had its session. Willard appeared with his credentials, his seminary marks were examined by the Board, the hour of ordination had arrived.

The church was dim, a polychromatic light entered softly through the tall windows of colored glass. The bishop confronted him and the elders were arranged behind the bishop. As he stood up a curious weakness made him tremble as if he had fasted and drunk no water for many days. The elders grew dim before his eyes, they acquired a strange transparency as if, in that instant, they were miraculously disembodied; he thought he could see the wall behind them. Even the form of the bishop was vague, like the presence of an immaterial spirit. His heart beat with a sudden agitation. Was this the desired hour of tremendous event? Was

this weakness, this torpor, this anomaly of the vision, each in its turn, the herald of a divine sign, about to be revealed? He waited, his sight cleared, the trembling abated, the elders were men again, and the bishop was speaking. The sign was withheld.

The bishop pressed his hands upon Willard's head.

"Take thou the authority to execute the office of a deacon in the church of God, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit."

Willard turned; he placed his palm upon the opened Bible. Again the bishop spoke:

"Take thou the authority to read the Holy Scriptures and to preach the Word of God, in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit, Amen."

He was seated again and his spirits were dull. He felt a great fatigue, as if he had just completed some prolonged physical task. Then as the remaining candidates, one following the other, received their ordination, some in the first order of deacons, some in the second order of elders, Willard was deeply troubled with depressing doubts. The bishop lost his Episcopal character and became a common man, acting out a shocking pretense. By what reasonable course could he trace any apostolic succession of authority into his own hands? From whom had Wesley received the power to set apart the first bishops of the sect? Thinking of Wesley his mind turned to Whitefield, his zealous coadjutor; he thought of the primitive meetings in broad fields of harvested grain, in the solemnity of churchyards, and he saw the thousands moved by this man and his potent eloquence; there were universal outpourings of grace. If he had not felt it himself, he wanted faith; Willard resolved upon prayer.

The next morning, in the first mail, he received a note from his companion of the dinner party, the Cairens girl. It was a little note of congratulation. She ended with an article of belief: "I know you will do a fine work," she said.

VI

HE recalled her face and person with unpleasant recollection, nevertheless her belief moved him. An astounding new thought took his mind as by brave assault. He had, after all, a great task to perform. Whilst he had been seeking the personal recognition of Divinity, he had forgotten the necessity of divine service. His mind expanded with dreams. He seemed possessed with un-failing energies, with incalculable resources. He perceived himself the actor of a dozen sacerdotal rôles, each splendidly fulfilled. Another Whitefield, he would move multitudes by the potency of a burning phrase, he would go among the sick as an administrator of grace, he would turn sinners from sin and sceptics from doubt. He was elevated above the common man as if he were lifted upon strong wings; these dreams were felicitous!

Meanwhile the conference had appointed him to a small church outside of Philadelphia which, at the moment, was served by a lay preacher. Willard burned with zeal to begin his service. In the exaltations of his mind he so enlarged the place of his first activity that, visiting it finally, he was shocked with disappointment. The little frame building appeared pitifully inadequate. The boards needed painting, the aisles were uncarpeted, the pulpit platform was meagre like a box. Nevertheless, on the following Sunday he would preach his first sermon; that prospect was appeasing.

When he arose in the pulpit he was disconcerted by the upturned eyes of everyone dwelling in unison upon his face. He began to speak, but his words seemed without force and hollow, as if they issued from some cavernous confinement. He suffered a curious conviction that his voice was being dispersed, divided like a fabric into ribbons, and that each listening ear received it only partially, in enfeebled attenuation. Then his eyes met another pair in the congregation, the eyes of a young woman.

As he spoke he looked at her face. She was young and she was pretty. The youth of her endowed her features with an ineffable softness of appeal. The lips, gentle of curve, were slightly parted, the brown eyes were intent. From her young charm something communicated itself to Willard, moving him to a melancholy longing, indefinable, like the memory of a past happiness. For a time he spoke mechanically and then he began to talk to this girl alone. Yet he realized that his sentences were not phrased to move her.

Unhappily, he had composed his sermon unaware of this possible presence. He longed for a dulcetness of expression, a secret intimacy of words that would speak profoundly within her heart. Why not, then, an improvisation; why not an eloquent *extempore*? He lacked the quickness of invention.

Then, growing timid, his eyes wavered and passed to other faces. But they passed, as by a specific magnetism, to similar faces, all endowed with youth. It was as if the retinal blind spot refused all images of age or maturity; he was sensitive only to charm.

The sermon was concluded and he sat down during the congregational singing of a hymn. His eyes were downcast, his hands lay flexed in his lap, while new and surprising emotions possessed his senses. He felt the amazement of discovery, as if something momentous had been revealed. He forgot his priesthood, he forgot God; he delivered his being to intangible longing.

Then the service was over and Willard stood in the vestibule shaking hands with the flock. An automatic smile was fixed on his lips, but his inward agitation was revealed in the unsteadiness of his eye and a slight disorder of his wiry hair. Now and then he glanced quickly to the side. He was watching for the approach of the girl for whom he would have preached movingly. Suddenly a large hand, knobby with knuckles, was thrust into his own, and an effusive voice addressed him with familiarity. This presence astounded him; it was Hilda Cairns.

"I came out from the city to hear you preach your first sermon!" she exclaimed, softly.

He grimaced a smile.

"You were splendid! But I was sure of it beforehand!"

Her assurance annoyed him; she continued to talk. She spoke many words and he punctuated them with mechanical interjections. The remaining congregation filed around them and out of the church; groups gathered outside and conversed together. The girl had not yet emerged. Perhaps she was delaying with a purpose! Did she want to meet him? Willard shifted his feet nervously, passed his hand through his hair, which stood up in several places like separate bundles of wires, and glanced anxiously within the church. She approached at last; the Cairens woman was between them; she passed.

He was free at last, but it was too late.

VII

WILLARD preached every Sunday, but the young girl of his first adventure never returned. Nevertheless, his new mood, his new emotions, claimed him more thoroughly. It astonished him to find how little interest he had in God. Although, ostensibly, he preached the Word, his occupation seemed no more set apart, no more hallowed, than that of the commonest man. He forgot the want of a sign; a new want possessed him.

The new mystery was greater than the old and it fulfilled his lifelong want of mystery. All women became enigmas; their smiles contained the quality of the Sphinx, their eyes were Circean, their lips were a Sangrael to be quaffed. He knew nothing of women; all conditions of them surprised him. The roundness of their faces astonished him, the pitch of their voices was thrilling, the texture of their skin arousing. He longed for an intimacy.

What words would pass between him and some lovely girl? He could pre-
vision the setting, imagine the quality of

her voice, but her words eluded him. It must be experienced!

His thoughts turned to amorous delights. What were the emotions of a kiss? What great, surpassing revelation of the senses would be vouchsafed with that experience? He found himself within the enchanted circle of white and slender arms, delivered to the knowledge of languors like a paradisaical soul. His old quixotic desires were renascent and he imagined himself as a compelling lover. Again, the events were not seen consecutively, but in flashes, like an unknown landscape in the night, shown by the lightning. He wandered under the shadows of enormous trees; a girl spoke near him. He sat at her feet in a silent room. They stood on a sandy beach looking out at the sea. She had a score of faces and a hundred smiles, a complexion of sunlight and one of dusk; her hair was sable, her hair was flax.

But the only woman whom he ever met was Hilda Cairens, and for him she was of a third sex, like the hermaphrodites of the ancient Tanith.

One evening in the summer he sat at his study window preparing the Sunday sermon. He devised solemn phrases, but they were stereotyped, they had all been used before. The work bored him, weighed upon him. A warm air rustled the papers on his desk; it carried with it the scent of growing things.

Then an undeniable necessity seized him. Dreams and visions, great, heroic imaginings no longer sufficed. He paced the room in agitation. Taking up his hat, he left the house.

He walked through the streets and the girls passed him, alone and with lovers. He was afraid that his inward trembling might find an outward expression and he walked like a man half intoxicated who guards each step. He entered a city square; girls and men were seated on the wooden benches. Ahead was a girl alone. He approached her, he hesitated before her bench. She raised her eyes.

She had a new type of face. Her lips were redder than nature and her

eyelashes were exaggerated. Moistening his lips he said:

"I want to know you. . . ."

She stared at him, appraising him. Then she smiled with a sort of contempt.

"Say," she said, "you're too damned fresh!"

The crudeness of her words shocked him as if she had spoken in blasphemy. He grew pale, turned abruptly, and hurried toward the street. It seemed to him then that everyone had witnessed his shame. They would report it and it would be spoken to all.

What had he purposed, upon what adventure had he embarked? A madness, like the delirium of a fever, had been in his blood for weeks. The responsibility of his holy office returned to him, he remembered his ordination, the words of the bishop, the sacred authority given into his hands. He had undergone a temptation; was this, after all, the sign!

He could not be sure, and as he walked the streets in agitation of mind he also perceived that the temptation was not yet withdrawn. He became fully aware of his own weakness. If this were indeed a test, if this were the trial by fire, then he would fail! The thought of unforgivable sin terrified him as if he had seen a monstrous vision. How could he escape, where was the narrow path?

Then he found himself in a familiar street and he stood in front of Hilda Cairens' house. He stared at the steps, the windows, the brick walls. Tonight everything was supernaturally significant and so was his presence here. Beyond doubt, he had been guided to this spot as a way of salvation. He was asked to requite his miserable falling-off, to do a perpetual penance for sinful thought. The want of women had led him away from God; a creature simulating a woman was designed to bring him back.

There was a light burning in a lower window. He descended the steps and rang the bell. The door was opened and Hilda peered out at him with short-

sighted eyes. The streetlamp threw a grotesque shadow over her face, making its length longer and its thinness more thin. She recognized him; she drew in a gasp.

"Mr. Holmes!" she cried. "Won't you come in?"

He followed her into a small living-room and found that they were alone. Almost at once she began to speak of her admiration of his sermons and she implied her admiration of the man. He paced slowly up and down, searching for words.

"You've meant so much for me!" she exclaimed.

Then he faced her.

"And you've meant so much for me, Miss Cairens," he said, hastily. "You are different from all other girls. You are serious and grave. You . . . you've been a—a sort of inspiration. . . . Can't you—mean more?"

For a moment she was motionless as a carven thing. Her mouth was slightly open and the vapor of her breath, arising, moved about a sparse wisp of her hair. Then, leaning forward, her pupils dilated by an impossible hope, she spoke.

"Do you mean that you want. . . ."

Her voice expired.

"Yes, want you!" he exclaimed, springing forward. By an acrobatic suddenness she propelled her body into his arms; he tottered an instant with the impact. She pressed a kiss on his lips.

"I have loved you," she cried, "since the hour of our first meeting."

She clung to him and while he held her an immense sadness suffused his entire being. This was the moment for which, in these days of temptation, he had devoutly yearned; he had wanted this, a woman in his arms, the kisses of her lips. And now this travesty of his desire brought sudden despairing tears into his eyes. She perceived them.

"What is it, my lover?" she cried.

"It is only the excess of happiness," he said.

Then he grew calmer and it seemed that the turmoil was behind

him, like a Satan thrust backward. He would marry Hilda at once. She would make a helpful wife.

If only she were less unlovely!

VIII

A YEAR later Willard was ordained as an elder and sent to a church in the city. Now he could administer the sacrament of the Supper; his priesthood was complete. He was growing in experience and acquiring a certain suavity of manner.

The new congregation liked him and his ministrations were a success. Hilda was an untiring worker at his side. She organized the Ladies' Auxiliaries, taught in the Sunday School, baked cakes for the church fairs, and helped him in the revision of his sermons. He became accustomed to her appearance and, appreciating her loyalty, developed a sincere affection for her.

Nevertheless, for several years he was aware of a certain pity in the eyes of the young women who sat in his congregation. He understood that they pitied him in his choice of an unlovely wife and this recalled to him his sacrifice for goodness. It produced in his heart an emotion of lofty melancholy.

He was sent to a larger church with a more fashionable patronage. Here Willard evolved his social self, he acquired a kind of ponderous wit, and he was a desired guest in the houses of his parishioners. At the same time, he developed a fine capacity for detail and the affairs of his church thrived excellently. His reputation was expanding. Might he not some day be a bishop?

The numerous activities of his life left him with no time for his old habit of vague, quixotic dreaming. Visions of the heroic no longer came to him, and as for the special sign from God, the annunciator of a divine intimacy, his life was too full to ponder it.

One of the secrets of his large success was his personal appeal to the women of his congregation. They sensed in him a man fundamentally romantic and the unloveliness of his wife gave

each of them an individual hope. Why had he married Mrs. Holmes? It was a mystery, it enhanced his charm.

He and Hilda had one child, a boy. Little Willard grew, by days, to resemble his father, for his hair was intractable, his ways were shy, his body was a little plump.

One day, as Willard stood looking at his son at play, the resemblance struck in significantly. Could it be that the boy was a repetition of himself, with the same thoughts, the same wants? Then he remembered, as something long out of memory, his own childhood and the emotions of his earlier years. He recalled, with the sadness of all old recollections, the days by the riverside, the watching for sternwheelers, the bold dreams of his playmate, and the grandiose vagueness of his own. He thought of the day in his mother's home when Mr. Gartman had fallen to his knees in dramatic supplication and seemed to speak privately with the omnipotent God. Willard sighed.

Perhaps, although he led a good life, he had forgotten God himself. Where was the old zeal, the old frenzy for a manifestation? But perhaps the manifestation had come to him many times and he had been too blind to perceive it. However, he could not persuade himself of that.

IX

HE began to think of this old want again, from time to time, as his years advanced. He was growing older now, and the work of the church exacted a little more than the adequacy of his strength. An assistant was sent to him.

He was a serious young man, solemn and charged with the energies of youth. There was something unfinished in his zeal, a lack of proportion, a want of suavity that revealed to Willard some of his own early shortcomings. After all, Divinity was all-wise. A revealing angel, coming to such a young man, might destroy him, in his lack of balance. Were not the blessed Saints old men when they experienced their

visions? A new hope was given him.

It might be that God would not come to him until the very hour of his death. Then, when the spirit had gone out of his body, the light of revelation would still shine from his eyes, a beatific smile would curve his lips.

The certainty of this final revelation became an article of faith. He was growing feebler now, and he preached only occasionally. Hilda died, he missed her, he was lonely. He began to look forward to death himself. He felt that he had worked sufficiently and he longed, with the old romantic urge, for the ultimate, stupendous event, withheld from him until the hour of dissolution.

But, although his mind grew tired,

and his mental faculties declined, he remained robust of health. His sermons were confused now and the Conference relieved him of the charge. As he was alone in the world, he went to a clergyman's home.

Here he thought of the final revelation. But his thoughts of this grew confused with the passage of the years. The nature of it became dim in his mind. At last he ceased to think at all. He used to sit in the sun, as a desiccated old man, and mumble incomprehensibly to himself.

One day his old heart gave up its task of beating, his ancient lungs refused the rhythm of giving and taking breath. He died without pain and with scarcely any consciousness.



Boomerang

By T. F. Mitchell

HE was very boresome and the clock moved ahead inexorably. At last she determined on a hint

"What time is it?" she asked sweetly.

Her expedient went wrong entirely.

His taking out his watch was the impulse which led to a two-hour description of the intricate operations of watchmaking.



INCENSE—Evidence of the naïve belief that God has no better sense of smell than we have.



A PRETTY girl never tells a lie. She merely tells her version of the truth.



EXTRA—The newspapers' way of bridging the gap between news.



The Bard and Some Others

By George Jean Nathan

I

THE first mistake that Arthur Hopkins made with his production of "Romeo and Juliet" was to put it on in the Longacre Theatre. If he had produced it in the DeWitt Clinton High School, he would have made a hit with it. It belonged there, for when at the conclusion of the evening in the Longacre Theatre no one played "The Corcoran Cadets' March" on the piano and no one handed out diplomas, the whole spirit of the occasion seemed to go awry. This "Romeo and Juliet" was the best school performance of the play that I have ever seen, and in my day I have seen many young boys and girls tackle it. While, of course, it could not properly be compared with professional performances that one has seen in the past, it showed an amateur talent of considerable promise. Miss Ethel Barrymore, the school favorite, played Juliet in a manner that indicated that some day we may doubtless hope for good work from her in Shakespearian roles, and Mr. McKay Morris' Romeo proved conclusively that he will make an excellent half-back for the school's football team. He has a fine build and is just the right weight.

If Mr. Hopkins' production of "Macbeth" a year ago took "Macbeth" out of the theatre and put it back into the library, his production of "Romeo and Juliet" took that play out of both the theatre and the library and put it into the icebox. What he gave us was a "Romeo and Juliet" sedulously purged of every trace of warmth and passion, and one that moved the auditor with all the persuasiveness of a dose of catechu.

The great love story of the ages in his hands became a table flirtation in a Boston cabaret. His Romeo became a movie actor, his Juliet an estimable lady with a motherly eye upon her three charming children who watched her, on the opening night, from a stage box. It was a caricature of Shakespeare's memorable drama, with a Romeo who translated his overwhelming love for the fairest of Verona's daughters in terms of Adolph Zukor with a dour stomach-ache, and with a Juliet who would have made a superb Paula Tanqueray. Of youth and flame and fire there was no more than in the Martha Washington Hotel. This great and all-conquering love affair was of a piece with that of a couple of countryside Methodists. It was as Italian as the Hofbräuhaus, and fully as Shakespearian. The balcony scene, veteran of a hundred gory battles, here became a calm and collected recitation by a dignified adult lady in a flowing nightshirt interrupted at intervals by Dr. Kennicott on his way to a fancy dress ball. The potion scene needed only a background of girls and a song by Gene Buck to make it an excellent "Follies" burlesque. And all that the street scenes lacked were the Six Brown Brothers.

Without warmth, "Romeo and Juliet" is nothing in the theatre. Its glow on the present occasion was that of a spent match. Only the Mercutio of Basil Sydney emerged from the gloom.

Mr. Belasco's effort with "The Merchant of Venice" has been vastly more successful, although the good man spoiled a deal of the sound impression his production made by getting out a tome beforehand in which he aired

some excessively ancient opinions with the mien of one who, after a lifetime of study, research and profound thought, had discovered several great and startling truths. Mr. Belasco says that he has been mentally planning this presentation for twenty years. I might have saved him all but two days of that time by pointing out to him various easily accessible sources of information that would have spared him his protracted sweat and travail. Although it is my opinion that his version of the text, with its invasion of the remarkable parallel dramaturgy that mounts crescendo to the court-room smash, weakens the drama no end, those portions of the text that he does present, he presents in the main with considerable conviction and no little brilliance. His Belmont scenes are particularly impressive, though the important court-room scene, magnificently staged, goes to pieces on the rocks of its Portia. The Shylock of David Warfield has both its good points and weak. Its good points lie in the earlier stages of the performance before a certain repetitiousness of conduct and method delete the portraiture of a measure of its effectiveness. In these prefatory portions of the action Warfield manages a very considerable eloquence, intelligence and credibility. But as the drama moves ahead he gradually permits his interpretation of the role to rest figuratively upon a *drehbühne* which, revolving as if at a monotonous baton, duplicates one-two-three, one-two-three, one-two-three, his vocal tricks, gestures and idiosyncrasies become familiar through such of his past plays as "The Auctioneer," "The Music Master" and "Peter Grimm." In addition, he weakens his performance by visibly preparing himself for his own lines while the opposing actor is still in the act of reciting his. One can feel Warfield taking in a deep breath and making ready for his turn at the Shakespearian line. He listens to whomsoever his vis-à-vis happens to be with but half an ear. This, true, is a first-night impression that may have been induced by the actor's nervousness

and may ere this have disappeared. The Portia of Miss Servoss is felicitous in the Belmont scenes, but is lost completely in the court-room. In this latter scene the actress reads—or at least on the opening night read—her lines with no more rhythmic eloquence than might have been imparted to them by a traction company lawyer.

Although, of course, the scenic art of Ernest Gros is not to be compared even remotely with that of Robert Edmond Jones, it is a fact that the Belasco production of "The Merchant," for all its literalness and periodic attempt to achieve a compromise between the new and the old schools, is in all save a single scene immeasurably more beautiful than the Hopkins production of "Romeo and Juliet," if not nearly so beautiful as the latter's "Richard" or "Hamlet." The casket scene, in particular, is as tasteful a piece of staging as our American Shakespearian stage has known. So is the court-room scene. The billing of the play, indeed, might well and accurately read "William Shakespeare as David Warfield in 'The Merchant of Venice,' by David Belasco."

II

THE tragedy of talent is that it essays to be genius. Clemence Dane is a case in point. A talented writer, she sets herself tasks reserved for genius and so ends up less practically talented than were tact and modesty more severely to guide her pretty but unimportant competences. Her "Will Shakespeare" in the hands of some such person as the Shaw who wrote "Caesar and Cleopatra" would undoubtedly have possessed all the virtues that in her own hands have become faults. So strainful is her approach to the subject and so self-conscious is she of the difficulty of the job she has posed against herself that her manuscript is continually opening its mouth to promise something that it itself knows it cannot fulfill. It thus reminds one not infrequently of Binns and Binns' elaborate preparation for a difficult acrobatic balancing act which,

after an endless amount of handkerchief tossing, rubbing of feet on resin, bowing to the audience, and hoarse Italian injunctions, never comes off. The play impresses one, in short, as a good play that remains to be written. Miss Dane calls her work "an invention." This she has a perfect right to call her work, provided that her notion of "an invention" is to dehumanize illustrious personages of history and place them into a dehistoricized version of history. I see no great objection to any competent dramatist's taking certain liberties with history, but I can see no justification for taking liberties with the personages who have made that history. If I were a playwright bent upon making an interesting play out of the subject of the Punic Wars, say, I shouldn't hesitate a moment to telescope the naval battles of Mylæ and Ecnomus with the conquest of Syracuse and the invasion of Italy—or, if I had had enough drinks, for all it matters with the Battle of Lookout Mountain—but I should surely entertain certain qualms about making Hannibal a Roman soldier in love with Madame Du Barry and Scipio Africanus a German dialect comedian killed in the last act by General Cornwallis. It strikes me that Miss Dane has done very much this kind of thing. That she sticks to historical facts approximately as closely as did the late Creel Press Bureau does not bother me one way or the other, but when she gives us a William Shakespeare who conducts himself like a mush-headed Yale boy hanging around the "Follies" stage-door and who has no more humor than Charles Rann Kennedy, a Henslowe who talks like Professor George Pierce Baker, a Mary Fitton with all the wild passion of a chiropractor, and a Queen Elizabeth who acts and talks like George M. Cohan in a red wig and hoopskirt—when she does this I simply remove the doily from my pocket and politely but none the less audibly blow my nose. What effect her play registers, when it registers any effect at all, is due to one excellent and one good performance in

the instance of two of her roles—Fitton and Elizabeth—the first by Miss Katharine Cornell and the second by Miss Haidee Wright. Both women are talented, and make superficially convincing roles that are infinitely less so. Otto Kruger plays the young Shakespeare the way Henry Sienkiewicz writes novels. The production designed by Norman Bel-Geddes and executed in general by Winthrop Ames is most attractive to the eye.

III

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS is a skilful writer and a nimble wit who, when he sits himself down to write for the theatre, can never quite make up his mind whether a theatre is a building with a stage in it or a printing press. It is one of this talented man's misfortunes that when he writes for the stage he writes for a magazine and that when he writes for a magazine he writes for the stage. He does not definitely confuse his mediums; his mediums seem more or less definitely to confuse him. The result is stories full of drama and dramas that need only a colored cover to enchant the newsstands. Mr. Williams' indiscrimination is once again made manifest in his latest play, "Why Not?" a generally workmanlike, thoroughly civilized and amusing sardonic novelette (I should like immensely to have printed it in *The Smart Set*) that periodically mistakes its actors for compositors, its stagehands for printers, and its scenery for rolls of paper. Mr. Williams' play is designed not for the collective vision and audition of a theatre audience; it is best suited to such an audience separated into so many units of single persons. It should, figuratively, be seen as a novel is read—and a novel cannot satisfactorily be read by two persons at the same time. "Why Not?" misses the "theatre feel." It is thus in the theatre what a single bed would be in a harem. It belongs in the kind of theatre that I myself am obdurately partial to, but not in the kind of theatre that must draw a sufficient

number of paying patrons to keep it going. It is caviar served to a general whose stomach craves pie.

The play is a semi-satirical appraisal of divorce and divorce laws. Its leading fault is a somewhat too violently grotesque premise. And what measure of effectiveness it might have achieved on the stage of the Forty-eighth Street Theatre is impaired beyond all hope by the continued incompetence of those members of the Actors' Equity Association who have taken upon themselves the proud duty of proving to certain of their brethren and to the world in general that, when it comes to casting and producing plays and managing the theatres of America, the Messrs. Hopkins, Belasco, Ames, Erlanger, et al., are so many ignoble ex-newsboys, and that, when it comes to acting, any actor without a job knows considerably more about the business than an actor with one.

IV

BEN HECHT'S "The Egotist" is the closest approach to the kind of thing Sacha Guitry writes that the American theatre has produced. It is a witty, wise and delightfully worldly comedy in places very crudely written, in other places somewhat carelessly imagined, and in all places staged with a sledgehammer, but just the same a more entertaining piece of humorous give and take than three-fourths of the native exhibits unloaded upon us from season to season. And this is true for all the peculiar circumstance—unless my secret agents lie to me—that someone connected with the production has seen fit to delete from the last act of the play a certain passage that was not only the philosophical key to the whole theme but that was, to boot, a sharp, very excellent, and very real bit of observation. The play, in simple, lies in the spectacle of a man of fifty who, for all his reputation as a great Don Juan, achieves his highest thrills not from amours negotiated but rather from the preliminary skirmishes; in short, a Don Juan who, upon

the surrender of the enemy, never takes the latter's sword. The fellow finds all the amatory content that he desires in the arms of his lawful, wedded wife, but what he does not find there are a sufficient adventure and glamour and satisfaction for his vanity. And it is these that he seeks, and these merely, in his amorous shadow-boxing with other sweet ones. His mind enjoys playing with fire, though his body remains asbestos. A crude and sketchy outline of a boulevard theme full of amusing little byways and half-lit little alleys. Hecht has not taken advantage of many of them; it is something of a pity that he did not wait a few more years and do a more careful job; the play was worth delaying. But what he has managed is yet a fresh and experienced and very welcome dose of gaiety. Leo Ditrichstein, in a wig that looks like an exploded can of tomato soup, is the only actor in the presenting cast.

V

THE Moscow Art Theatre of Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko, now temporarily housed in New York, is a marvel of theatrical intelligence. Its plan, its direction and its execution are authoritative, of a fine integrity, and brilliantly effective. All this, of course, is an old, old story; I myself, after three different sessions with it on its home grounds, have smeared the news over many a fair sheet of paper. But, unlike certain other gentlemen who were also born in Indiana and who know no more Russian than I do (as I have once before observed, I know only seven words, all of which save one unfortunately have to do with drinking-liquor and the seventh of which concerns a relevant inquiry as to the location of an embarrassingly intimate retreat)—unlike these fellow critics, I have, upon getting back home, each time wondered whether I had not been aesthetically bamboozled as one is often bamboozled by dubious art with a new face, an odd dress and a strange tongue. Of course, like most critics, I wrote first

and meditated afterwards. But this meditation proved to my satisfaction some nine or ten years ago that there was an unwonted amount of sense in my too quickly set down impressions and opinions, and that the Moscow Art Theatre was, as it had led me to believe, at once legitimately Moscow, Art, and Theatre. This judgment I take the liberty of repeating upon my present fourth session with the organization on American soil. That organization comes as close to perfect form in the theatre as one can well imagine. There is an almost exact coordination of manuscript, acting and staging: the play, whatever it is, moves almost inevitably. It is all clock-like, yet without a trace of clock-like monotony. From the colorful "Tsar Fyodor" to the drab "Lower Depths" and on through the drama of Tchekhov, the precision of the Anglo-Saxon theatre at its best and much of the dazzling sweep of the Central European meet in a crashing dramatic chord. It is no more necessary to know the Russian language to understand such a live theatre and its plays than it is necessary to be deaf and dumb to understand "L'Enfant Prodigue."

VI

THE local critical wonderment over the at times curious unevenness of Monckton Hoffe's dramatic writing, over the startlingly good suddenly crossed with the flabbergastingly bad, and vice versa—leading to various suspicions and conjectures not entirely complimentary to the author in question—is quickly to be dissipated if the wonderers in point will be less full of wonder and more full of criticism.

It remains alone for the work of genius and mediocrity to be consistent and even in quality. The work of the genius and the work of the hack have that much in common. One is consistently fine, the other consistently bad. One has no disturbing trace of cheapness, the other no confounding trace of goodness. But in the great middle-ground of diverse talents that is bound-

ed to the north by genius and to the south by incompetence, unevenness, quite naturally, shoots its arrows hither and thither. For mere talent is often a self-baffling and thin-skinned thing. It is subject to all sorts of self-doubt and self-criticism, to all sorts of shifting winds and turns of faith and ideas that seem radiant one moment and gray the next, to all sorts of bitter self-realization of one's ineffectuality and all sorts of desperate attempts to reach the golden goal by running with both feet in the air at the same time. Hoffe, like many another man, is neither a genius nor a hack. He is simply a talented fellow with all of a talented fellow's shortcomings. Now he can write well, and then he cannot write at all—and, as in the case with talent ever, his manuscripts are a compound of both the now and the then. He cannot pull the bad up to the good, try as he may. Nor is he hack to let the good fall back into practical harmony with the bad. He hangs thus in the purgatory where mere talent is condemned always to hang. Furthermore, Hoffe is by nature a sentimentalist. The cast of all his writing is, at bottom, excessively sentimental. But, like nine-tenths of the talented sentimentalists since the beginning of day, he tries periodically—and intelligibly—to protect himself from the sneers of raucous masculinity by shifting his mood to the heavily sardonic, much as an expert female impersonator swings off his wig at the final curtain, struts elaborately after the manner of a longshoreman, shows his biceps, and growls a "Thank you" out of the corner of his mouth.

In Hoffe's case, we have a nice talent for sentimental writing, a lesser talent for light satire and an even lesser talent for imagining vigorous dramatic situations, and the result, when these talents and incapacities come into collision in the form of a play, is one of the peculiarly uneven manuscripts that give the reviewers pause. What we thus get is a manuscript, fundamentally weak, with sudden and surprising scenes of sentimental excellence lapsing alter-

nately into lack-lustre playwriting and very fragile but still engaging satire. His latest play, "The Lady Cristilinda," is precisely such a manuscript. Its sentimental scenes are in spots as good as some of Barrie's; its comedy-drama is in spots as poor as Owen Davis'; its touches of satire are now as sharp as George Birmingham's (there is a suggestion of the rare "General John Regan" in the initial working out of the play's theme) and then again as dull as Horace Annesley Vachell's. The play as a whole, however, by virtue of its good spots, constitutes—like his "Faithful Heart"—agreeable light entertainment. A commercial failure, it was adroitly put on by William Harris, Jr., and very well acted by Arthur Byron, Leslie Howard, Miss Fay Bainter, A. P. Kaye, and a number of other minor male performers whose names I do not recall but who made the semi-burlesque second act, dealing with the presentation ceremonies of a supposedly great painting, doubly amusing theatrical material.

VII

THE "Johannes Kreisler" of Carl Meinhardt and Rudolf Bernauer may, with its rapidly shifting forty-odd scenes, be described as a moving picture of the soul of an artist. This moving picture is often beautiful, often successful in its orchestration of the emotions, and generally sound in the working out of its original plan. Out of a *mélange* of E. T. A. Hoffmann, Mozart and Manhattan Transfer, the authors have contrived to extract, in terms of Los Angeles and Luna Park, a play that triumphs over a large measure of its hocus-pocus and leaves something fragile and subtle and quite winning in the after-thought. The dramatic atmosphere is, however, so essentially and perhaps unintelligibly Continental that what the average American playgoer gets out of the evening must be largely confined to the mechanical end of the exhibition. "Undine" and "Don Giovanni," together with the exploration of the artistic conscience and psyche, must

leave him cold, and to be warmed instead by marveling at the three-card monte scenic devices of Sven Gade which permit the cinema-like unfolding of the complex fable.

Jacob Ben-Ami has the part of Kreisler. Although the gentleman seems to me generally to be an actor who substitutes an exotic personality for an exotic talent and an unfamiliar method for originality of interpretation, his very deficiencies make him peculiarly well suited to the present role. That role calls less for a display of acting than for a display of idiosyncrasies such as he happens to possess. Miss Lotus Robb does the musician's three-in-one *inamorata* engagingly. It is a simple role, and she plays it with appropriate simplicity. The Selwyns are the producers. They have done a worthy job, and deserve due credit. But I hope for their sake that, in view of the opulence of the enterprise and the poverty of theatregoing taste, they are on this occasion backed by John D. Rockefeller.

VIII

"MIKE ANGELO," by Edward Locke, gives me nothing. Imagine anyone getting anything out of a play named "Mike Angelo." "The Masked Woman," by Charles Mere, is Sardou with a hangover. It has utterly no quality. "Secrets," by Rudolf Besier and May Edginton, is mild sentimental stuff faintly redeemed by a good performance of the chief feminine role by Miss Margaret Lawrence. "The Tidings Brought to Mary," by Paul Claudel, is tiresome and pretentious church-cellar woe, admirably staged by the Theatre Guild as a wasted effort. "Rose Briar," by Booth Tarkington, is an entertaining little comedy with several suavely comic scenes, running very thin toward the end but made interesting on the whole by two decidedly proficient performances by Miss Billie Burke and Frank Conroy, by two good performances by Miss Julia Hoyt and Alan Dinehart, and by the rich and tasteful staging of Ziegfeld Himself. "Polly

Preferred," by Guy Bolton, is a revamping of Gouverneur Morris' "Cooper Hoyt, Inc.," dramatized by Hugh Ford and Frank Lord and produced briefly some years ago on the road. Bolton has converted Hoyt into Polly, renamed the scenery, added a number of Broadway "wise cracks," thrown in some moving-picture burlesque and otherwise turned into a poor play but a good music show libretto what was originally a valid idea for an amusing straight comedy. Miss Genevieve Tobin plays the lead in a mildly pleasant, amateurish way. An actor of whom I had never heard—his name is Van-Sloan—is admirably droll as an effeminate movie director. "The Humming Bird," by Maude Fulton, is of a piece with that other Pacific Coast perfect, "Abie's Irish Rose." It is obvious and childish mush. "Give and Take," by Aaron Hoffman, is cheap vaudeville.

IX

"JITTA'S ATONEMENT," by Siegfried Trebitsch, is a highly theatrical affair of the sort that was popular twenty years ago: a tournament of Pinero passions, Henry Arthur Jones cross-examinations and Sidney Grundy solutions. George Bernard Shaw who, by way of canceling part of his personal literary debt to the author, has done the play over for Anglo-American audiences, has apparently found himself baffled by the feebleness of the manuscript and has contented himself with an injection of a few good lines left over from "Man and Superman" and a bit of juggling with the play's original ending. Otherwise he has done little for Trebitsch save to lend him what box-office power may repose in the Shaw

name. The spectacle of Shaw adapting a Trebitsch play possesses all the congruity of the spectacle of Maeterlinck adapting a play by Max Marcin. He is no more the man for the "Jitta's Atonement" species of drama than Von Hofmannsthal would be for the Avery Hopwood brand. But while Shaw was about the job of refashioning the Trebitsch manuscript for the Anglo-American stage, the least he might have done for his friend would have been to change the names of some of the characters and thus to have safeguarded the Austrian from the unavoidably comic local impression derived from beholding actors with elaborate Piccadilly accents playing roles christened Professor Bruno Haldenstedt, Professor Lenkheim, and the like.

The leading role is in the hands of Bertha Kalich, an appropriate selection for the part, since the method and manner of this actress are quite as old-fashioned as the play. Madame Kalich is a star after the heart of the theatre of thirty years ago: a lady of vehement contractions and distensions of the bust, of much imperial swelling up of stature, of indignant inhalations, of excessive panting, and of dramatic conduct generally that suggests nothing quite so much as a tea party in the Baldwin Locomotive Works. She is on the present occasion assisted by a relevant troupe of steam engines, including the Messrs. John Craig and Francis Byrne. The former plays the role of the lover like an impassioned freight train, the latter the role of the deceived husband with all the subtlety of the Fonda, Johnstown and Gloversville railroad. This, however, as in the case of Madame Kalich, is, as noted, perhaps the kind of acting that best suits the exhibit.



Adventures Among Books

By H. L. Mencken

I

MOST American newspaper reporters, in these later days, pray to God, when they pray at all, for jobs as press-agents, but in the office of the *Chicago Daily News* the more purely literary aspiration of an elder day seems to survive. Why this should be so I don't know, for the paper, as it stands today, is a very dull one, and there can be but few members of the staff, even in the composing-room, who remember Eugene Field. But whatever the cause, the fact remains that all of the bright young ladies and gentlemen who inhabit the dingy editorial rooms seem to aspire to the career of letters; seldom, indeed, does a week go by that I do not receive a manuscript from one or another of them. And before me as I write are no less than four new books by *Daily News* writers; two by men still actively in harness and two by recent graduates, the one into dramaturgy and the other into connubial bliss. These writers are Carl Sandburg, Ben Hecht, Henry Justin Smith and Woodward Boyd, and the books are respectively, "Rootabaga Stories" (*Harcourt*), "Afternoons in Chicago" (*Covici-McGee*), "Deadlines" (*Covici-McGee*) and "The Love Legend" (*Scribner*). I know of no other American newspaper staff that could match that record, either for quantity or for quality, save perhaps it be that of the *New York World*. There was a time when the staff of the *Chicago Tribune* might have beaten it, but that was long ago, before the *Tribune* became the pathetic vacuum that it is today. In New York, setting aside the

World, no daily gazette of today seems to breed authors, or to cherish them once they are bred. This coldness came in with the new century. When I was a young reporter even the worst dullard on every newspaper staff was undertaking at least a book of poems, or a light-opera libretto, or a romantic novel in the manner of Anthony Hope or Bertha Runkel. But now most of them aspire to become secretaries to Booster Clubs, or political agents, or "publicists" (the word has come in with the decay of journalistic ambition) to some stock-jobber or theatrical manager.

Of the four *Daily News* books, two relate themselves directly to the paper. One, Mr. Smith's "Deadlines," is made up of a series of sketches of life in the office, with real persons very imperfectly disguised; the other, Mr. Hecht's "Afternoons in Chicago," is a reprint of pieces from the *News*' own columns. The Hecht book rather surprises me by its feebleness. It appears in a gaudy and effective cover, and has some capital illustrations by Herman Rosse, but the text itself seldom rises above the level of ordinarily decent newspaper writing. The things that arrest Hecht in the gross and obscene spectacle of Chicago life are precisely the things that would arrest any other alert reporter. It is seldom that he gets below the surface, or shows any novelty in point of view. His writing, at times, is extraordinarily vivid, but at other times it is extraordinarily obvious and conventional. In brief, a poor book for so original a fellow. The best stuff in it, if printed in the *Sun* of Dana's time or even of Laffan's time, would certainly have caused no hoighty-toighty among the office

cockroaches. Those were the days, indeed! To bring them back we must first catch another Dana. He has as much chance of surviving from apprenticeship to power today as a Christian would have of surviving in St. Bartholomew's Church. It is a fact full of a peculiarly lugubrious irony that the *Sun* that Dana brought to such astounding intelligence and brilliance was finally bought and put to death by Frank A. Munsey, author of "The Boy Broker." It is as if the conductorship of the Gewandhaus orchestra should be given to a delicatessen dealer.

Mr. Smith's "Deadlines" is said by the publisher to be "the first *real* book ever written about newspaper life." This is nonsense. Have the *aluminados* of Chicago never heard of Jesse Lynch Williams' "The Stolen Story," to mention but one? Mr. Smith's sketches are extremely accurate in their objective details, and show a certain fine psychological shrewdness—particularly the double one called "Josslyn"—but they are all marred by the blemish that usually gets into newspaper stories written by active journalists, to wit, the blemish of sentimentality. "The Old Man," *i. e.*, the chief editor, is quite as romantic a figure to Mr. Smith as he might be to the youngest of cub reporters. So is "The Star." So is "Young - Man - Going - Somewhere," a war correspondent out of Richard Harding Davis. There is, of course, nothing romantic about the job of a chief editor of an American newspaper, as I can testify who have had it, and also those of managing editor and city editor. His central problem is not the lofty one of determining and displaying the truth; it is the far more homely one of keeping its exhibition within the usually narrow bounds of his owner's prejudices, superstitions and rascalities. In brief, he is a man whose professional judgment is constantly at war with his private interest, which puts him on all fours, not with D'Artagnan or Savonarola, but with a Fifth Avenue rector. Thus he should be treated, not as an heroic figure but as a grotesque and

pathetic figure. The Moloch of journalism feeds upon his liver, his heart and his conscience. In "Josslyn" Mr. Smith is much nearer the facts. Here he attempts a full-length study of a very familiar figure in journalism: the victim of city-room shell-shock. Josslyn was once a city editor, but is now a copy-reader — the gentleman ranker of journalism. The account of his rise, collapse and fall is extremely interesting, and I believe, very true. In every newspaper office in the land you will find just such fellows — men who started out full of high aspirations, rose rapidly to authority, and then suddenly succumbed to the raucous and ceaseless pother over trivialities, the back-breaking struggle to catch a suburban edition with news that is unimportant, in bad taste, and usually untrue. Certain types of men survive the rattle—some of them men of salient and vigorous personality, but many of them simply fellows of low sensibility. But the average man blows up. His mind, after a few years, is the mind of one who has been condemned to solve 200 jig-saw puzzles every day, with a trombone player practising just behind him and a couple of dentists' drills boring up through the seat of his chair. Such wrecks, instead of being handed over to some medical college, are made into copy-readers—*i. e.*, into writers of head-lines—or, if they are too illiterate for that, into editorial writers. Journalism is kind to its wounded.

Woodward Boyd, the author of "The Love Legend," is not a man, but a woman, and, if my agents are to be believed, a young and fair one. Her story starts out so naïvely that it almost suggests Daisy Ashford. I find, on page 5: "Mrs. Harris had inherited the house and a moderate income when he died, and had come, *a newly widowed* with four children," etc. On the same page is this: "Born with a talent for visiting the poor, relieving the sick and converting the heathen, *a minister's wife was to her the ideal position.*" On page 15 one of the characters says: "I know when my intellectual capacity

is greater than the person I am talking with." This is the sort of stuff that makes it impossible for a newspaper copy-reader ever to recover his wits; he is confronted by acres of it every day. But the boarding-school flavor begins to vanish after the first half dozen chapters, and in its second half the story takes on a great deal of plausibility, and even a certain crude force. What the author essays to set forth is the evil effect of a romantic training upon four somewhat stupid girls. They are Anita, Ward, Sari and Dizzy Harris, inhabitants of a Chicago suburb, and their mother, the Widow Harris, has taught them to wait with hopeful blushes for the coming of four gallant knights. The *Weltanschauung* of the Widow Harris is precisely that of a popular novelist. God rewards every virtuous maiden by sending her a handsome and wealthy beau, and the day he marries her all her troubles vanish. The Harris girls, believing this, make heavy weather of it. What happens to them constitutes the story. As I say, there is enough plausibility in it, particularly toward the end, to lift it above the general. The author sees people clearly, and has a humor that is often effective. But a few bouts with Harvey's Grammar would not hurt her.

Sandburg's "Rootabaga Stories" are grotesques in what seems to be a new form—fairy tales as thoroughly American as shaving powder, the chautauqua, or crooked district attorneys. Instead of variations upon "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Hänsel und Gretel," we have "Poker Face the Baboon and Hot Dog the Tiger," "The Dollar Watch and the Five Jack-Rabbits," and "The Two Skyscrapers Who Decided to Have a Child." They have given me a great deal of innocent and exhilarating mirth. They are novel, ingenious, witty, and full of that extravagant fancy which, to children, is the whole essence of romance. I can't imagine any American child failing to understand them or failing to enjoy them. They prove something that should have been obvious long ago; that Sandburg is probably closer

to the soil than any other writer the United States has ever produced, not even excepting Mark Twain. The fact that he is commonly compared to Walt Whitman always puzzles me. Whitman, for all his fine eloquence and brutal magic with words, was an aloof theorizer—a seer whose vision had no more relation to the spectacle of life in front of him than the vision of Cal Coolidge or Mother Eddy. The democracy that he talked of had no objective existence on land or sea; it was, in fact, almost the exact antithesis of any conceivable democracy. But Sandburg sees the Republic and its people, and particularly those of his native Middle West, with almost blinding clarity. He understands the mental processes of those people; he comprehends their aspirations; very often he shares their actual emotions. If we have a folk poet, he is that folk poet—enormously better as a poet and more plausible as a prophet than, say, Riley. Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" might have been written in Bloomsbury; Sandburg's "Chicago Poems" could only have been written in Chicago. And in his "Rootabaga Stories" there is the same profound authenticity. They are not simply fairy tales devised by an Americano; they are, in every line, American fairy tales.

II

SINCE its first publication in 1916, Ernest Boyd's "Ireland's Literary Renaissance" has been the standard work upon the subject. No other book in the field, indeed, even remotely approaches it in breadth of scope, soundness of knowledge and balance of judgment. Now comes a new edition, carefully revised and with long additional chapters upon the Irish writers who have come to notice since the first edition. To it Mr. Boyd prefixes a brief but truly admirable preface upon the relation of the New Irish Movement to Sinn Féin — a relation that may be briefly described as similar to that existing between a normal dog and a normal cat. Sinn Féin, in truth, is not only

indifferent to literature; it is actively hostile to literature—at all events, when that literature happens to be in English. Such men as Yeats, Dunsany and Synge managed to make themselves heard during the peace between two wars. To-day all the fine arts are adjourned in Ireland, and the principal Irish writers, such as James Joyce and Mr. Boyd himself, are living in what amounts substantially to exile. To his account of what his fellow Irishmen have done in our time, Mr. Boyd brings a degree of scholarship that is rare in an Irishman and even more rare in an American. His knowledge of the chief living literatures of Europe, including the Spanish and Italian, is intimate and profound. He is wholly devoid of the puerile half-information that marks the American professor, and he is devoid, too, of professorial superstition. When he speaks it is with the accents of a civilized man. If he would make a fit return for the glorious privilege of living in our great republic, let him write a history of American literature.

Another critic who far surpasses the campus pedants in sense and learning is John Macy, author of "The Critical Game" (*Liveright*), and yet another is Dr. Isaac Goldberg, author of "Brazilian Literature" (*Knopf*). Macy's book, it seems to me, does him less than justice, for he has exhumed a number of magazine articles of indifferent quality and put them into it for sentimental reasons, but side by side with them are some essays of extraordinary penetration and persuasiveness. I nominate, for example, the short one on Prof. Dr. George E. Woodberry. Here, in less than ten pages of extremely urbane writing, he not only disposes of Woodberry, but also of the whole critical theory behind him. It is a sound piece of work, and it is matched by a dozen others quite as sound. Goldberg's "Brazilian Literature," like his earlier book on Spanish-American literature, is marked by vast diligence and a never-failing shrewdness. The extent of the man's information is astounding. He has not only read the whole native

literature of Brazil; he has also read all the previous discussions of it in English, French, Spanish, German and Portuguese. The result, however, is not a mere lexicon; it is a well organized and intelligent presentation of the subject. The learned doctor assumes nothing; he starts off by making it plain that the language of Brazil is Portuguese and not Spanish, as most United States Senators believe. Then, knowing that literature is quite as much influenced by soil as wheat, he gives a succinct account of the Brazilian country and people. Then, the way prepared, he launches into his main discussion. His book is of genuine merit.

Two professors next. One is Prof. Dr. Fred Lewis Pattee, of the Pennsylvania State College, with "Sidelights on American Literature" (*Century*); the other is the venerable brother, Prof. Dr. Stuart P. Sherman, of the University of Illinois, with "Americans" (*Scribner*). Each puts a burden upon me, as reviewer, by making me the villain of his discourse. Dr. Pattee, it must be added, is very polite about it. In fact, he is often *too* polite—for example, when he reprints long extracts from my juvenile verse, perhaps the worst piffle ever written in America before the New Poetry Movement began, and argues solemnly that it has some merit. If it has, then there is also merit in the state papers of the Hon. W. G. Harding. But it is my later prose that concerns Dr. Pattee most seriously. What he finds in it chiefly is a waste of God-sent talents—a fine gift for ingratiating utterance degraded to the uses of anarchy and atheism. His hope is that increasing years may bring me back to the good, the true and the beautiful. Who, indeed, can tell? Some die of diabetes; some die of growing good. The professor is an earnest man, and he shakes me not a little. But he would have shaken me a great deal more had he not grounded his case against me (see his page 77) upon a note on criticism that was written, not by me, but by Colleague Nathan. You will find it in "The World in Falseface,"

page 39, § 93. Need I add that I dissent from its doctrine absolutely, and regard it with even more abhorrence than Dr. Pattee does? . . . The rest of his book is less open to question. He has a capital chapter on O. Henry and a still better one on Jack London. His essay on Philip Freneau is more conventional—the sort of paper that is read before annual conventions of teachers of English. What remains is even worse.

Just what ails Prof. Dr. Sherman it is rather difficult to determine. During the war it was easy to recognize him as a patriot driven to a desperate and heroic resistance by the Kaiser's plot to destroy Christianity, conquer Europe and enslave the United States. Like many another brave pedagogue of the time he was moved by this threat to throw down his rattan and mount the stump. The historian will find an eloquent record of his sweatings for democracy in one of the publications of the Creel Press Bureau, by title, "American and Allied Ideals." This brochure, which was distributed to the conscripts of the Republic before the battle of Chateau-Thierry, to heat up their blood, is now somewhat rare, but fortunately it is not copyrighted, and so I may reprint it later on, with a gloss. But all that, as I say, was in war-time, and Sherman followed a large and clearly visible star. Now, however, with the ideals of the Allies in a somewhat indifferent state of repair, it is hard to make out precisely what he is in favor of, and what he is against. On the one hand he lays down the Ku Klux doctrine that no American who is not 100% Anglo-Saxon can ever hope to write anything worth reading and on the other hand he praises the late Andrew Carnegie, who was no more an Anglo-Saxon than Abraham Cahan is, and reads a severe lesson to Paul Elmer More, who is the very archetype of the species. The truth about Dr. Sherman, I fear, is not to be sought in logical and evidential directions. It lies deeper, to wit, among the emotions, or, as Prof. Dr. Freud would

say, in the unconscious. What afflicts him, no doubt, is what afflicts many another American of his peculiar traditions and limitations: the uneasy feeling that something is slipping from under him. The new literature of the Republic, both in prose and in verse, tends more and more to be written by fellows bearing such ghastly names as Ginsberg, Gohlinghorst, Casey, Mitnick and Massaccio. To put down these barbarians by purely critical means becomes increasingly difficult, for the scoundrels begin to practise criticism themselves, and some of them show a lamentable pugnacity. Well, then, let us put them down by force. Call out the American Legion! Telephone the nearest Imperial Wizard! Set the band to playing "The Star-Spangled Banner"!

Such impulses, I venture to say, are at the bottom of the learned pedagogue's frequent public exhibitions of anguish. He longs secretly, I suspect, for the gone but happy days of the Creel Press Bureau, when the easy way to get rid of a poet who wrote against the Anglican Holy Ghost was to allege that his grandfather was a Bavarian. That scheme is no longer effective, and so it has to be changed. But Dr. Sherman, as yet, has not devised any effective substitute, and in consequence his writings show the uncertainty and inconsistency that I have mentioned.

Two courses lie before him, if he would avoid exhausting himself by chasing his own tail. On the one hand, he may join the Ku Klux openly, and perhaps become its Literary Grand Cyclops or Imperial Kritik. On the other hand, he may undertake a conquest by peaceful penetration, as he has already attempted, indeed, in the cases of Sinclair Lewis (a Hun at heart) and Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn. But neither device, I fear, will really achieve much for the sacred cause of the Anglo-Saxon. If he adopts the second, that cause will be swallowed up. And if he adopts the first, he will simply get himself laughed at for his pains. For what distinguishes the American Goths, Wops and Kikes above all other barbarians, as

Dr. Sherman himself accurately argues, is their defective respect for the purely spiritual inheritance of their Anglo-Saxon compatriots. On the material side they are less contumacious. They respect and even venerate the American bathroom; they esteem the ease with which money may be cadged in America; they admire the professional efficiency of bootleggers. But they regard James Russell Lowell, alas, with much lack of reverence; they snore over Irving and Cooper; they find Emerson too often windy and the rest too often bores. Ignorance? I doubt it. Certainly the gems of the Yanko-Saxon heritage have been on display enough during the past eight years for all literate men to be aware of them. But awareness is not always translated into admiration; sometimes it may be translated into snickers.

But I forget Dr. Sherman's book, which starts off by charging that I am the Grand Cyclops of a vast horde of extremely toothsome but unhappily antinomian young gals from the foreign missions and mail order belt, descending upon New York in perfumed swarms to hear me defame Jonathan Edwards, the *Stammvater* of Billy Sunday and Paul Elmer More. Ah, that it were true—but the facts are the facts! No such sweet ones ever appear; I have yet to see a single ankle of the kind the professor so lasciviously describes; all the actual arrivals are overweight and of a certain age. But to proceed. From this Freudian nonsense the learned critic goes on to sober, correct papers on Franklin, Emerson, Hawthorne and Joaquin Miller, to somewhat waspish notes on Carl Sandburg and Roosevelt, to delirious dithyrambs on Andrew Carnegie, and to a final essay on Dr. More, before alluded to. A respectable book, and mainly quite safe and sound in doctrine. But I doubt that it accomplishes its patriotic purpose. The members of what the professor calls "the Loyal Independent Order of United Hiberno-German-Anti-English-Americans," having faced the Department of Justice in its palmy days,

are not likely to be shaken by pedagogical denunciations now. Moreover, if a thirst for the golden elixirs of Sassenach snivelization ever seizes them, they are very apt to seek satisfaction for it, not at an Iowa silo but at the *Urquell* in the Motherland.

III

AMONG the other books that I have adventured among since our last session I have got most entertainment out of "The Undertaker's Garland," by John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson, Jr. (*Knopf*), "A Book About Myself," by Theodore Dreiser (*Liveright*), and "The Cathedral," by Hugh Walpole (*Doran*). The Dreiser book, a tome of more than 500 large pages, is the second volume of what is projected as a three-volume autobiography. It deals with the author's years as a newspaper reporter, and, despite his usual discursiveness and undistinguished English, it is a work full of fascination. Here we see the beginnings of the Dreiser novels and of the Dreiserian philosophy of resigned pessimism. That philosophy is not the fruit of a native sinfulness, as Prof. Dr. Sherman would have us believe; it is the fruit of an extensive and laborious observation of the human farce from a singularly favorable grandstand. While Dr. Sherman was an innocent child in Iowa, and familiar with blood only as it issued from the cut necks of domestic fowl, Dreiser was serving as a reporter at Bellevue Hospital and along the water-front of New York. That service knocked all the ethical cocksureness of the prairie out of it, and put pity into him. He is today perhaps the only American novelist who shows any sign of being able to feel profoundly, and he is surely the only one who can arouse genuine feeling in his readers. There are plenty of others who far surpass him in technical facility, in humor and in ingenuity, but there is none who comes near him in the primary business of a novelist, which is to make the transaction depicted seem real,

and important, and poignant. His poor drab, Jennie Gerhardt, is perhaps the most unattractive woman ever put into a novel as heroine. She is dull, helpless, and without imagination, and it is hard to think of her save as a frump. But Dreiser somehow makes a tragic figure of her before he finishes. In the sordid, commonplace story of her life there is a presentation of the universal misery of man. To do that is to accomplish a very rare and difficult business. The only other American novelist who seems likely ever to achieve it is Miss Cather.

Dreiser's career as a reporter was not distinguished, and the tale he has to tell is thus not very startling. He covered the usual assignments, met the usual public frauds, saw the usual horrors, diverted himself in his scant leisure with the usual carnalities of young reporters. I doubt that his newspaper writings, though they were regarded as masterpieces by the staff of the *Pittsburgh Dispatch*, had any actual merit as journalism. He is quite without the journalistic talent for superficial vividness; he must have room to manoeuvre. In "A Book About Myself" he gives himself this room, and the result, despite some windy excursions, is a volume that probably gives a better picture of the life of a young reporter than any that could be written by a better journalist. I need not add that absolutely nothing is left out. We have meticulous reports of conversations carried on 30 years ago; voluminous discussions of obscure and forgotten personalities; laborious accounts of banal love affairs. It is, on the surface, obvious, unimportant, dull; it is, underneath, full of a strange eloquence.

Walpole's "The Cathedral" is a return to his first manner—that of "The Gods and Mr. Perrin." In brief, the story of a politico-ecclesiastical battle-royal in an English cathedral town, with Archdeacon Brandon as the center of the fray. When we first meet the Archdeacon he is the boss of the place; when we part from him he is finished. A curiously vivid and sardonic tale, marred more than once by the creaking

of ancient machinery — for example, when the Archdeacon's son elopes with a pub.-keeper's daughter—but nevertheless redeemed by an endless flow of mordant observation. There is very little stiffness in the characters; they move freely and naturally. It seems to me that Walpole is at his best in this sort of thing. His later novels are burdened by mystical touches, and hence lose plausibility as they gain popular success. His proper business in this unhappy vale is the recording of what he has actually seen, for his eyes are extremely sharp, and he has the irony needed to lift mere reporting to the level of genuine drama.

"The Undertaker's Garland" is a literary none-such, and is thus proving puzzling to the reviewers, and even more puzzling, I daresay, to its readers. The regimentation which marks everything else in the United States extends also to letters. If a book does not fall readily into some familiar category it is looked on askance. This is why the critics of the time foozled the early works of Mark Twain; it is also the reason why they mistook "Huckleberry Finn" for a boys' book of the class of "Tom Brown at Rugby." "The Undertaker's Garland" is neither a novel, a book of poems, an autobiography or a work of inspiration; it is simply itself. Eleven sketches constitute it, some in prose and some in verse, but all dealing with death—the death of a soldier, of a romantic poet, of a dandy, of an undertaker, of an efficiency expert, of God. Two authors make for unevenness. Some of these things seem to me to miss fire, notably "The Death of a Dandy." But among the others there is an acrid and devastating humor, for example, in "The Funeral of St. Mary Magdalene," "The Death of a Soldier," "The Death of an Efficiency Expert," "Emily in Hades" and "Resurrection." Particularly in the last-named. The resurrection is that of a conscript killed in France; the Archangel Gabriel is represented by a profane sergeant and a couple of darkey laborers. A beautiful picture of the romance of war.



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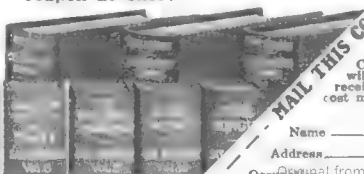
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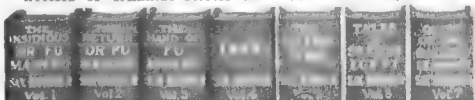


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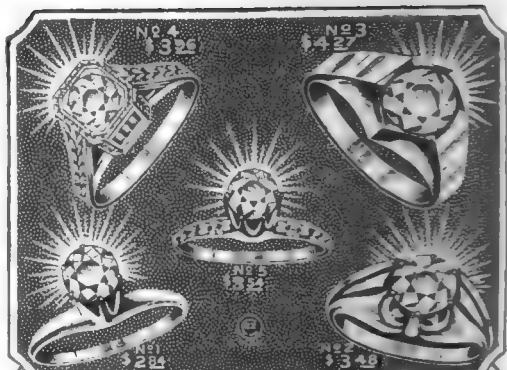
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kinds of house furnishings from cellar to
garret, on the same wonderful terms.

Clip the Coupon and pin a Dollar to it.

**No. D4C408 9 ft. x 12 ft. Genuine
Congoleum Gold Seal
Art Rug and 3 companion
rugs to match, ea. 18 x 36 in. \$15.95**

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.

1571 Thirty-fifth Street, CHICAGO, ILL.
I enclose \$1. Send me on approval the 4 Gold Seal
Congoleum Art Rugs here described, No. D4C408
—on 30 days Free Trial. If I am not delighted with
the rugs, I can return them and get my \$1 back, also
all transportation costs. Otherwise I will pay easy
terms, \$1.25 monthly, until special bargain price,
\$15.95, is paid

Name.....
Street R. F. D.....
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Shipping Point.....

City..... State.....
Also Send Me Your Latest Free Style Book



FREE

Mail Postcard for Book of 10,000 Bargains

This Congoleum Rug bargain is
just a sample of the ten thousand other
bargains in our great big furniture book.
A postcard will bring it to you free for
the asking. It shows everything for the
home. It is probably the largest book of
the kind published. A great many things
are shown in their actual colors.

Always a Year to Pay

You never need to ask for credit. It's
the way we sell everything. And we
always loan articles free for a whole
month before you need to decide.

A Few Departments

Wood Beds	Steel Beds	Curtains
Furniture	Clocks	Sewing
Linens	Floor	Machines
Cooking	Coverings	Brass Beds
Utensils	Silverware	Dishes
Musical In-	Bedding	
struments	and Pillows	

Rugs and carpets in all weaves and pat-
terns and colors. All sorts of odds and
ends like wringers, irons, drapes, tools,
fixtures, trunks and bags. And a great
big department of diamonds, watches
and jewelry.

Ask for it now. A plain letter or postcard will do.

Spiegel, May, Stern Co.

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Send No Money

Ladies' Solitaire

Examination Free

This perfectly cut Diamond will be sent free of charge for your complete examination and approval. No money in advance. If satisfied, pay only \$2.80 on arrival, and keep it. Price \$30.00

10 MONTHS TO PAY

The balance you send in 10 small monthly payments—only \$2.80 a month. Take advantage of this amazing offer today.

FREE De Luxe Catalog in colors. Write for details of Great Diamond Offer and Book to Dept. 1453-H.

Capital \$1,000,000



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L.W. SWEET INC.
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Here's a Prescription for Coughs

For quick relief try PISO'S—A most effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes obtainable everywhere

PISO'S—For Coughs & Colds



SEX

Facts other sex books don't dare discuss are plainly told in "Where Knowledge Means Happiness." Creates a new kind of married love. One reader says:

It contains more real information than all other sex books put together.

Sent in plain cover, by return mail, for \$1.00, cash, money order, check or stamps.

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A POPULAR HIT MEANS A FORTUNE

We serve amateur and professional writers. Our Chief of Staff has composed music for twenty-five years.

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We copyright in your name; revise the words, if necessary, to fit the melody; and promote publication. Send us your poem at once for free criticism.

COMPOSERS SERVICE CO., Dept. N, New York



Note the remarkable improvement in the same face
You, Too, May Instantly Beautify Your Eyes with

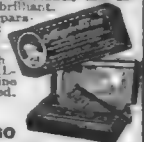
Maybelline

More than all else, well-defined eyebrows and luxuriant lashes create the beauty and expression of your face. The slight darkening, the accentuation of line and shadow is the secret. "MAYBELLINE" makes scant eyebrows and lashes appear suddenly dark, long and luxurious. Instantly and unfailingly the eyes appear larger, deeper and more brilliant. The improvement will delight you. Unlike other preparations, absolutely harmless and greaseless, will not spread and smear on the face or make the lashes stiff. Used regularly by beautiful girls and women everywhere. Each dainty box contains mirror and brush. Two shades, Black and Brown. **75c AT YOUR DEALER'S** or direct from us, postpaid. Accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" and your satisfaction is assured. Tear out this ad now as a reminder.

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EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make \$15 to \$60 weekly in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph system, pay you cash each week and guarantee you steady work. Write for full particulars and free booklet.

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CHOICE WEDDING RINGS

\$249 14K GOLD



SEND NO MONEY—Just choose the ring you like. A, B or C. Send your name, address and finger size. Your ring will come by return mail. (A)—Oval, artistically engraved with Bridal Blossoms. (B)—Heavy Plain Narrow Yellow Gold English Oval Ring. (C)—Handsome, Square, Engraved Bridal Wreath design. Newest and most fashionable Rings. If you order rings A or B you can have your choice of Yellow Gold or the latest White Platinum finish. Unconditional 20-Year Guarantee. Pay postman \$2.50 on arrival. Money back if not satisfied. Act Quick! Only limited number at this special price.

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YOU SHOULD EARN \$65 A WEEK OUR WAY

Some make \$15 daily and \$15 a week bonus besides. Why not you? Everybody wants our Beautiful, New 7-piece Set of Solid Aluminum Handle Cutlery with \$1.50 premium FREE. Matches silverware. Full or spare time. No capital. We deliver. Pay daily. Write.

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Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known—we will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond, in beautiful ring box, postage paid. Pay postmaster \$1.48 (O.D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

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Are You Young at 40?

If not, why? Get quick **FREE BOOK** about the prostate gland which may cause nocturia, backache, interrupted sleep, depressed and other often serious conditions. It tells of a new drugless home treatment that relieves all these conditions. Address, **The Electro Thermal Co., 4816 Main St., Steubenville, Ohio**

How Strong Are You

Can You Do These Things?

Lift 200 or more overhead with one arm;
Bend and break a horse shoe;
Tear two decks of playing cards;
Bend spikes;
Chin yourself with one hand.

Can you do any of them? I can and many of my pupils can. It is remarkable the things a man really can do if he will make up his mind to be strong. Any man. It is natural for the human body to be strong. It is unnatural to be weak. One leading writer on physical culture says: "It is criminal to be weak." I have taken men who were ridiculed because of their frail make-up and developed them into the strongest men of their locality.

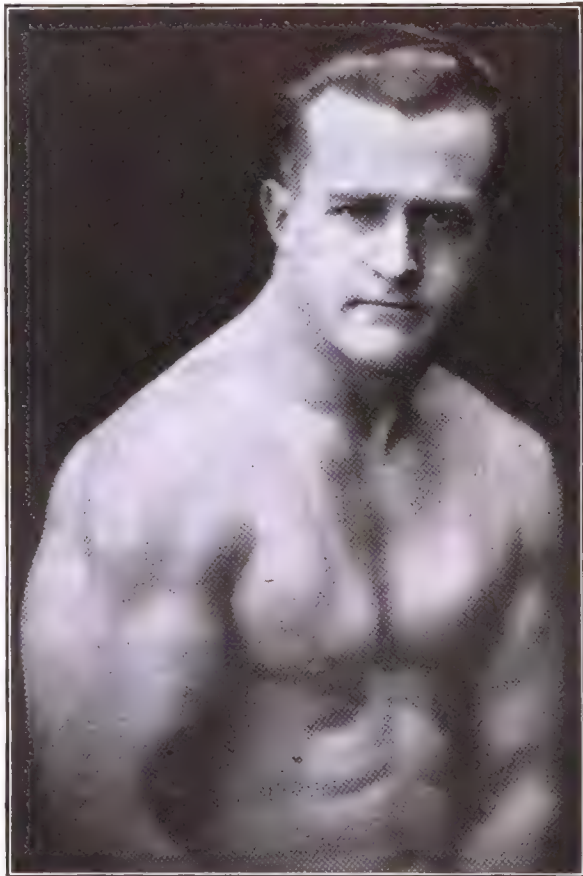
I Want You For 90 Days

These are the days that call for speed. It once took four weeks to cross the ocean—now it takes less than one. In olden days it took years to develop a strong, healthy body. I can completely transform you in 90 days. Yes, make a complete change in your entire physical make-up. In 30 days I guarantee to increase your biceps one full inch. I also guarantee to increase your chest two full inches. But I don't quit there. I don't stop till you're a finished athlete—a real strong man. I will broaden your shoulders, deepen your chest, strengthen your neck. I will give you the arms and legs of a Hercules. I will put an armor plate of muscle over your entire body. But with it comes the strong, powerful lungs which enrich the blood, putting new life into your entire being. You will have the spring to your step and the flash to your eyes. You will be bubbling over with strength, pep and vitality.

A Doctor Who Takes His Own Medicine

Many say that any form of exercise is good, but this is not true. I have seen men working in the mills who literally killed themselves with exercise. They ruined their heart or other vital organs, ruptured themselves or killed off what little vitality they possessed.

I was a frail weakling myself in search of health and strength. I spent years in study and research, analyzing my own defects to find what I needed. After many tests and experiments, I discovered the secret of progressive exercising. I have increased my own arm over 6½ inches, my neck 3 inches and other parts of my body in proportion. I decided to become a public benefactor and impart this knowledge to others. Physicians and the highest authorities on physical culture have tested my system and pronounced it to be the surest means of acquiring perfect manhood. Do you crave a strong, well-proportioned body and the abundance of health which go with it? Are you true to yourself? If so spend a pleasant half hour in learning how to attain it. The knowledge is yours for the asking.



Earle E. Liederman as he is to-day

Send for My Book

"MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"

It is FREE

It is chock full of photographs both of myself and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus—an inspiration to every red-blooded man. I could easily collect a big price for a book of this kind just as others are now doing, but I want every man and boy who is interested to just send the attached coupon and the book is his—absolutely free. All I ask is the price of wrapping and postage—10 cents. Remember, this does not obligate you in any way. I want you to have it. So it's yours to keep. Now don't delay one minute. This may be the turning point in your life. Tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is on your mind.

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Regrets will haunt you all your life if you marry before you are physically fit. You know that excesses have sapped your vitality—you are not the ideal man that some innocent girl believes you to be. It is a crime to deceive her and wreck her happiness. It is doubly a crime to bring weak, sickly children into the world—a burden and reproach as long as you live. It looks hopeless to you—but cheer up—I can help you.

STRONGFORTISM—The Modern Science of Health Promotion will aid Nature in restoring your Flagging Powers and Manhood and Fit you for Marriage and Parenthood. I guarantee it.

Mark the subjects on the free consultation coupon on which you want special confidential information and send with 10c. for postage, etc., on my free book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It's a man-builder and a life saver. Send for it Right Now.

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Physical and Health Specialist

Dept. 94, Newark, New Jersey

Cut Out and Mail This Free Consultation Coupon

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Dept. 94, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY" for postage on which I enclose a 10c piece (one dime). I have marked (X) below the subject in which I am interested.

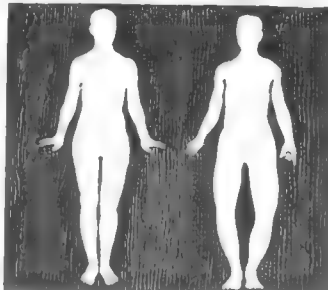
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...Stomach Disorders
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...Biliousness
...Torpid Liver
...Indigestion
...Nervousness
...Poor Memory
...Rheumatism
...Manhood Restored
...Youthful Errors
...Vital Losses
...Impotency
...Neurasthenia
...Lost Power

...Falling Hair
...Weak Eyes
...Gastritis
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Is now more than ever the key-note of success. Bow-Legged and Knock-Kneed men and women, both young and old, will be glad to hear that I have now ready for market, my new appliance, which will successfully straighten, within a short time, bow-leggedness and knock-kneed legs, safely, quickly and permanently, without pain, operation or discomfort. Will not interfere with your daily work, being worn at night. My new "Lam-Straltnr," Model 18, U. S. Patent, is easy to adjust; its result will save you soon from further humiliation, and improve your personal appearance 100 per cent.

Write today for my free copyrighted physiological and anatomical book which tells you how to correct bow and knock-kneed legs without any obligation on your part. Enclose a dime for postage.

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ON 10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL



SEND NO MONEY

We don't want a penny until you are satisfied. For years we have been fitting people like you everywhere, and we positively agree to give you a perfect fit or there will be no charge. These large size tortoise shell rim, Toric Lens

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Just Fill Out Coupon below and we will send these scientifically ground, modern and comfortable tortoise shell rim glasses that retail from \$12.00 to \$18.00. All we ask is that you pay on the small amount of \$3.95 for them in 10 days if the fit is satisfactory. If not satisfactory in every way, just return them to us. An excellent case free with each pair.

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Please send at once your large tortoise shell gold filled glasses. I will pay \$3.95 if satisfactory, or I will return them.

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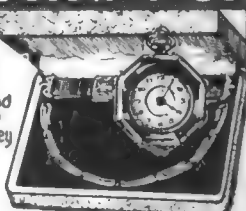
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Overstocked. We are forced to offer our finest ladies' watches below wholesale cost. 20-year guarantee. 10 jewels. 14-kt. gold-filled watch. 20-year gold bracelet, silk grain ribbon and clasp. ALL for \$6.95. \$15 value. Stem wind and set. Stylish octagon case. Gold dial. Splendid timekeeper. Sent in velvet gift case. Send no money, just name and address. Pay on delivery plus few pennies postage. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write today.

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We compose music. Our Chief of Staff wrote many big song-hits. Submit your song-poem to us at once.

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Will Buy Diamonds Here

This 3/4-1/18 Ct. perfectly cut diamond, a snappy, blazing solitaire, at \$42.55 among bargains in our lists. See the many big amazing values some as low as \$60 per Carat, other higher per Carat bargains. This 75 year oldest largest Diamond Banking firm in all the world lends money on diamonds. Thousands of unpaid loans and other bargains. Must sell NOW.

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Only Gemstone Post Office

1798 De Roy Building
Pittsburgh, Pa.

This Ring \$42.55
3/4-1/18 Carat Perfectly Cut



"I Knew You'd Make Good"

"I ALWAYS felt you had it in you to get ahead. But for a time I was afraid your natural ability would be wasted because you had never trained yourself to do any one thing well. Yes, I was afraid you would always be 'a jack of all trades and master of none.'"

"But the minute you decided to study in your spare time I knew you'd make good. You seemed more ambitious—more cheerful—more confident of the future. And I knew that your employers couldn't help but notice the difference in your work."

"Think what this last promotion means! More money—more comforts—more of everything worth while. Tom, those hours you spent on that I. C. S. course were the best investment you ever made."

HOW about you? Are you always going to work for a small salary? Are you going to waste your natural ability all your life? Or are you going to get ahead in a big way? It all depends on what you do with your spare time.

Opportunity knocks—this time in the form of that familiar I. C. S. coupon. It may seem like a little thing, but it has been the means of bringing better jobs and bigger salaries to thousands of men.

Mark and mail it today and without obligation or a penny of cost, learn what the I. C. S. can do for you.

TEAR OUT HERE ——— INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS Box 2109, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Private Secretary | <input type="checkbox"/> High School Subjects |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
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The niftiest Side-Bobs

Snappy small curls—many of them—covering the ears and sides. Fuller than ever and most becoming. The curls may also be combed out into frizzy side bobs. No. 67411, Price \$5.75 pair. Money back if not satisfactory. Write for Complete FREE Catalog of Guaranteed Hair Goods. For Madam et Mademoiselle.

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SEND NO MONEY FOR THESE AUTOMATICS

\$12.75



\$25 Military Model
A man's gun built for hard service. 32 calibre. Shoots 10 quick shots, hard and straight. Blue Steel, safety attachment. Regular val. \$25. Our \$12.75 price. No. 144, NOW \$12.75
Also, 35 calibre, 7-shot. Small, accurate, reliable, safety. Blue Steel Checkered Grips, Value \$22.00. No. 66, NOW \$9.75
All our guns shoot Standard American Ammunition. All merchandise brand new. Orders filled promptly. Send cash or Money Order or

SEND NO MONEY

Pay Postman on arrival, plus postage. Satisfaction or money returned.

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She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

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All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY

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20K
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\$28.50

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for this fiery, blue white, perfect cut genuine diamond set in 20 karat solid white gold mounting of rare beauty, hand engraved and pierced. If satisfied after examination pay \$2—balance \$1 a week. Our marked down price and credit terms make it easy for you to own this ring yourself or give it as a present. Send us your name and address—no money—today. Return this ring without paying a cent if you don't agree it is the biggest bargain you ever saw.

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Medium Brown HAIR

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We offer a complete line of AMERICA'S FINEST EXTRACTS, flavors, blending oils, etc., for NON-ALCOHOLIC PURPOSES, including Garrett & Co.'s VIRGINIA DARE VERMOUTH.

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PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

For quick relief try Piso's—
a remarkably effective syrup different from all others. Safe and sane for young and old. Pleasant—no opiates—no upset stomach. 35c and 60c sizes everywhere.

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Be your own boss. Make 25 to 75 Dollars a week at home in your spare time. We guarantee to make you a Show Card Writer by our New Simple Method. No Canvassing or Soliciting. We sell your work and pay you cash each week no matter where you live.
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Gray Hair Unnecessary

As I Have Proved

I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the same Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails, as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.

There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all.

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Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect, in any light. Faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

MAIL COUPON TODAY for special patented Free Trial and full instructions for making the convincing test on one lock. If possible, enclose lock of your hair in your letter.

**FREE
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Please print your name and address—

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black..... dark brown..... medium brown..... ashburn (dark red)..... light brown..... light ashburn (light red)..... blonde.....

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**FREE
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Spectacles FREE!

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Let me send you on Ten Days Free Trial a pair of my famous "True Fit" Shell Rim Spectacles. Hundreds of thousands now in use everywhere. These splendid Glasses will enable anyone to read the smallest print, thread the finest needle, see far and near and prevent eyestrain or headaches. If after trying them for 10 days and nights you are amazed and delighted, and think them equal to glasses sold elsewhere at \$15.00, send only \$4.49; if you don't want to keep them, return them and there will be no charge. **Send No Money! Pay no C. O. D.!** Simply your name, address and age, and state the length of time you have worn glasses, if any. A beautiful velvet-lined, gold-lettered Spectacle Case **FREE!**

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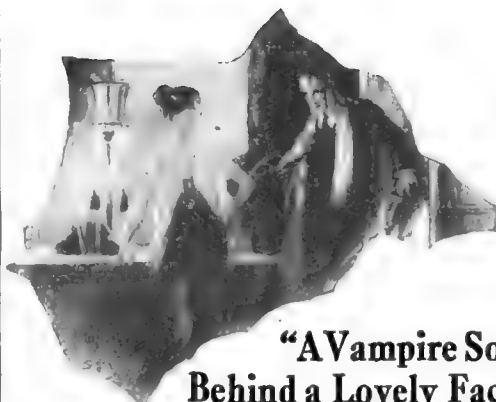
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